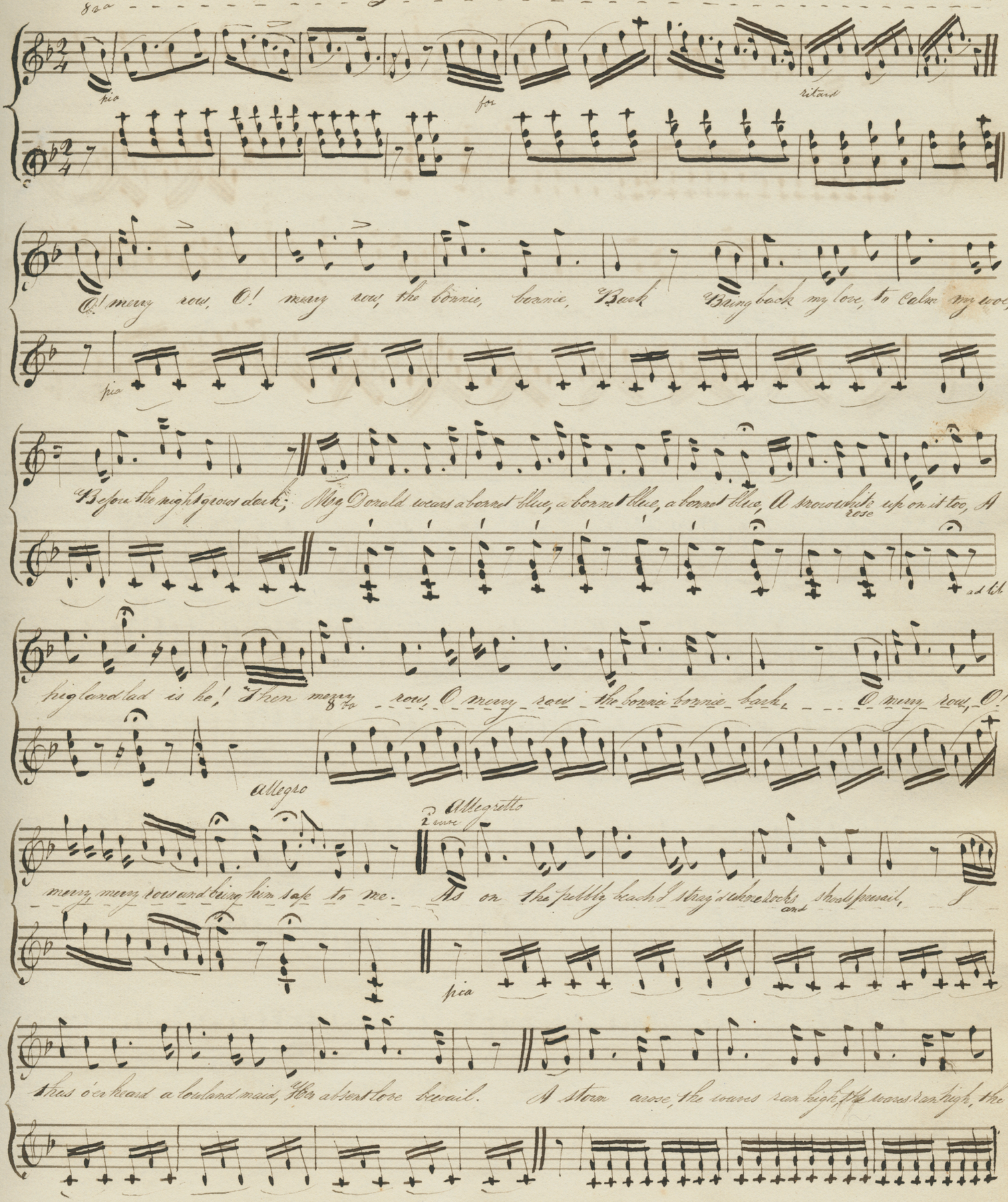
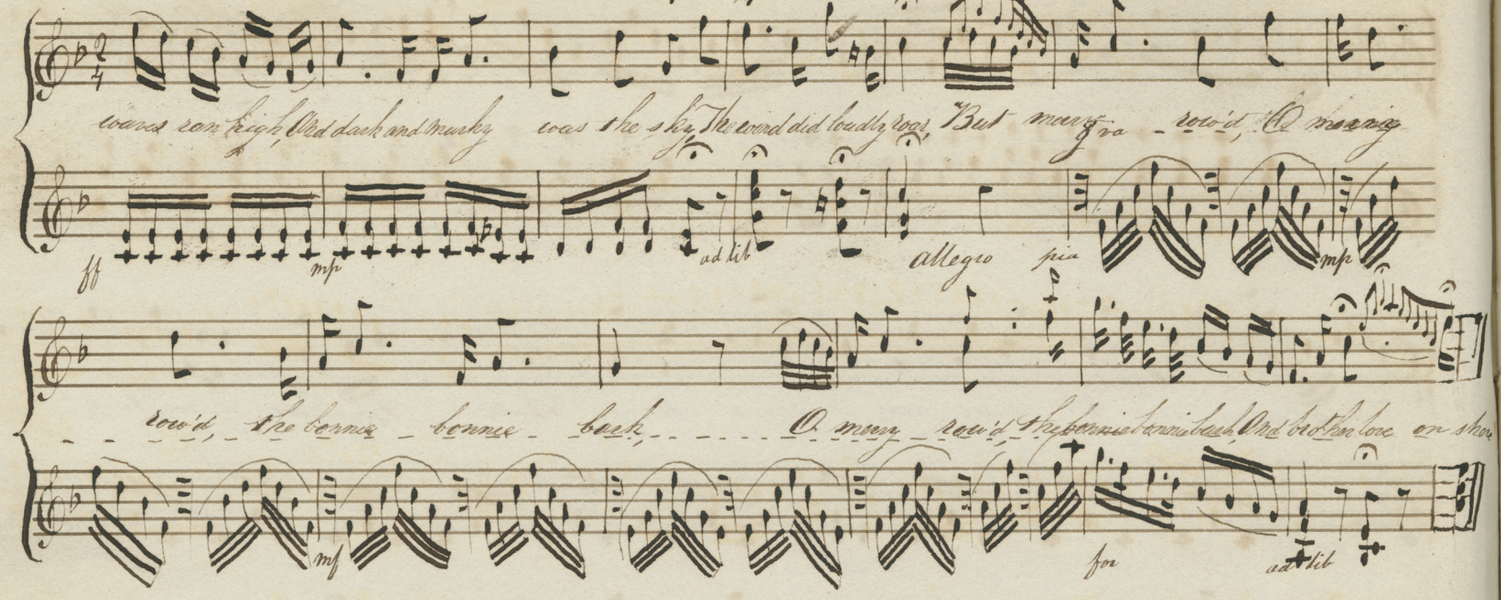
SOLD BY
JOSIAH LORING,
At his *Stationary, Cutlery, and Fancy Goods Store,*
136 Washington St.
BOSTON.

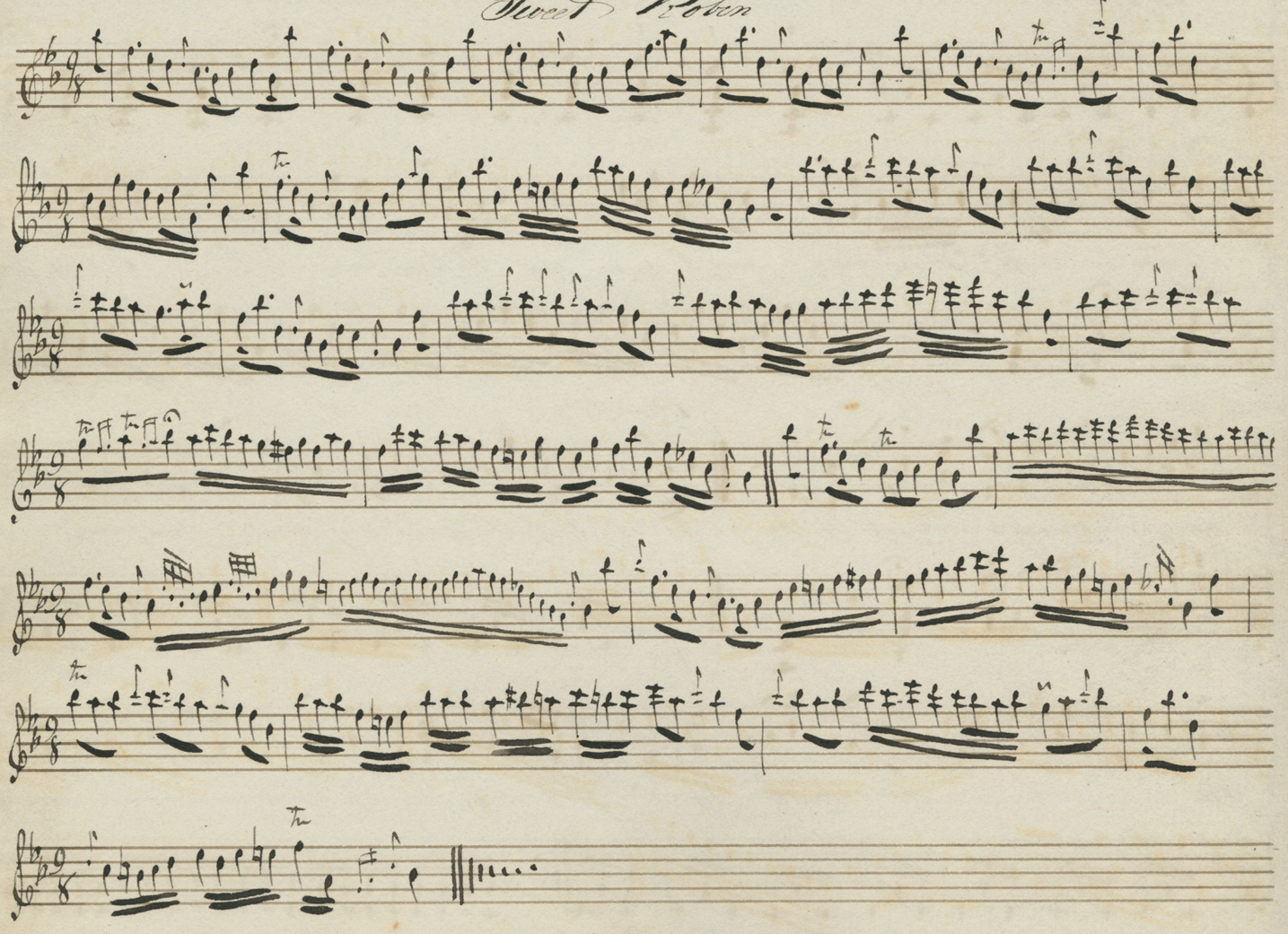
P. W. Freeman
Boston Jan 15th 1830

Mr. Peter Wilder Freeman.
Boston.

O! merry row the bonnie Back



O! merry row the bonnie Bark. Continues

Sweet Robin



Beauty's Tears arranged by Wm Hamm

Andante

8va

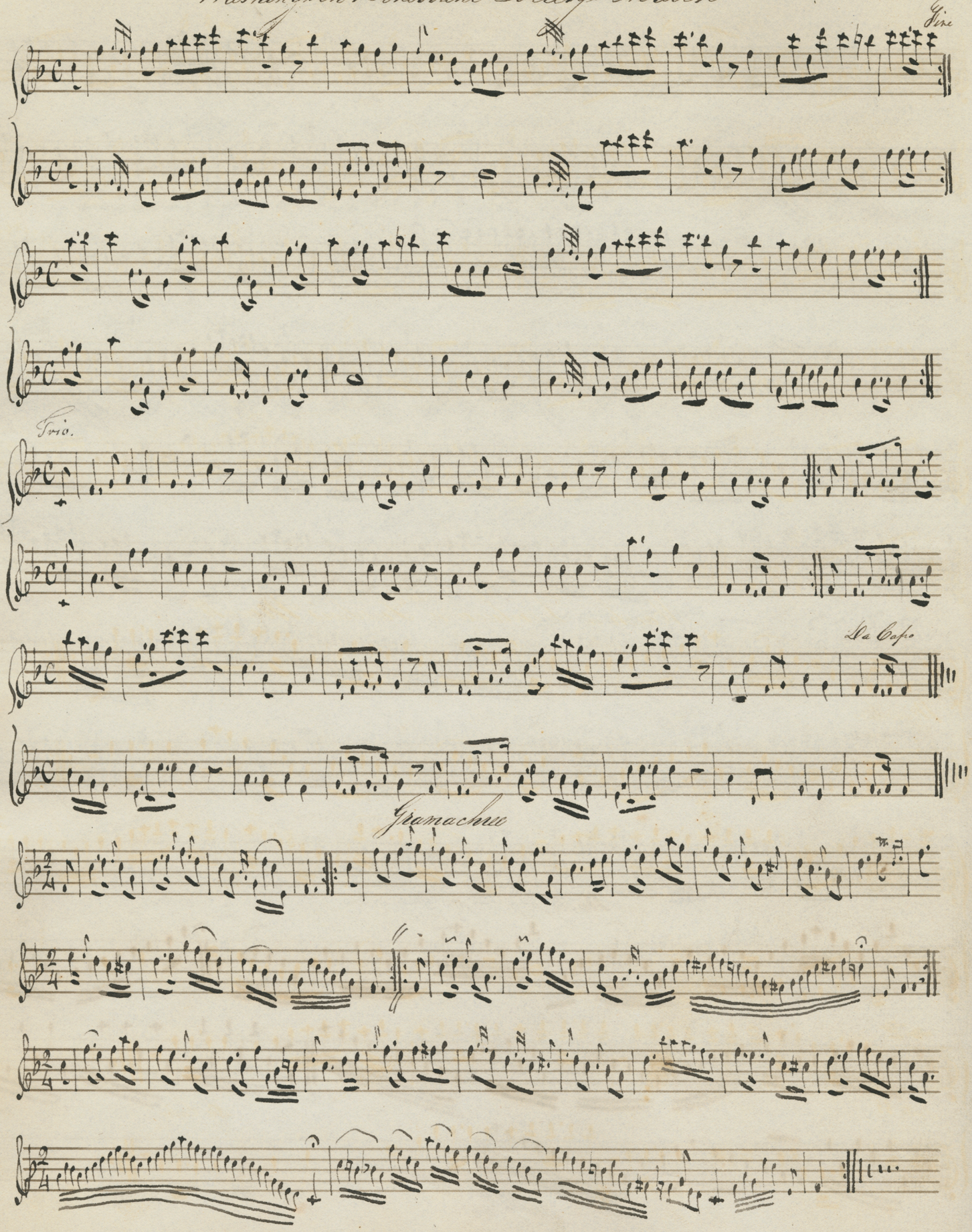
Waltz

Fine

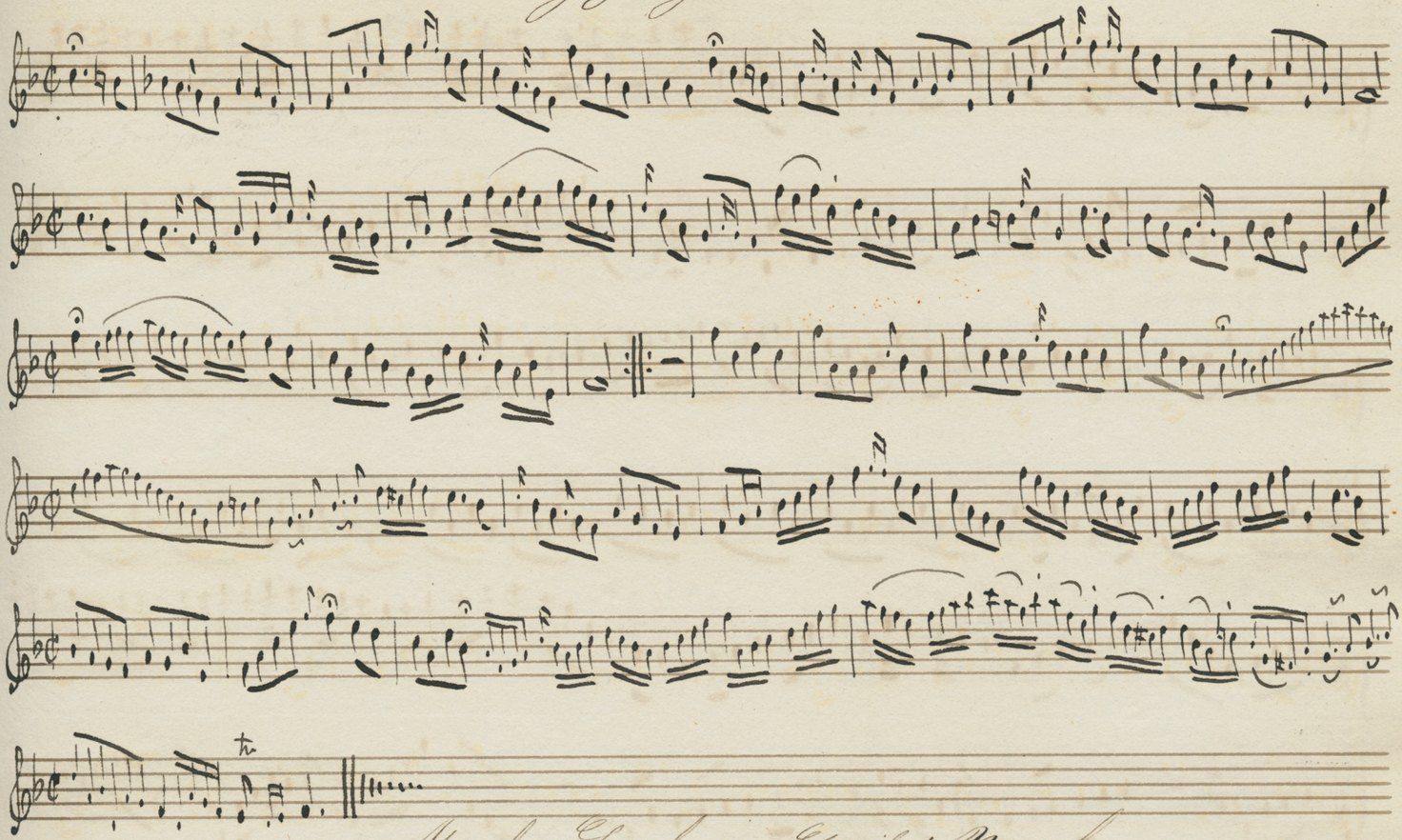
D.C.

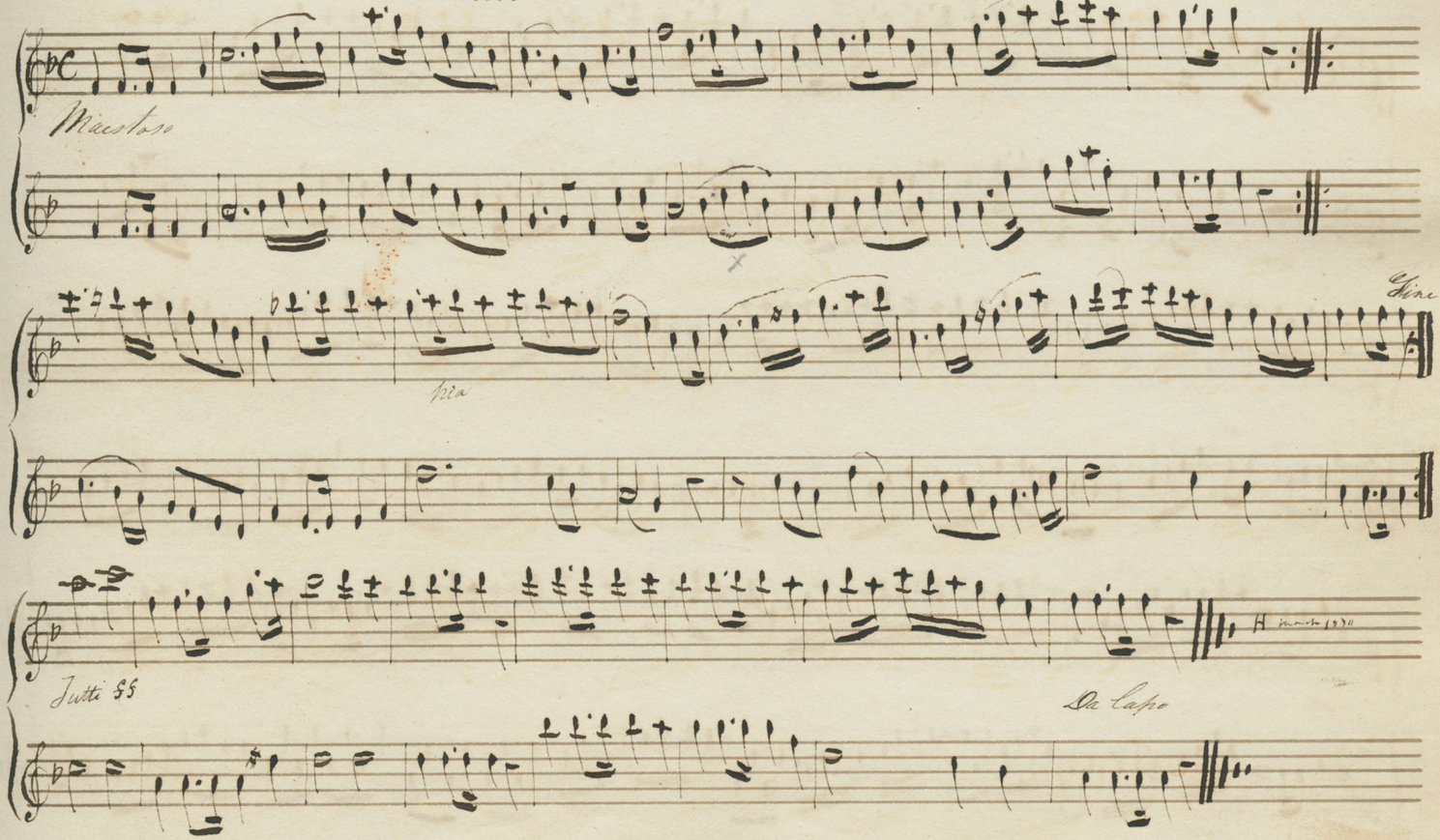
8 March 1830

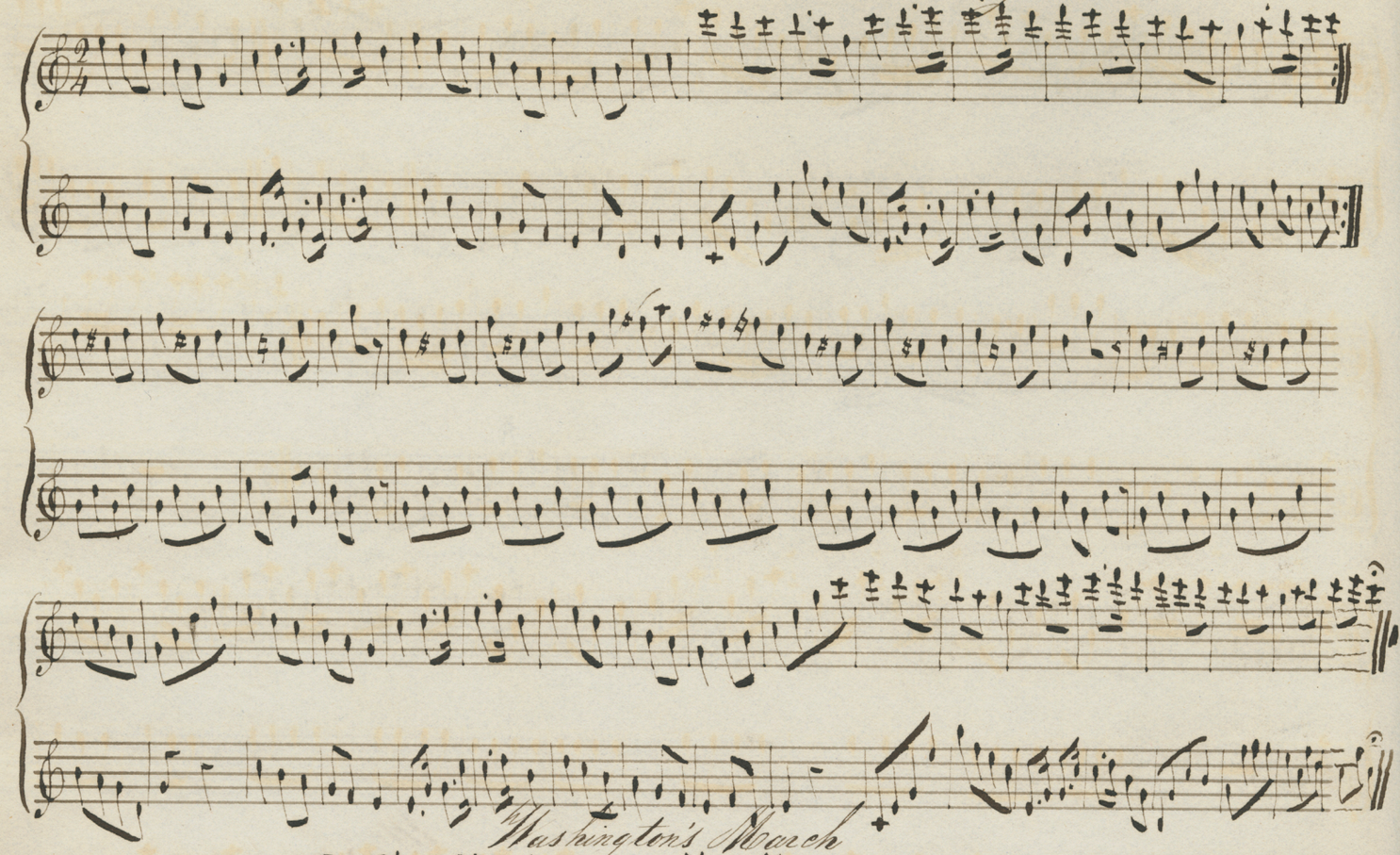
Washington Benevolent Society's March

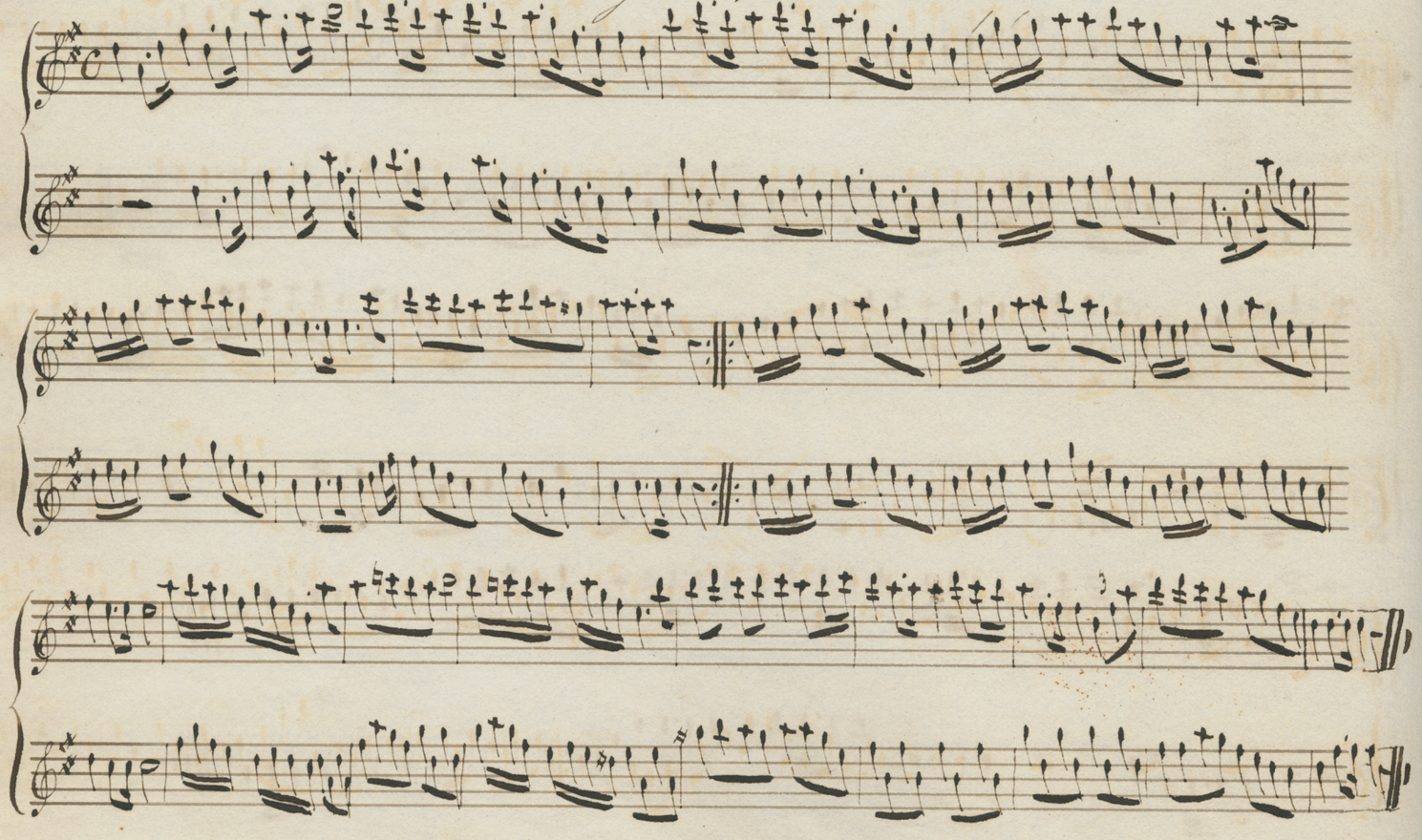


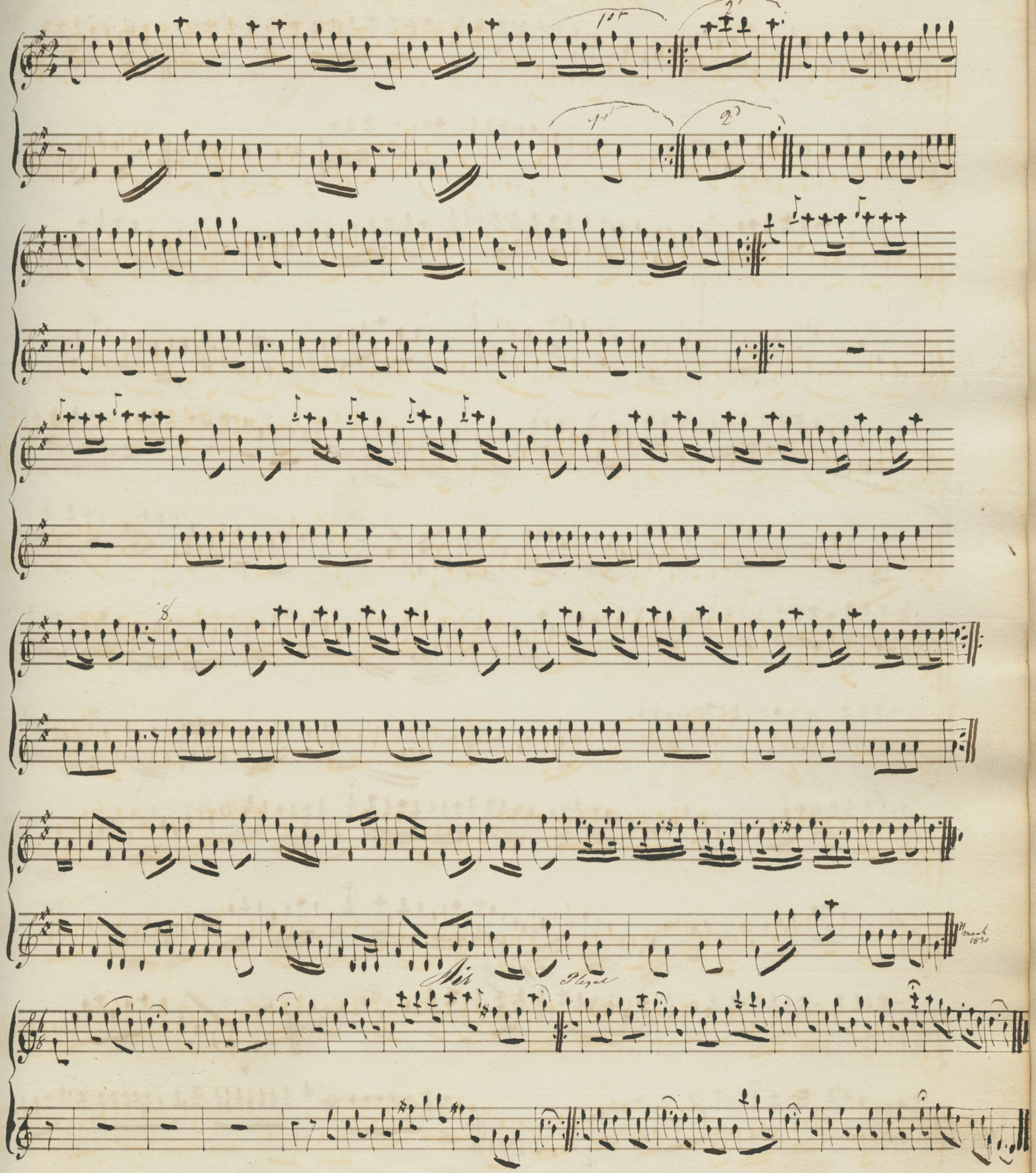
Ray Goody



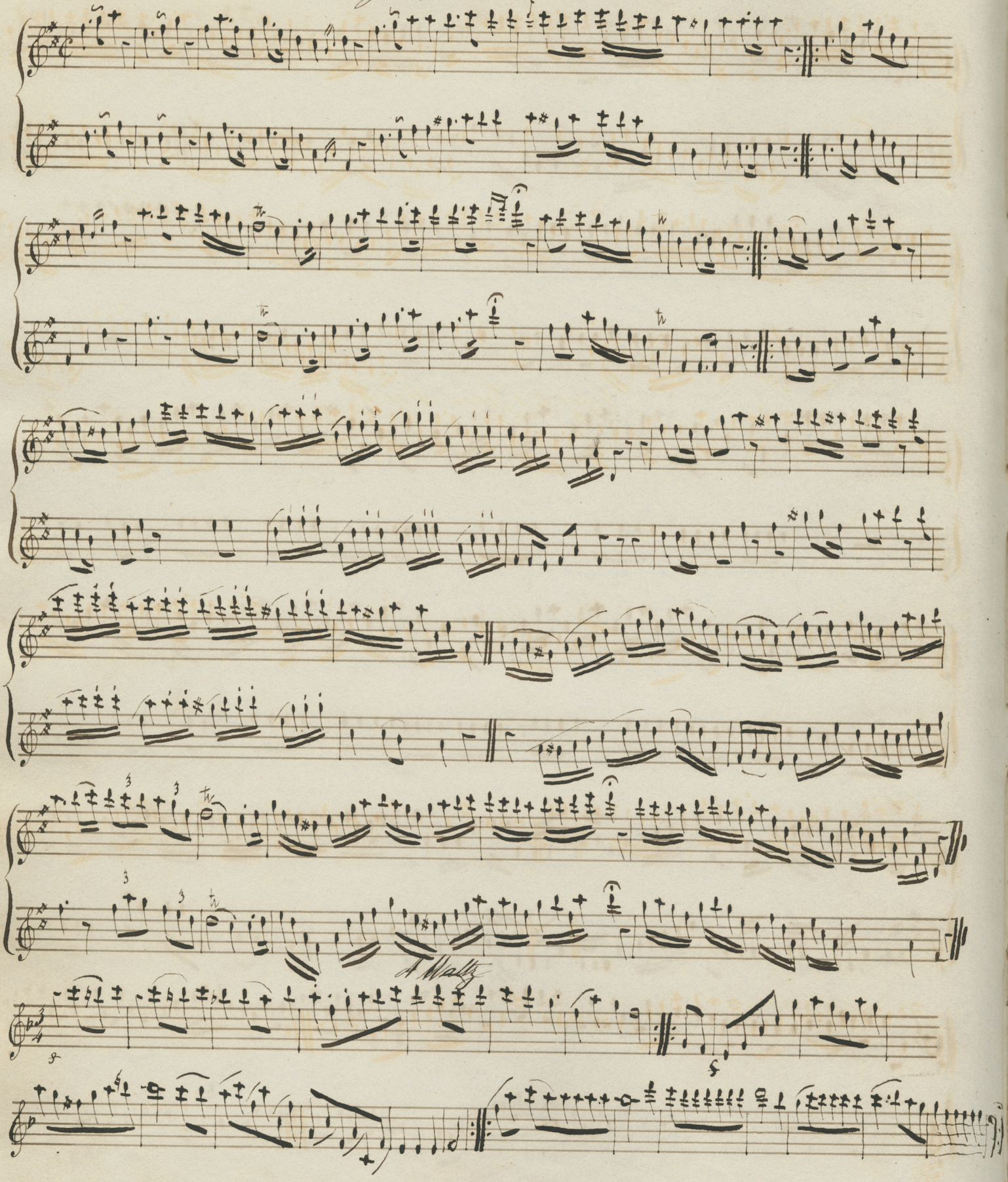
March in Lembucca is Gusikow's March

Air in the Barber of Seville or Dana's Cherry & Fair Star

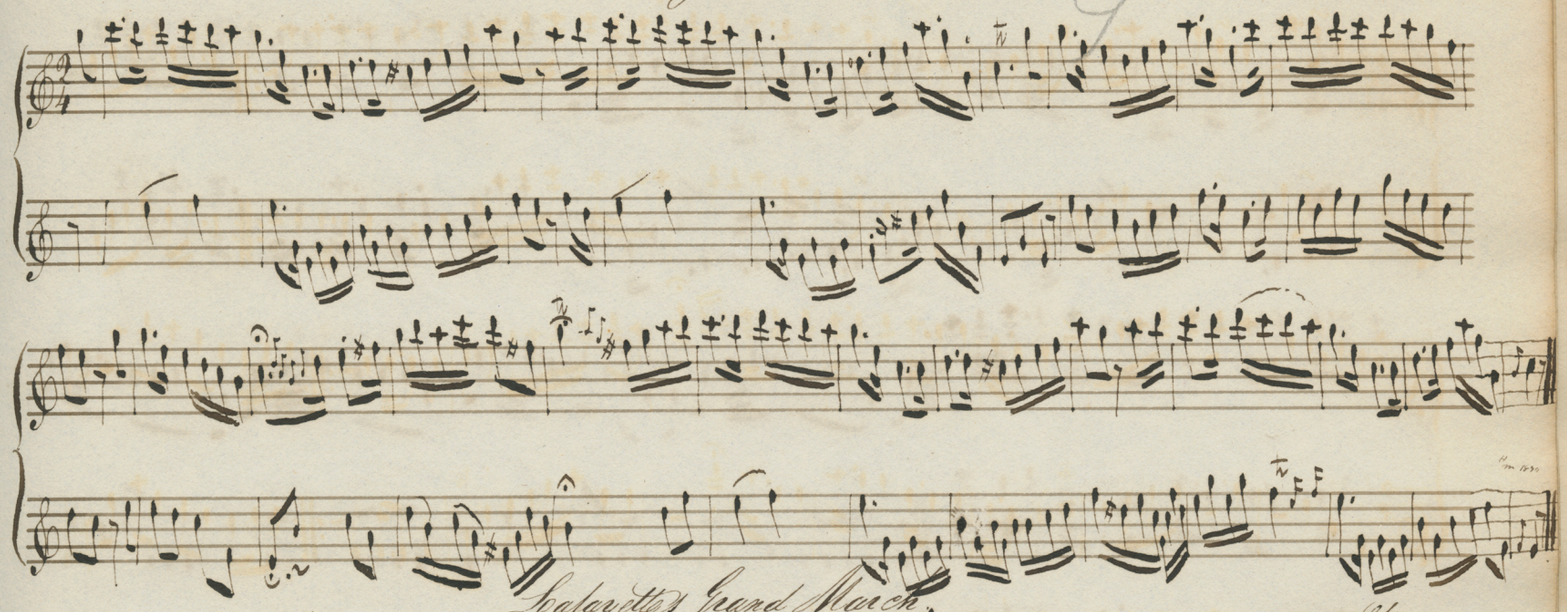
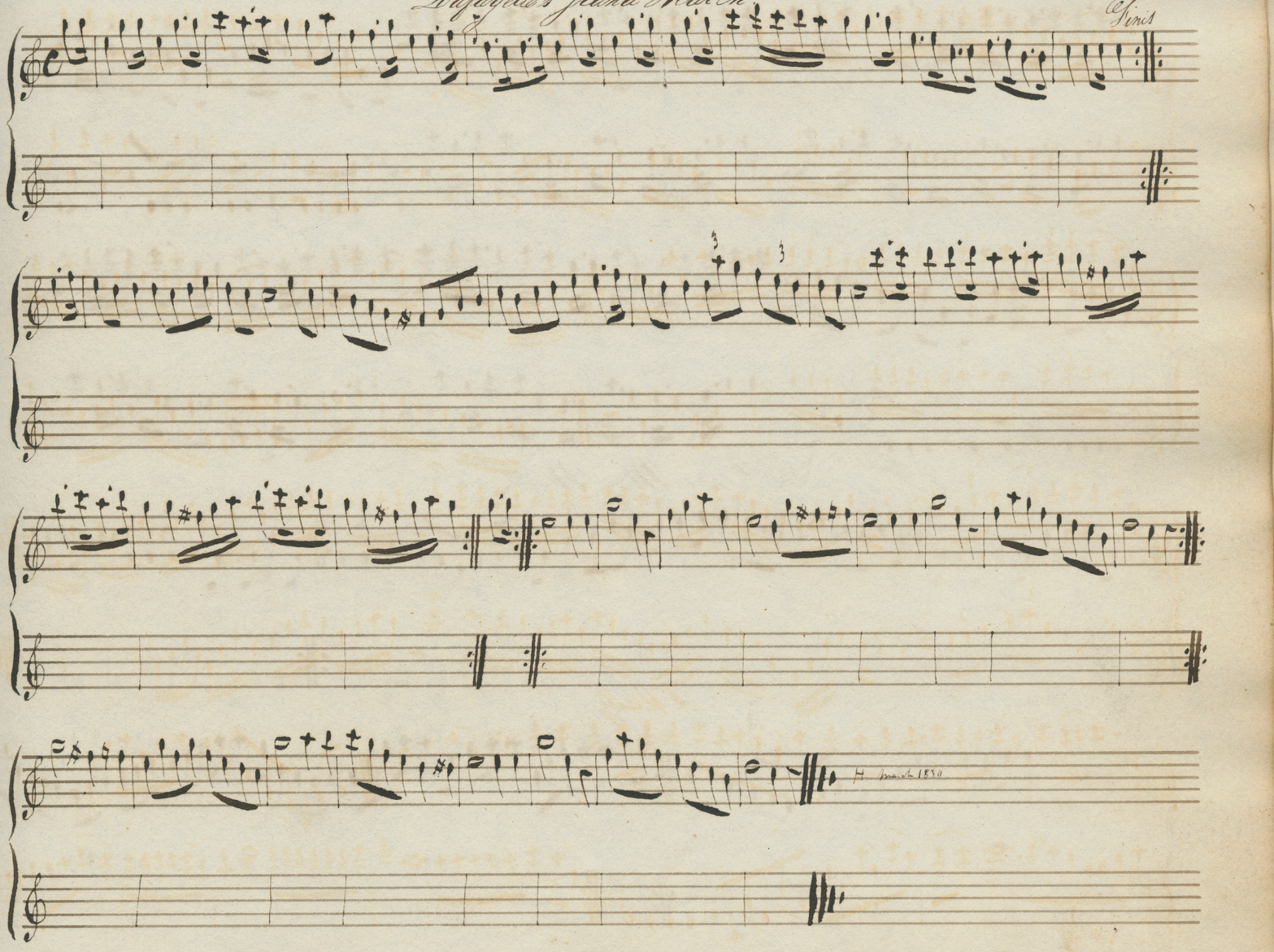


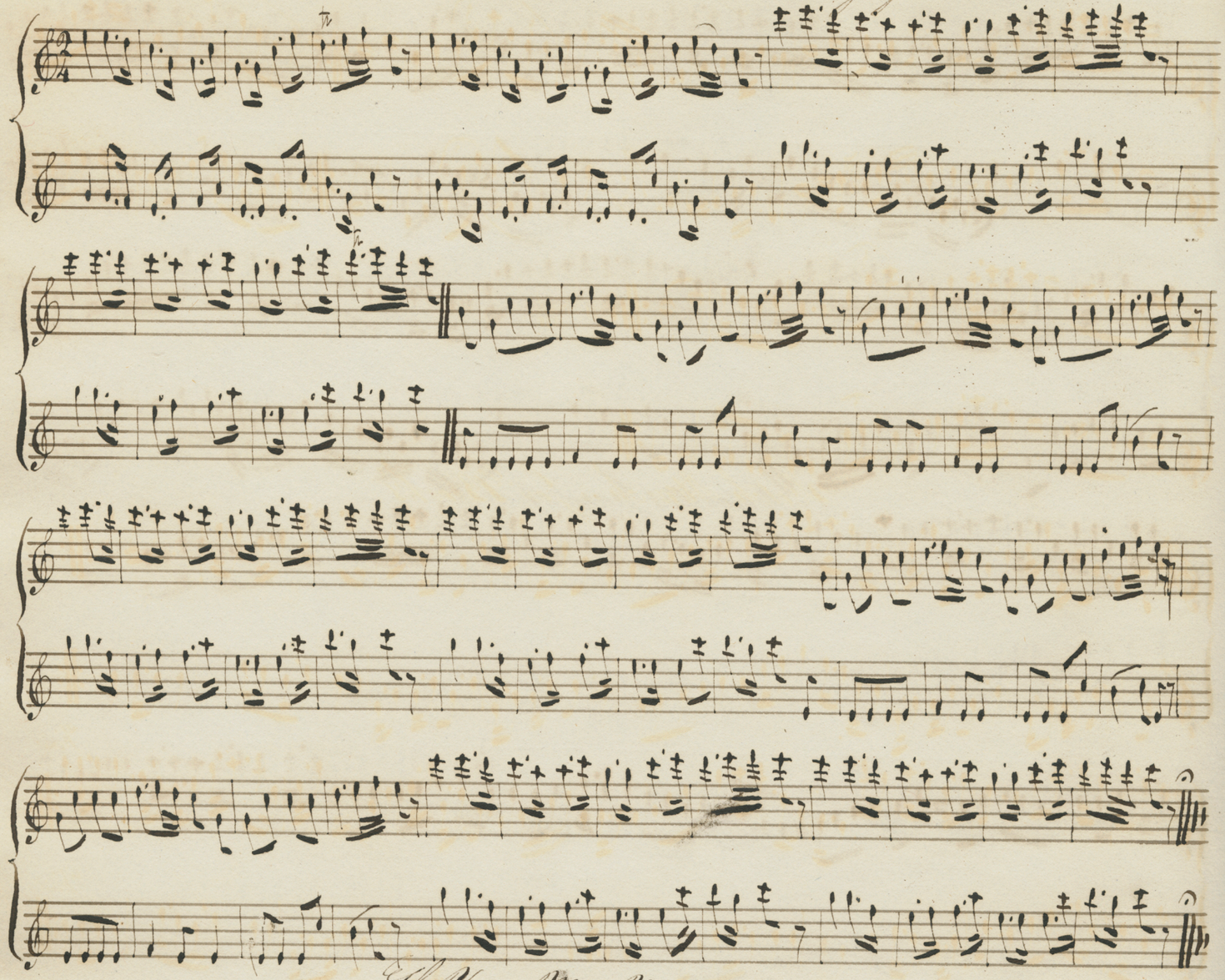
Washington's March

The Hunter's Chorus

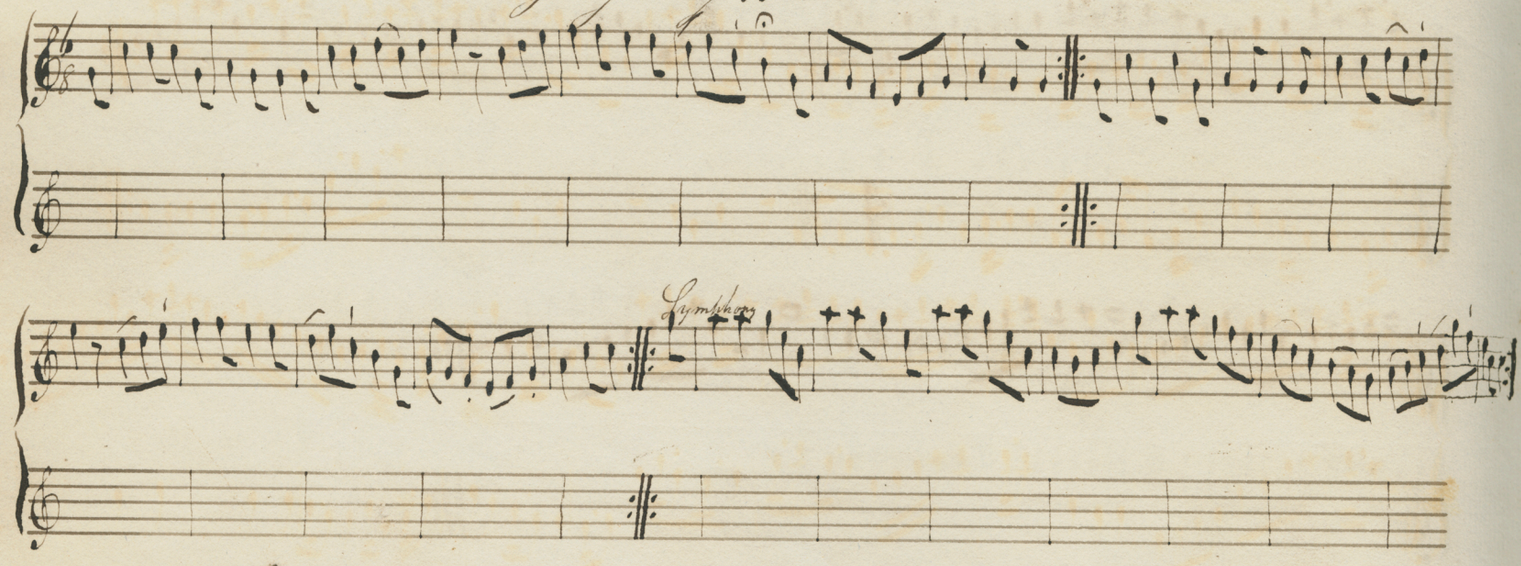
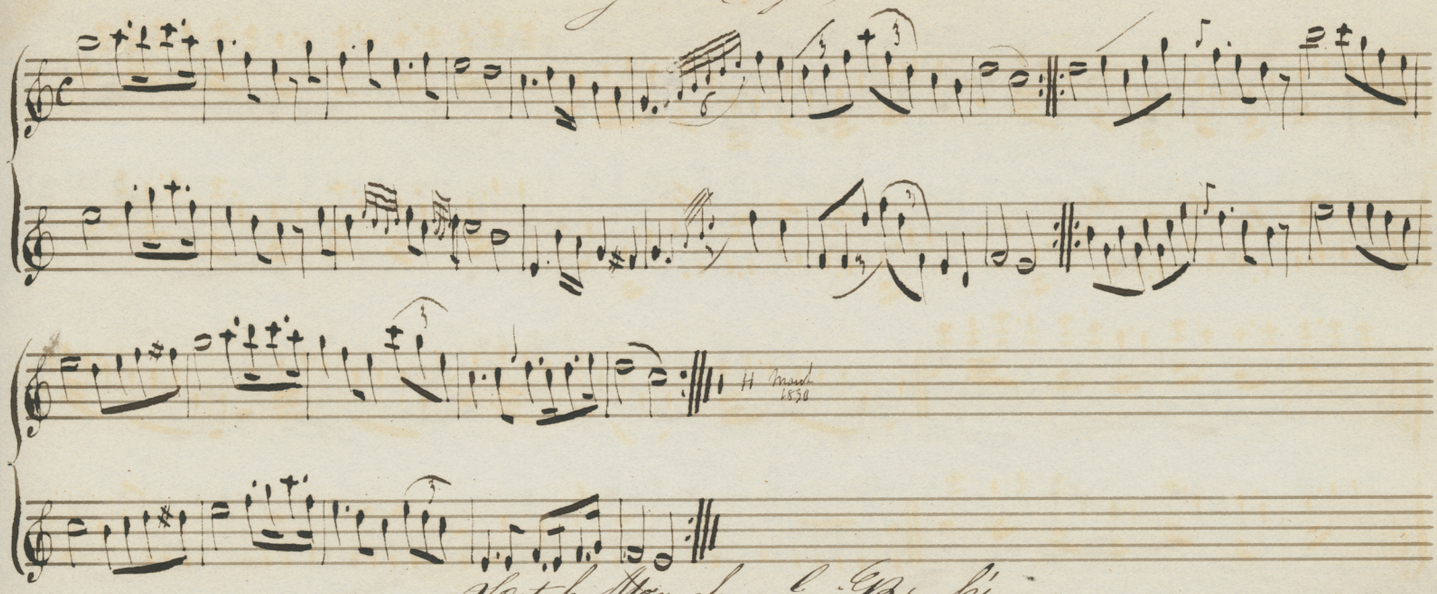
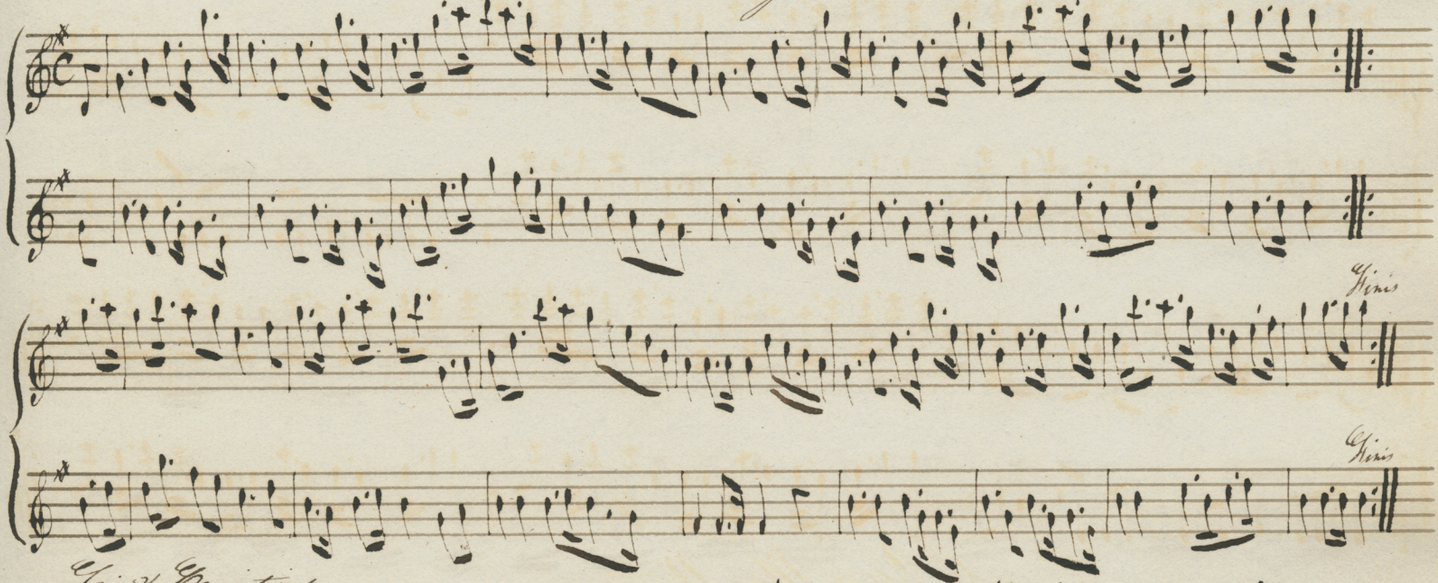
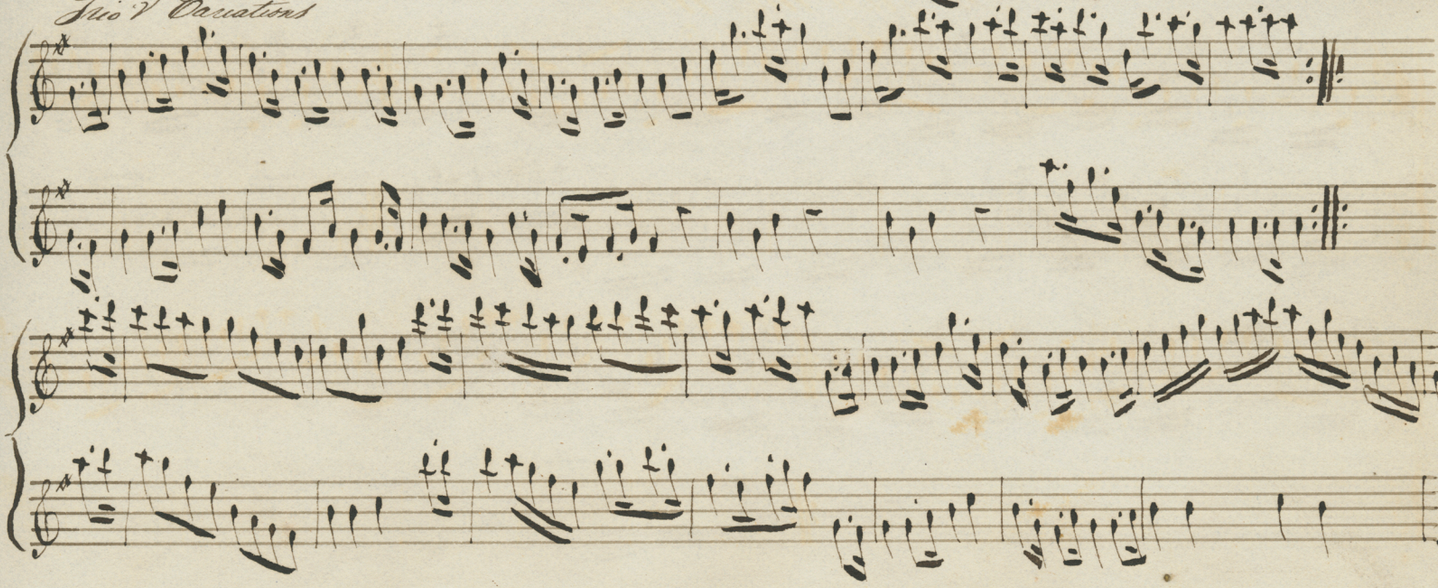


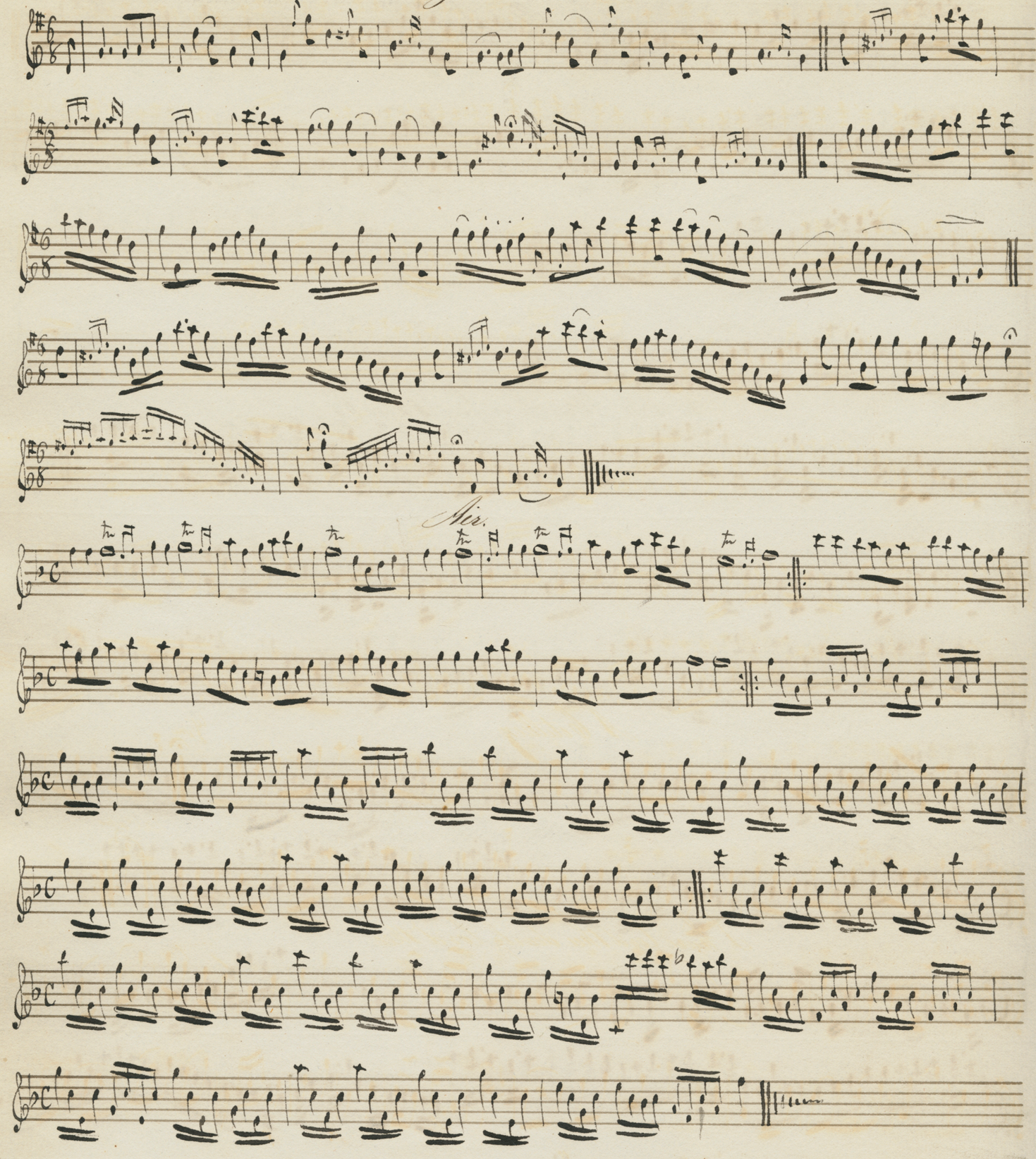
March in the God of Love, with Variations

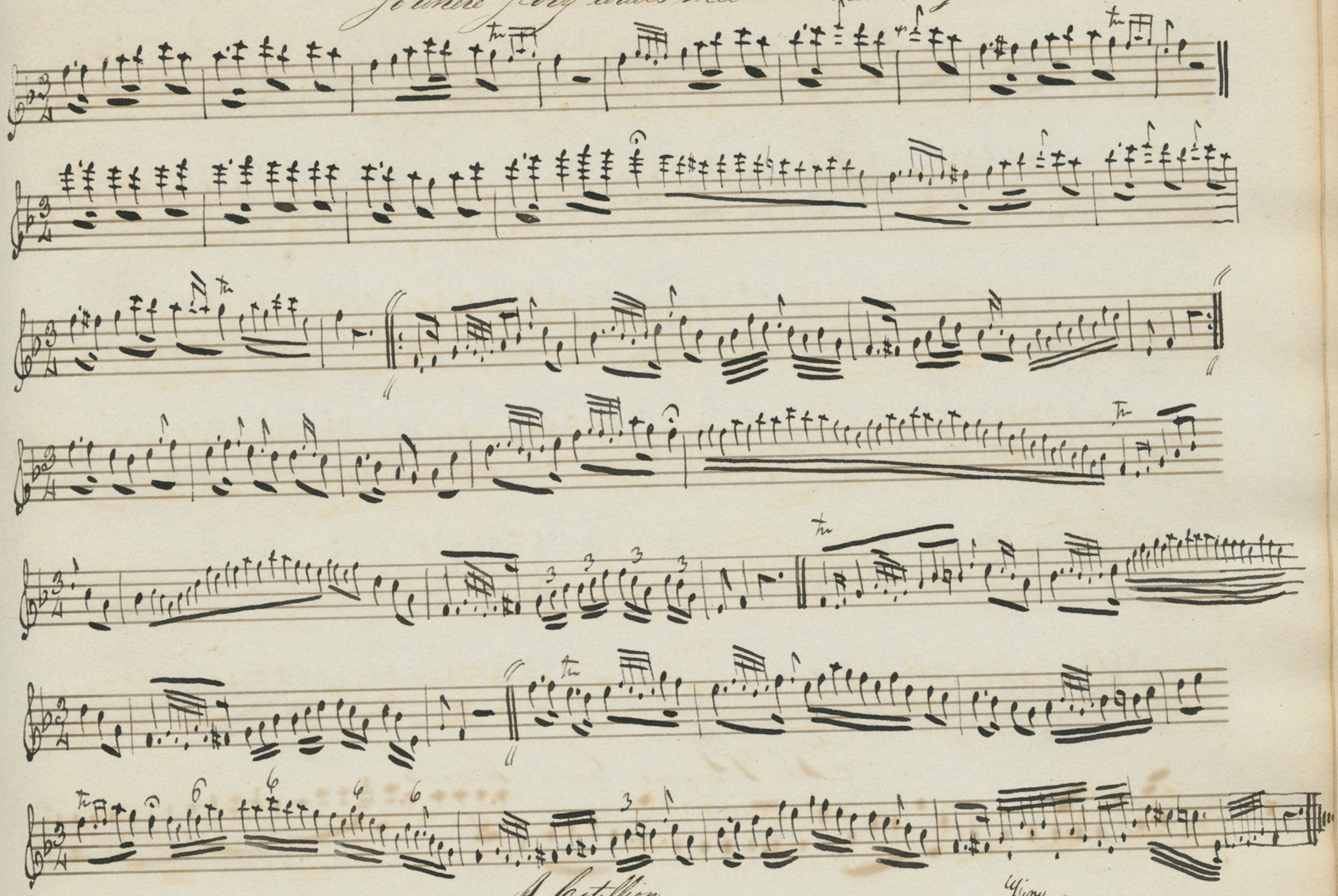
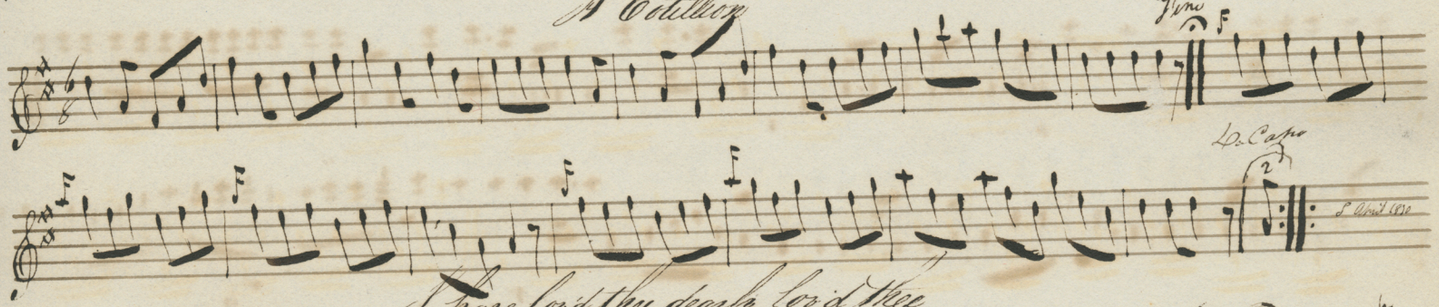


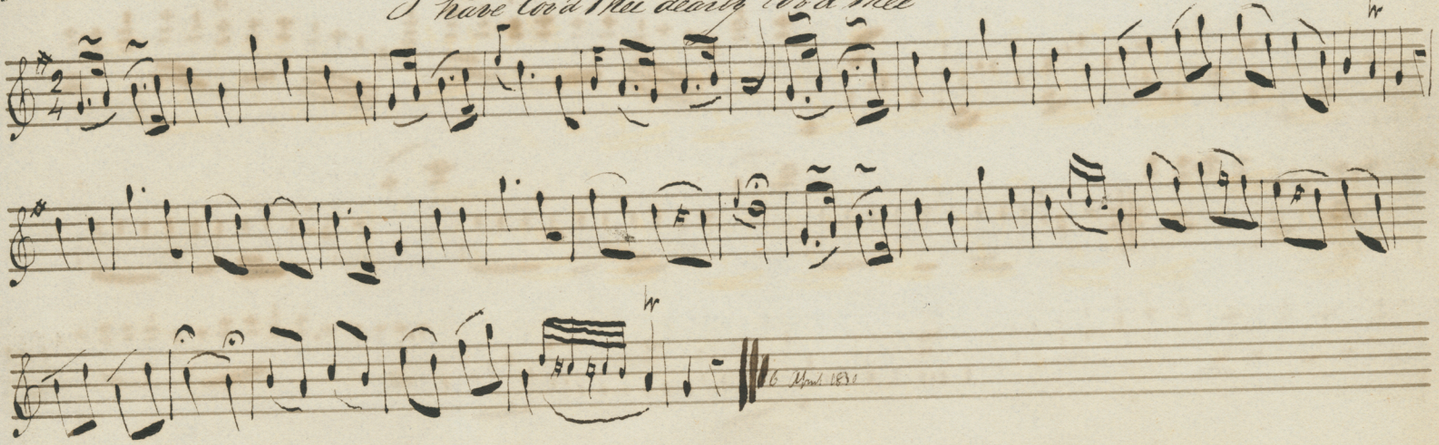
Home sweet Field. Rode

Lafayettes Grand March

March to the Battle Field also "Over the Stilly Night."

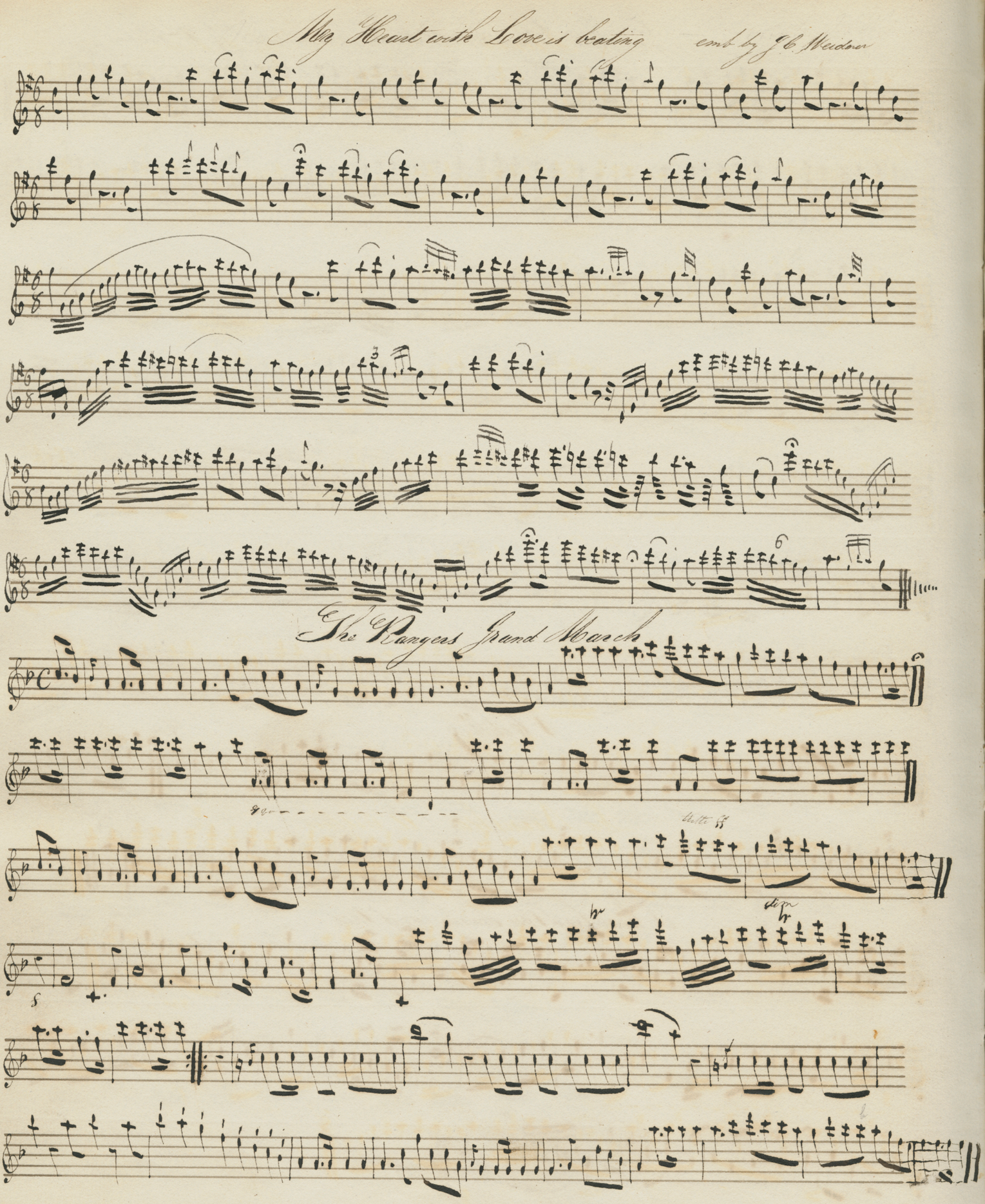


The Young May Moon.

Adagio (Pleyel)

Scotch Strauch a Jos Brooks

Trio V Variations

Adieu my Friends.



Go where Glory waits thee

A Cotillion

I have lov'd thee dearly lov'd thee

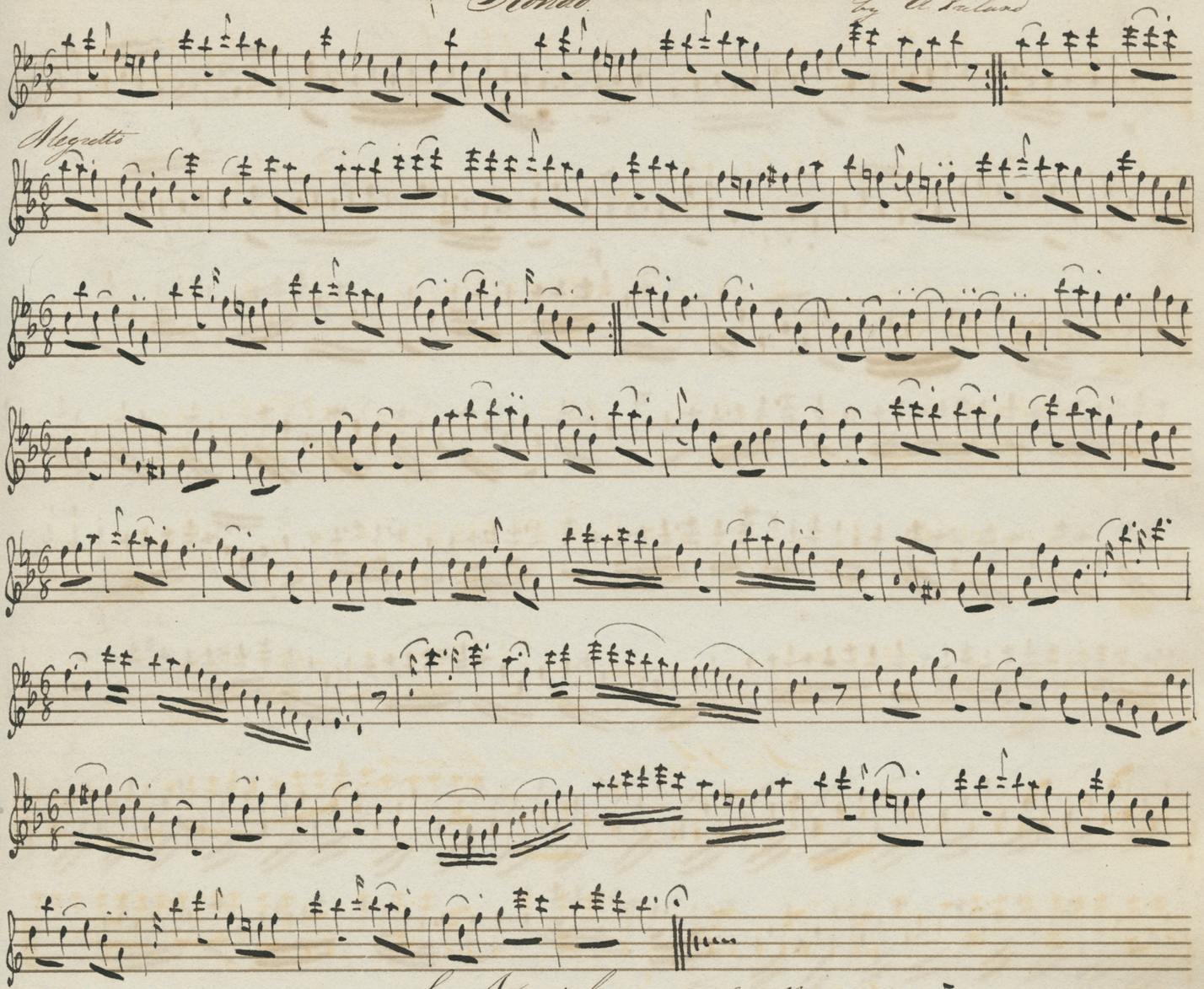


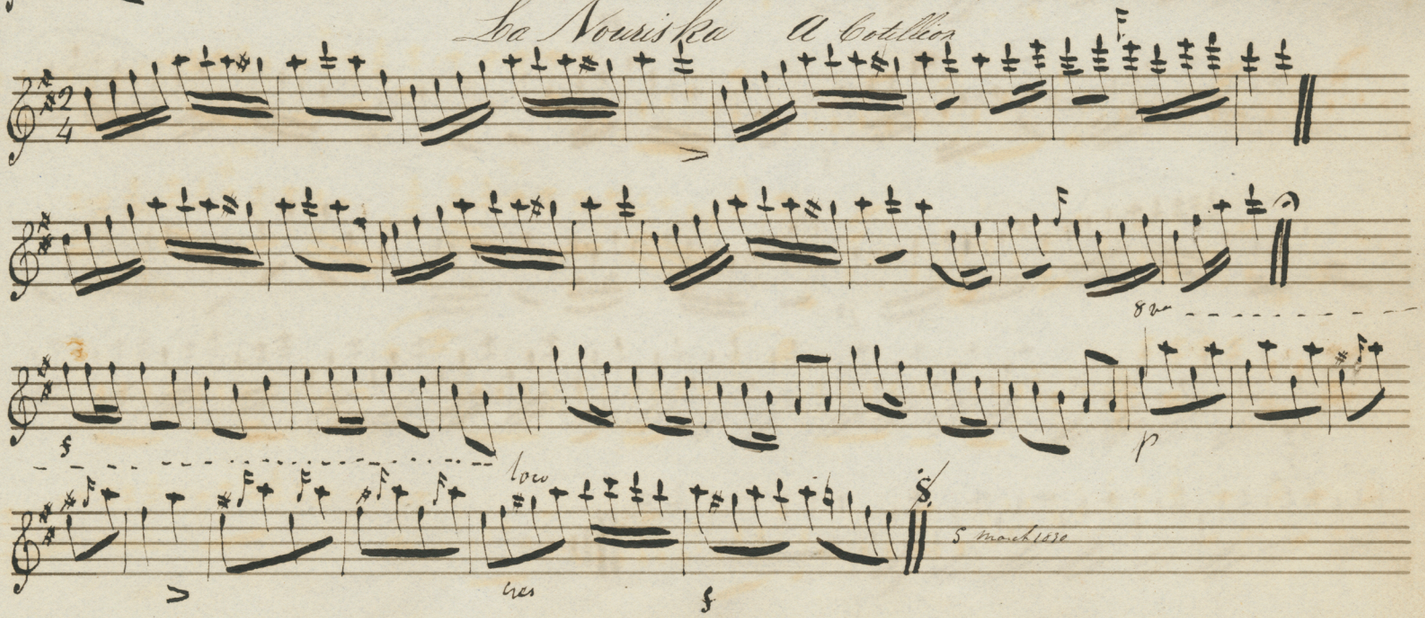

My Heart with Love is beating
comb by J.C. Weidner
The Rangers Grand March

Rondo

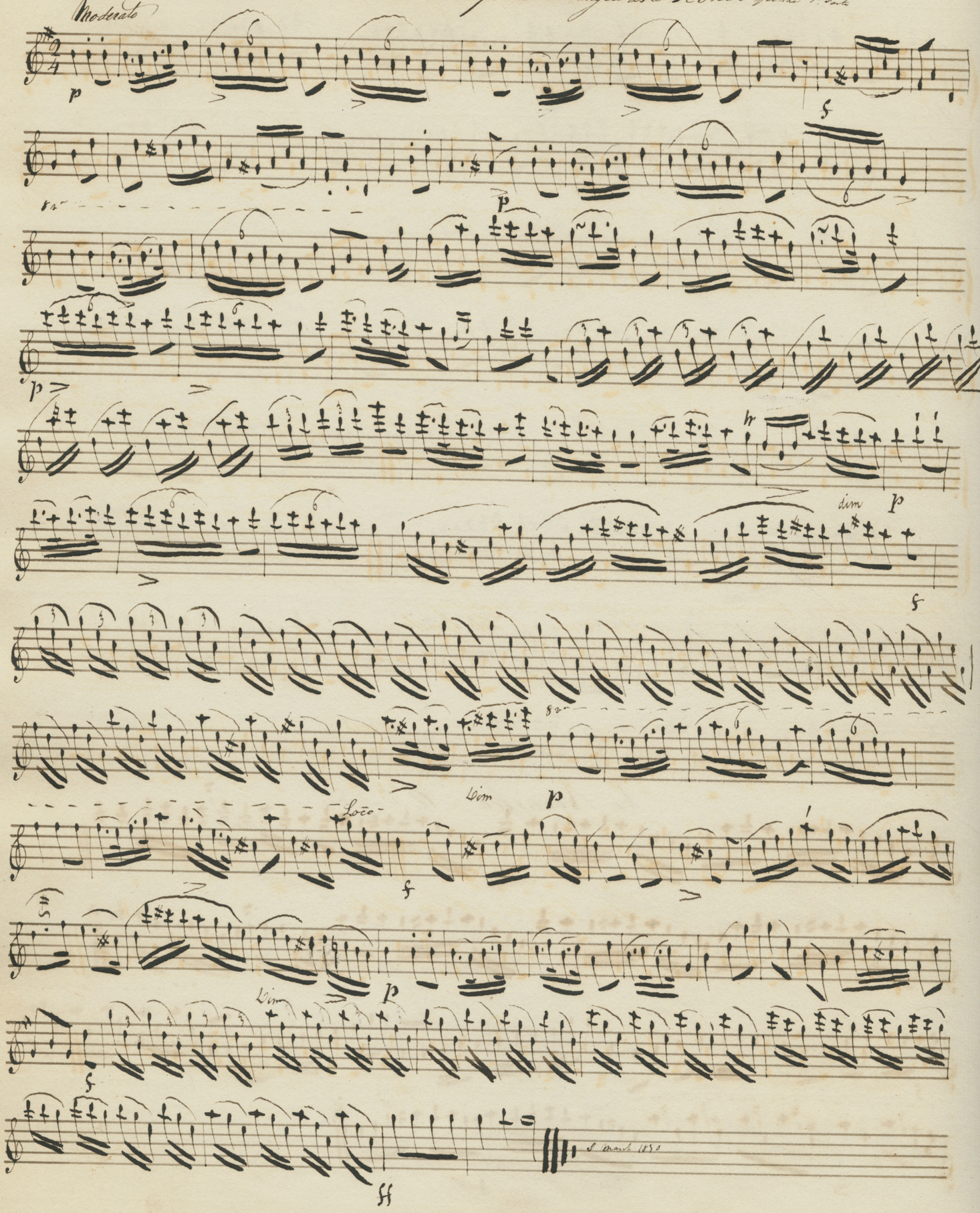
by A. Saland

Allegretto



La Nouvelle A Cotillon

De tanti Palpiti arranged as a Rondo for the 4th Flute

Moderato



O come to me when daylight sets

2nd voice

1st voice

O come to me when daylight sets, Sweet then come to me; When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moonlight sea When mortals sleep and

Love begins beneath the glancing ray, With sounds of lutes and mandolins To steal away hearts away. O come to me when daylight sets,

O! Hesperus the queen for those who love
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all is so calm below, above
Sea heaven and o'er the sea.
When maiden's sing sweet barcarolles,
And Echo sings again.
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should Love and listen then.
So come &c

Sweet! then come to me When smoothly go our gondolets O'er the moonlight sea

The song of Sir Eustace

Odo

Chorus

Lento

The Banks of Allan Water

Andante

I see them on their winding way

Allegretto

I see them on their winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play, Their lofty deeds and daring high Blend with the notes of victory,

And waving arms and banners bright Are glancing in the mellow light, They're past and gone the moon is

past. The woods dark shade is o'er them cast And fainter fainter fainter still

You mark it rising o'er the hills rising o'er the hills rising o'er the hills I see them on their winding way A

gain, again the pealing drum, The clashing horn, They come they come, Hear & belay pass o'er wooded steep, In long and glittering files they sweep, And nearer nearer yet & more near Their soften'd echo meets the ear Hoofs beat and mingle on their way The trampling troop & brook no delay

Wake the warlike fife and pealing drum And clashing horn they come they come, Hear & belay they come they come They come they come they come. I see them on their winding way About their ranks the moonbeams play Their lofty deeds and daring high Blend with the notes of victory

My Heart & Lute

In Moderate time

I give thee all I can no more Tho' poor the offering be; My Heart and Lute are all the store That I can bring to thee. A Lute whose gentle

song reveals The soul of love full well And better far a heart that feels Much more than Lute could tell I give thee all I can no more Tho'

Poor the offering be My Heart & Lute are all the store That I can bring to thee

Tho' Love and Song may fail, alas!
As fickle Life clouds ay on
At last Death makes them brighter rise,
Or gilds them in its Star;
If Love can live Life's dearest thing
Or Life an enchanted strain,
Let Love but gently touch the strings
Straight all be vibrant again!
I give thee &c

The Boys of Switzerland

Laughetto Affettuoso

Our Cot was built in a wood by a lake & green mountain stood, A mountain black to behold as soon's it's shadow fell upon

in Summer Season it Buttercups rich and warm to boot Lay smiling at the mountains foot, There first we frolicked hand in hand

Mr Wood 1830

Hand in hand, hand in hand, Two infant boys of Switzerland Two infant boys of Switzerland!

When scarcely old enough to know,
The meaning of the tale of woe,
Ere then by Mother we were told,
That Father in his grave was Cold!
That Task to get, and we too young to labour yet
And Texas Brother we two would stand with fingers in our mouth
For the two Boys of Switzerland!

But soon for Mother as we grew
We work'd as much as Boys could do,
Our daily gains to her we bore,
But Oh! shall remember them no more.
For long we watch'd beside her bed,
Then saw her die & then her dead,
And now we wander hand in hand
Two Orphan Boys of Switzerland!

Twilight Dews

Andante

When twilight dews are falling fast Up on the so - ly sea I watch that star whose beams so oft, Has lighted me to thee

And thou too on that cold sea dear, Oh dost thou gaze at even; And think but for - a - mo - ment here Should forget be mine or Heav'n

There's not a garden walk I tread
There's not a flower I see;
But brings to mind some joy that's fled
Some joy I've lost with thee!

And still I wish that hour was near,
When friends and foes forgiven;
The pains the ills we've both had here
May turn to smiles in Heav'n;

The Spanish Hymn

Largo

Far, far o'er hill and dell On the winds stealing; List to the Convent bell, Mournfully pealing; Hark! hark! hark! it

Coda

Learns to fear, As melt their sounds away, In Christ'ning joy decay, While thus their feeling

Now through the charmed air
Floats as ending;
List to the Chanting prayer,
Solemnly Ascending;

Hark! hark! it seems to say,
Turn from such joys away,
To Heav'n which Time delay
Though life is ending.

When Roses wild were Blowing

La Biondina in Gondoletta

Affettuoso

When Roses wild were blowing, There stood an humble Cot, Around it Nature's bounty flowing, Contentment shed its

spell, But human joy is fleeting And joy is but a flow'r and joy is but a flow'r The heart with sorrow meeting

Will wither 'neath its pow'r The heart with sorrow meeting Will wither 'neath its pow'r.

3 May 1834

2

This peaceful habitation In youth of beauty's dawning And now the Cot's forsaken 3 Nor Roses now are blowing

Contain'd a fearless maid Celestial was its Ray The Gardens all a waste When smiled the Lady fair

No Heart in Creation Love came! with fatal warning Their Bow'r's Chosen anchor But Thorns and weeds are growing

Such Secrets? o'er display'd And stole that Bloom away! Sad pangs is the heart! and Gloom is enchanted the pow'r

Rounds Near Here

Gently

Round them love to memory dear-er, When the sunlight scenes of day; Sounds were Splendor, joys were nearer, But alas they're fled away

Oh! 'Twas when the moonlight playing, o'er the valleys silent grove, Told the blissful hours for Straying, With my fond my faithful Love

Oft when evening faded smiling, 2 Songs like this my love would sung me, Bidden dreams of Love & me 3 Then the shades of darkness may enclose

O'er the scene when dark would come, Songs that ever'e round me set. With their Gentle song the tired world comes for the hurt of sorrows Con

Then we've found the night fled softly Ah! but when days were fairy me, Love to love my pleasures Yes. Now it's there in Cold Hope has

Breathe his vespers like soft Love Songs like those I must forget. Love a lonely beauty there

The Broken Harp

and dedicated to Moore's Melody "The Minstrel Boy"

Moderato

The Child of Song hath laid him there On the bank where flowers are growing The Village girl on the bank so fair As the stream so brightly flowing

The Laurel wreath entwin'd his brow Her harp near him he strung Her Message Can whisper to him

Then all at once a light there came, 2 To the harp he tender hands he clings, 3 His heart has kept it's Love living

From heaven now it's there seems To mourn the strains so tender. And seems with pensive air it's Power from that Love that it owned it

It's harp's on his face like Lightning flow Then struck on all other strings, Heart's grief so closely twined to him The Heaven strain by which it's

On a stately wine a Lamb. The aged fingers wounded With Love. But broke can be tuned; With music's fate, owned it

The Minstrel Boy

1

The minstrel boy to the war has gone, "Land of song said the warrior band

In Pale cheek, o death sat on his brow, The all the world belongs to him

His father's sword he girds on One sword at least thy rights shall guard, For he's a true minstrel again

And he wild "Harp strung to liberty. One faithful Harp shall praise me." Now his hands chords are broken;

2 Chain And said "No chains shall

apply the

Tho' all the world around us Chain

Tho' songs were made for pay Tone

To Harp & Lute more sound in Harp

My Henry is gone

Andantino Moderato

O green are the groves above us & Henry & I stray & And high o'er the hills all aboard The fields and the valleys are gaily array'd,

And fair flowers enamel the ground. But my Henry is gone and left me to deplore, To deplore the most faithless of men The flowers cod

broke from my bosom as torn And they never shall bloom again

they never shall bloom again They never shall bloom again

The birds sing as sweetly on every green bough, As they did when I roam'd with my love.

But my Henry is gone &c

O Cold was the Climate

O Cold was the climate and dreary the moon When Ellen had bloom'd to be stolen But warm in the bosom and friendly the love Of the

Father of Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen, See Gilbert Con-Sentry in splendid array, But tears dashed from his cheeks on the green And wept from to the Cottage,

and blessed night and day To her Father and Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen Sweet Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen

And was borne to the Cottage on sweet on day To her Father and Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen

Sweet Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen,
O how can such kindness and care be repaid,
Or when can my graces be seen.
My heart and my fortune are thine o'er and o'er,
Accept them my Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen.
"Forget me" she answers & gently she smiled
I wish not to alter the scene,
While the heart of a fond Constant & true child
Has the fortune of Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen
sweet Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen
sweet Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen
While the heart of a fond Constant & true child
Has the fortune of Ellen sweet Ellen Aureen

Those Evening Bells

Pensively and in Moderate time

Those Evening bells Those evening bells How many a tale their music tells Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their

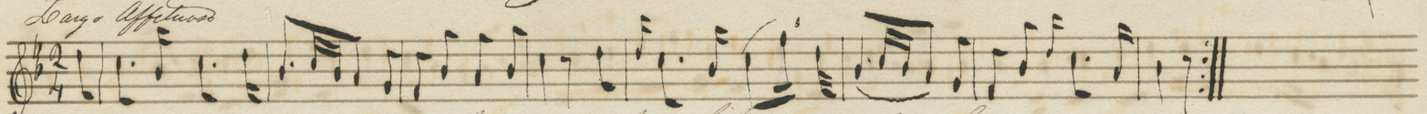
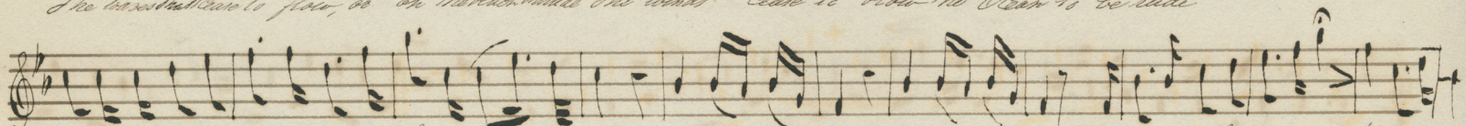
soothing chime Of youth and home & that dear time When last I heard their soothing chime

2
Those joyous hours are past away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells
And hears no more those evening bells

3
And so shall be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells
And sing your praise sweet evening bells.

Sweet Gratitude

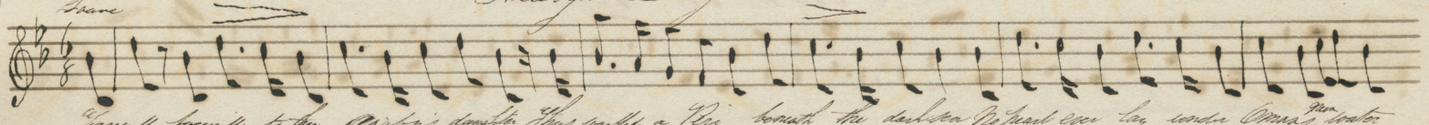
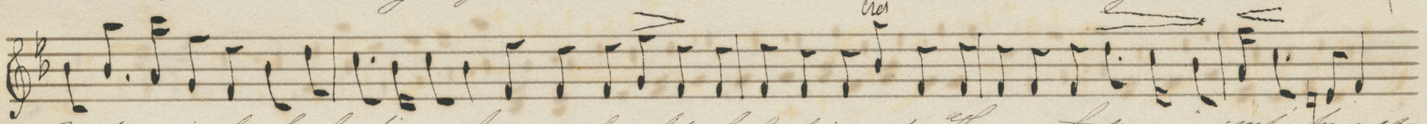
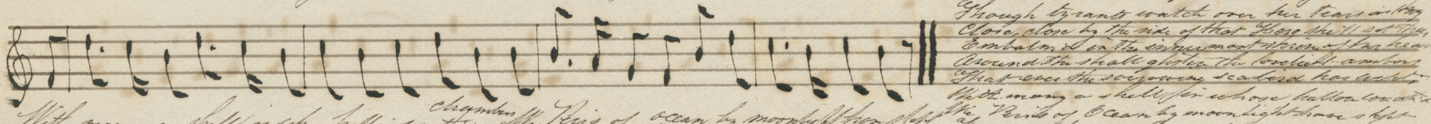
Largo Affettuoso



Times sands shall cease to go,
Stars shall cease to decade,
Ere a grateful heart to be slow
I'll love whom fondly woo'd

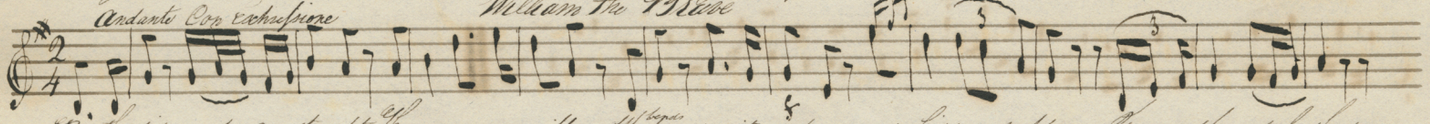
Ere I forget Oh! ever I Pro
The bond of gratitude
Upon pebbled ends must rest steady
Thy hope for love & thy gratitude
Sweet gratitude

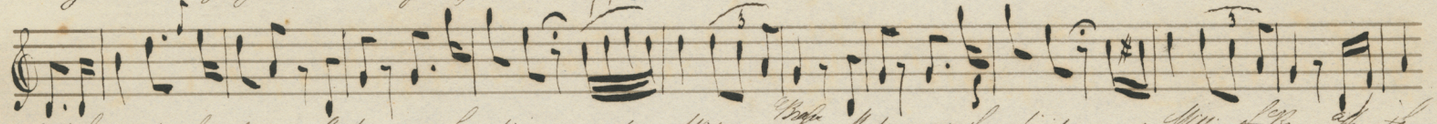
Arab's Daughter

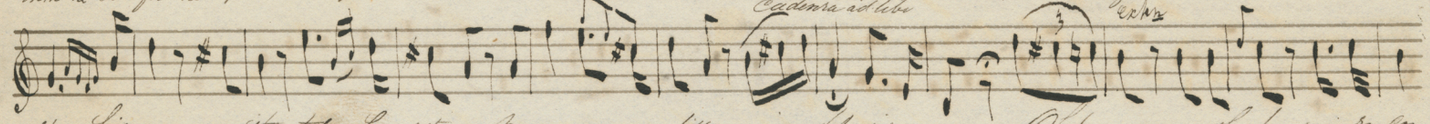
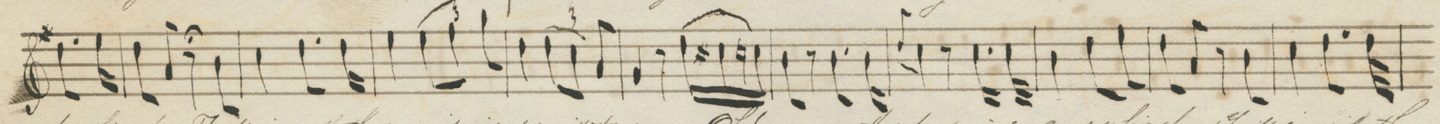
Brave



William the Blue

Andante Con Espressione







There, there on each primrose her day is declining
Sweet Mary in sorrow oft bends to his grave,
And moistens the flowers in each sentinel wave
With tears to the memory of William the Brave

Yet the rose of affection shall flourish & grow
Than all the gay glitter that dazzles the eye
While the heart it vitivate and deadly shall blow
When shed by fond love o'er the tomb of the brave

Polish Waltz 18th Variations

Var.e 1st

Var.e 2nd

H. Jans 1830

And she shall walk in Silk Attire

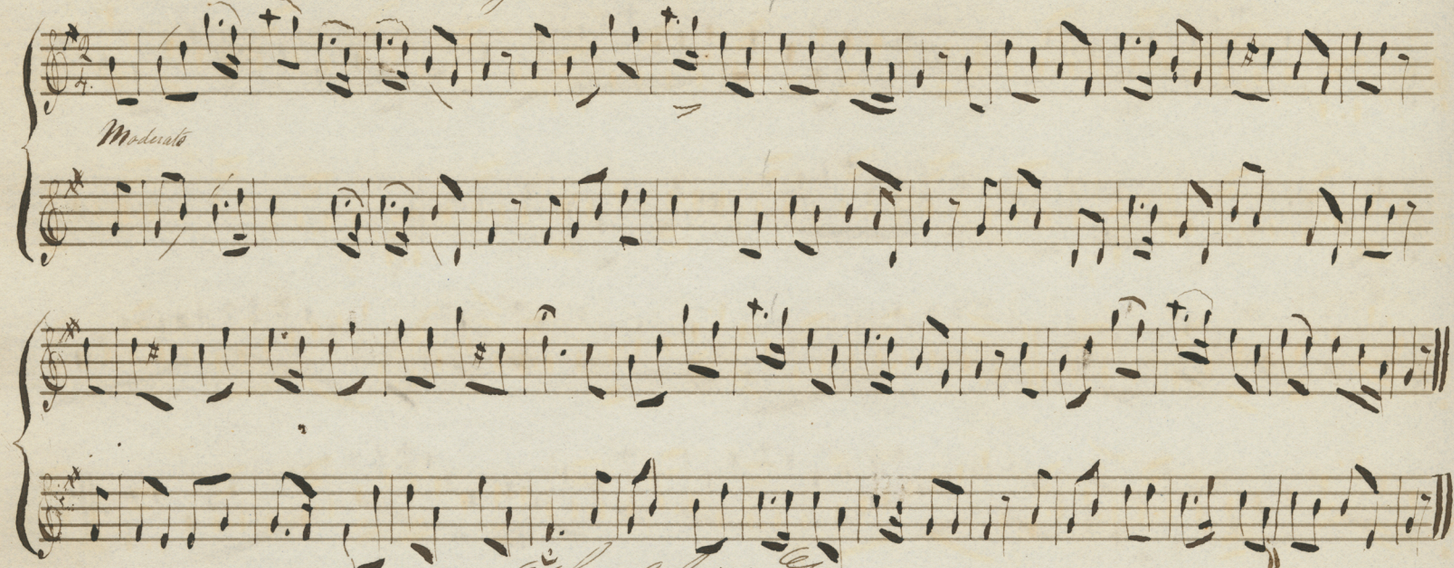
Andantino Espressivo

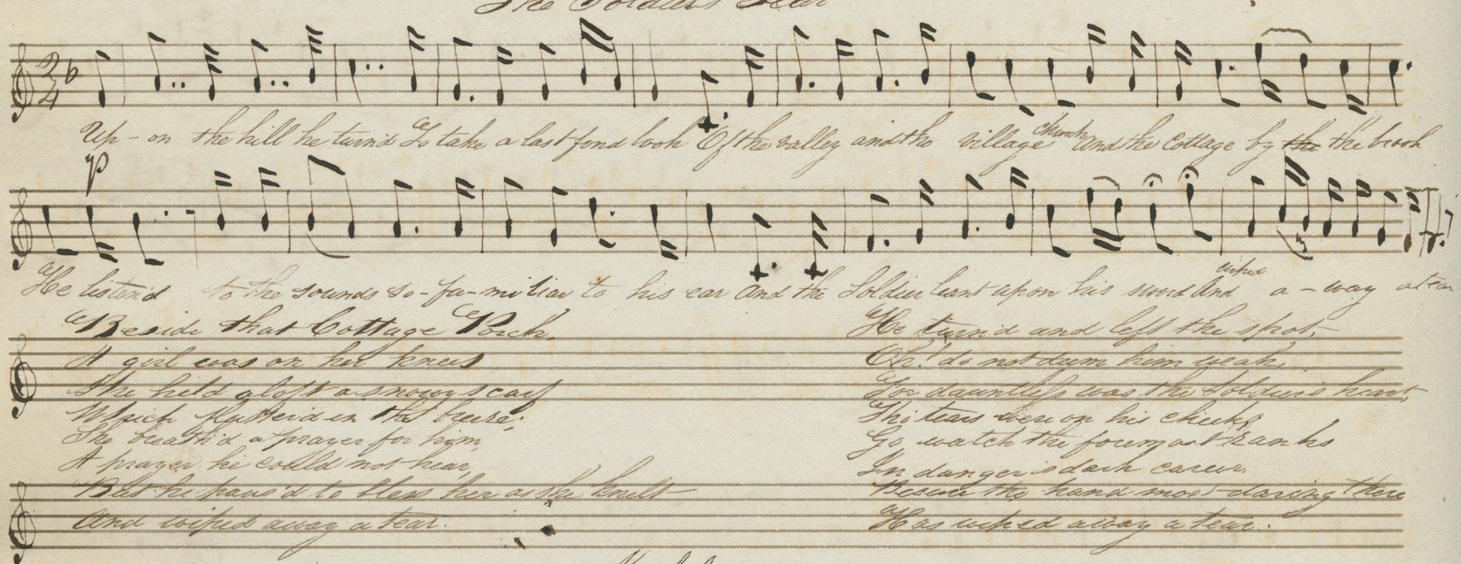
Largo a tempo

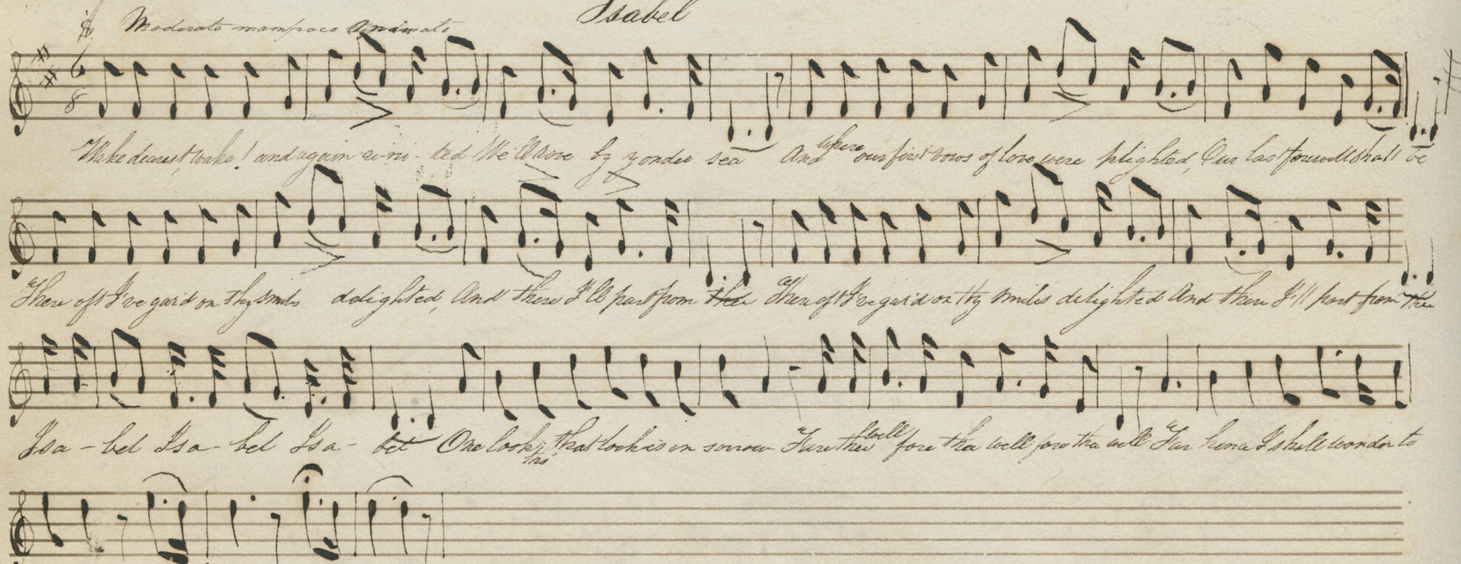
H. Jans 1830

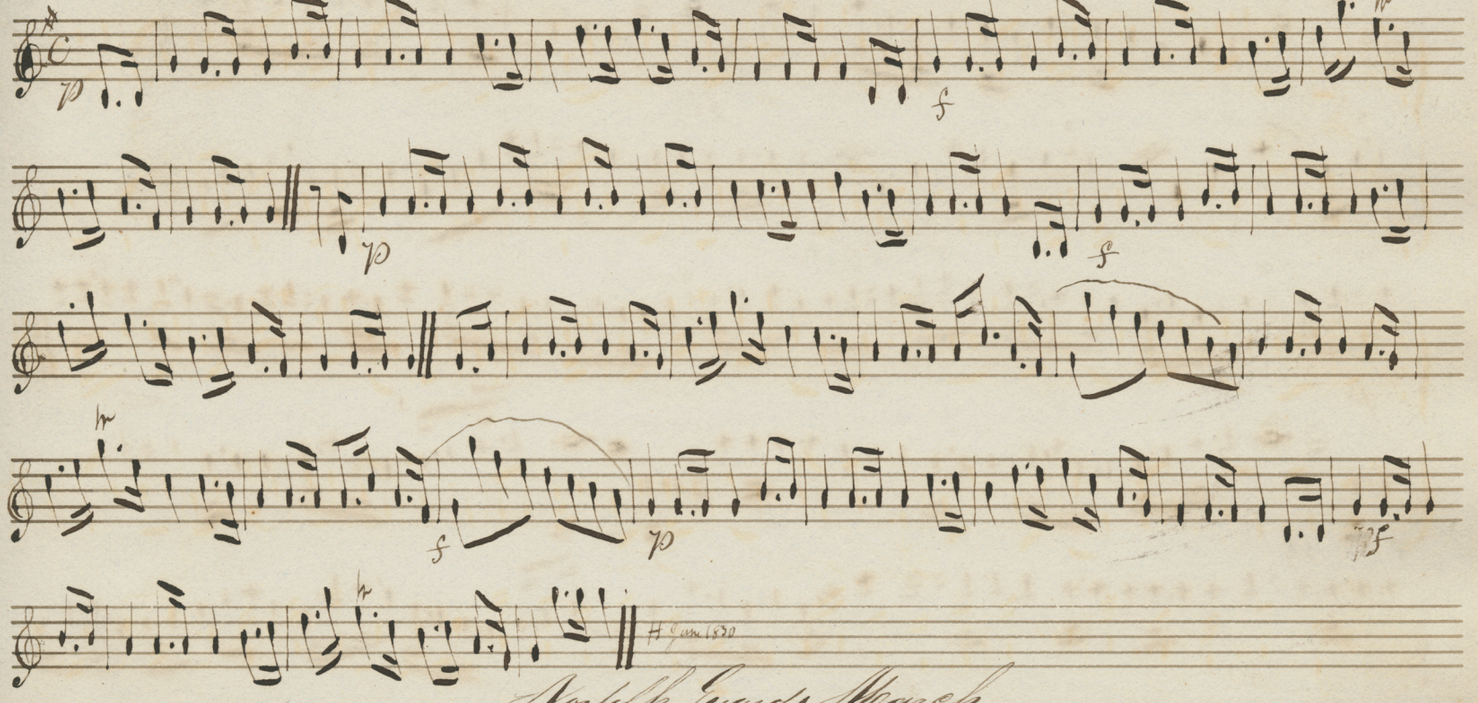
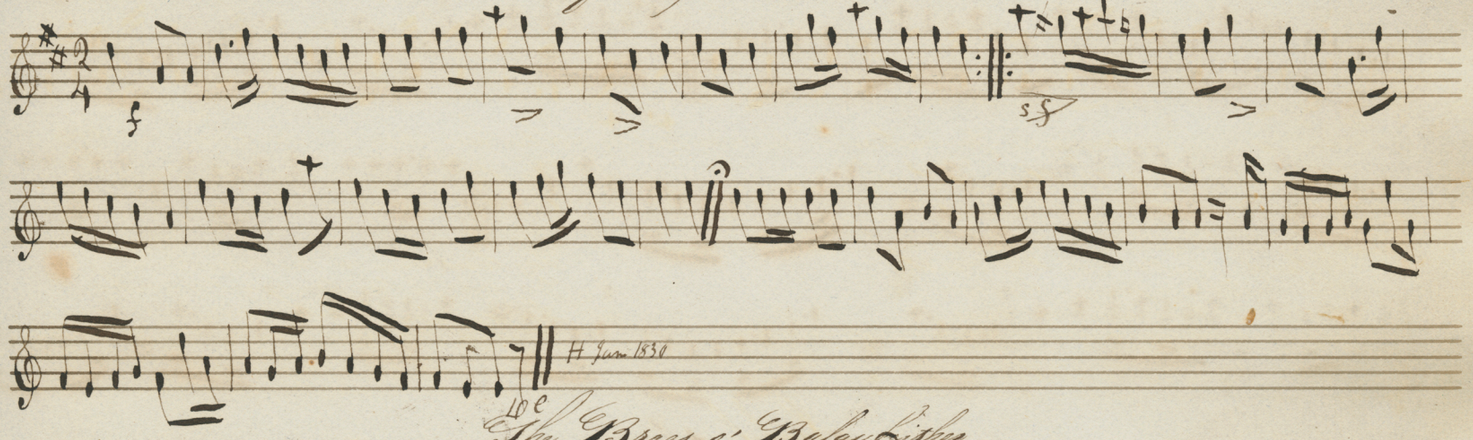
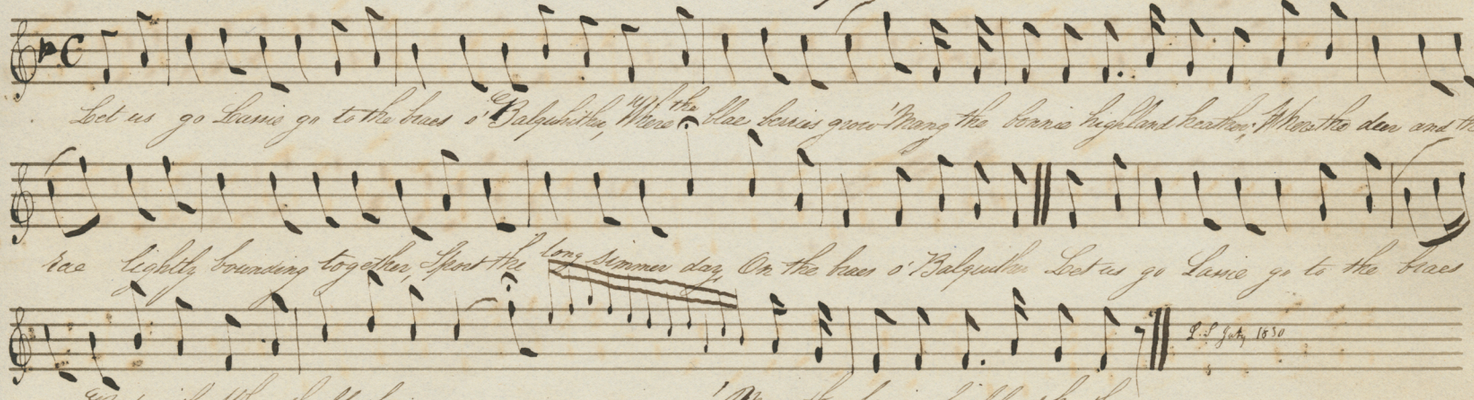
All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border

My Heart and Lute



The Soldier's Tear

Isabel



Bristol March

Norfolk Fencibles March

The Braes o' Balquhither

o' Balquhither Where the blae berries grow
I will twine thee a bower
By the clear silver fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;

'Mang the bonnie highland heather

I'll range thro' the wilds
And the steep glens so airy
And return with the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

Let us go &c

Where the simmons sit shining
The hyp is richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Frae the moorlands perfuming;

To our dear native scenes,
Let us journey together
Where the gay linnets sing
'Mang the braes of Balquhither

Let us go &c

Boston Independent Cadets' Grand March

Trumpet

Maestoso

ff

Dolce

p

f

ff

Dolce

Trio

dol.

ff

D.C.

dol.

The Carrier Pigeon

Gaimont

words by Vincent

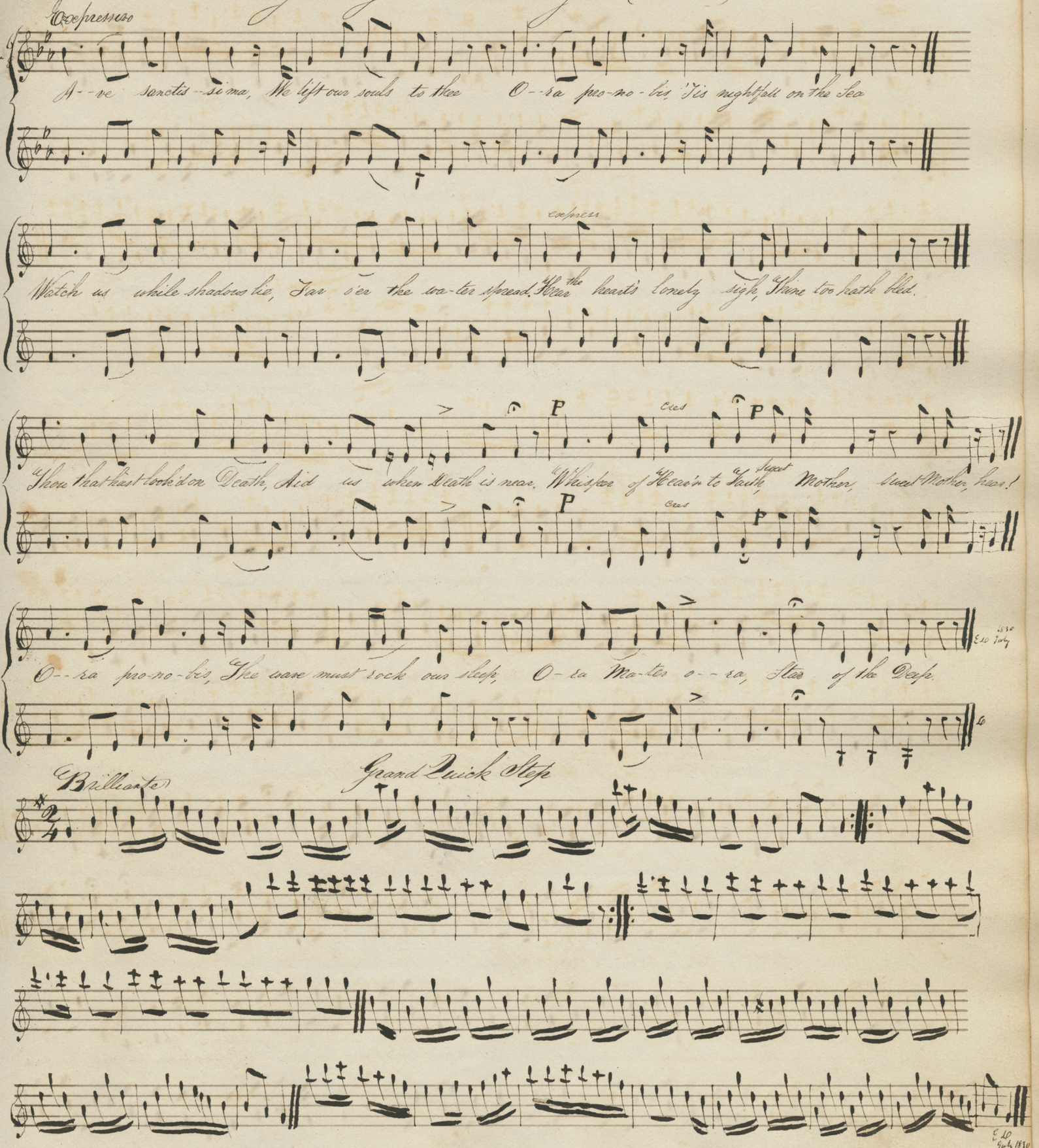
Come hither thou beautiful ro-ver, From regions of azure and air; Who bravest the sighs of a low-er And bring'st (from) (the) (bow'rs) of his fair

Bend thy wing fair minion, And show me the gloss of thy neck O perch on my hand dearest minion And (from) (thy) (eye) (bright) speck

Rose is dead of the whitest and reddest,
And thou is a wish of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
Whilst the flutter echoed now'd by the vine:
I have written on rose scented paper,
With thy wing thy wing gently a soft billet doux,
I have melted this soul in Love's vapour,
Was the colour of true hearts alloy blue.

From hence I conclude thy fair minion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;
To go from one beauteous fair minion,
Whilst the fame ether shows no sparks;
Like a cloud on the azure distance floating,
Like an arrow to bronnis away;
And tender and festive reflections
Where lost in the chamber of day.

Evening Song to the Virgin (at Sea)



Meet me by Moonlight

Andante Allegretto

Meet me by moonlight a-lone And then I will tell you a tale Must be told by the moonlight alone

In the grove at the end of the vale You must promise to come for I said I would kiss the rosy-

flowers their Queen Say turn not a-way thy sweet head 'Tis the lov-li-est eve was seen

Or meet me by moonlight alone meet me by moonlight alone

Daylight may do for the gay
That throng daily the beach or the pier
But there's sometimes a secret to be over
That is sweeter to you and to me
Or remember be sure to be there
For the dusky a moonlight is fair.
I care not for all on the lake
If I want sweet light in your eyes
So meet me by moonlight alone
meet me by moonlight alone

I've been roaming (Tom)

Andantino Con anima

I've been roaming I've been roaming When the meadow dew is sweet And I'm coming and I'm coming With its pearls upon my feet

P mf

I've been roaming I've been roaming When the meadow dew is sweet And I'm coming and I'm coming With its pearls upon my feet

P

I've been roaming I've been roaming O'er the rose and lily face And I'm coming and I'm coming With heaven in my hair I've been

roaming I've been roaming When the meadow dew is sweet And I'm coming and I'm coming With its pearls upon my feet

I've been roaming I've been roaming When the honey suckle creeps And I'm coming and I'm coming With its kisses on my lips

I've been roaming I've been roaming When the meadow dew is sweet And I'm coming and I'm coming With its pearls upon my feet I've been

roaming I've been roaming O'er hill and over plain And I'm coming And I'm coming to my lover back again O'er hill and over plain

To my home back again, And Im coming and Im coming, To my home back again, To my home back again to my home back again

The Pilgrim Fathers

Maestoso

The breaking wave dash'd high, On a stern and rock bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky, Their giant branches toss'd, And the heavy night hung dark, The hills and waters o'er, When a band of Exiles moor'd, Their Bark, On the wild New Eng.d shore

Not as the Conqu'r comes, They the true hearted came, Not with the roll of the stirring drums, Or the Trumpet that sings of Fame

Not as the flying come, In Silence and in fear, They shook the depths of the desert's gloom, With their Hymns of lofty cheer

Amidst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang, To the Anthem of the free!

The Ocean Eagle soar'd From his nest by the white wave foam, And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd, This was their welcome home!

What hope their bright this afar? Bright Jewels, Bright Jewels, Bright Jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine

Ay! call it holy ground, The soil where first they trod, They have left unstain'd what there they found, Freedom to worship God!

Kathleen O'Moore

Andantino con espressione

Barney Ballaghan sung with enormous applause by Mr Todd (No 3)

Allegro Moderato

Twas on a windy night, at ten O'clock in the morning, An Irish Lad set out, all wind and weather Morning; Twas on a

windy night, at ten O'clock in the morning, An Irish Lad set out, all wind and weather Morning; At Judy Callaghan's door

sitting upon the railing, His lovetale he did prose, and this he got for this reading; Only say, you'll love Barney

Ballaghan, Dont say nay Charming Judy Callaghan Only say you'll love Barney Ballaghan, Dont say nay Charming Judy Callaghan

Verse 1

Your neck is white & like snow your cheeks are red as cherry
For all the charms I know, Irish Maids do them verify;
Your nose is best & best feet, that ever man did handle
Your lights the room as well as if you'd a candle

Only say &c

Verse 2

You're wife to the death I am willing to take you
But don't waste my breath for the devil a word you'll get from me;
It's just beginning to rain, & I'll get under cover
To-morrow I'll come my own, & be your constant lover;

Only say &c

Dance

Spiritoso

Fine

D.C.

Marcia (Part of the Variation of The Bonny Boat)

loco

f

p

New Grand March

[Mazz]

Maestoso

f

f

f

nf

nf

f

Mazz July 1830

Allo

Spiritoso

Mazz July 1830

2d Ch. DC. al Seg.

Marcia

Maestoso

The Watchman

Espressivo con Affetuoso

Good night, good night my dearest — How fast the moments fly — 'Tis time to part from dearest — That hateful cockatchman's

Cry — That hateful cockatchman's cry — That hateful cockatchman cry — "Past 12 O clock" good night good night

Dedication — H.S.H. Cobbe August 30 1840

Missionary Hymn

Second treble

1 From Greenland's icy mountains — From India's coral strand — Where Afric's sunny fountains — Roll down their golden sand;

Treble

2 What tho' the spicy breezes — Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; — Tho' every prospect pleases, — And only man is vile

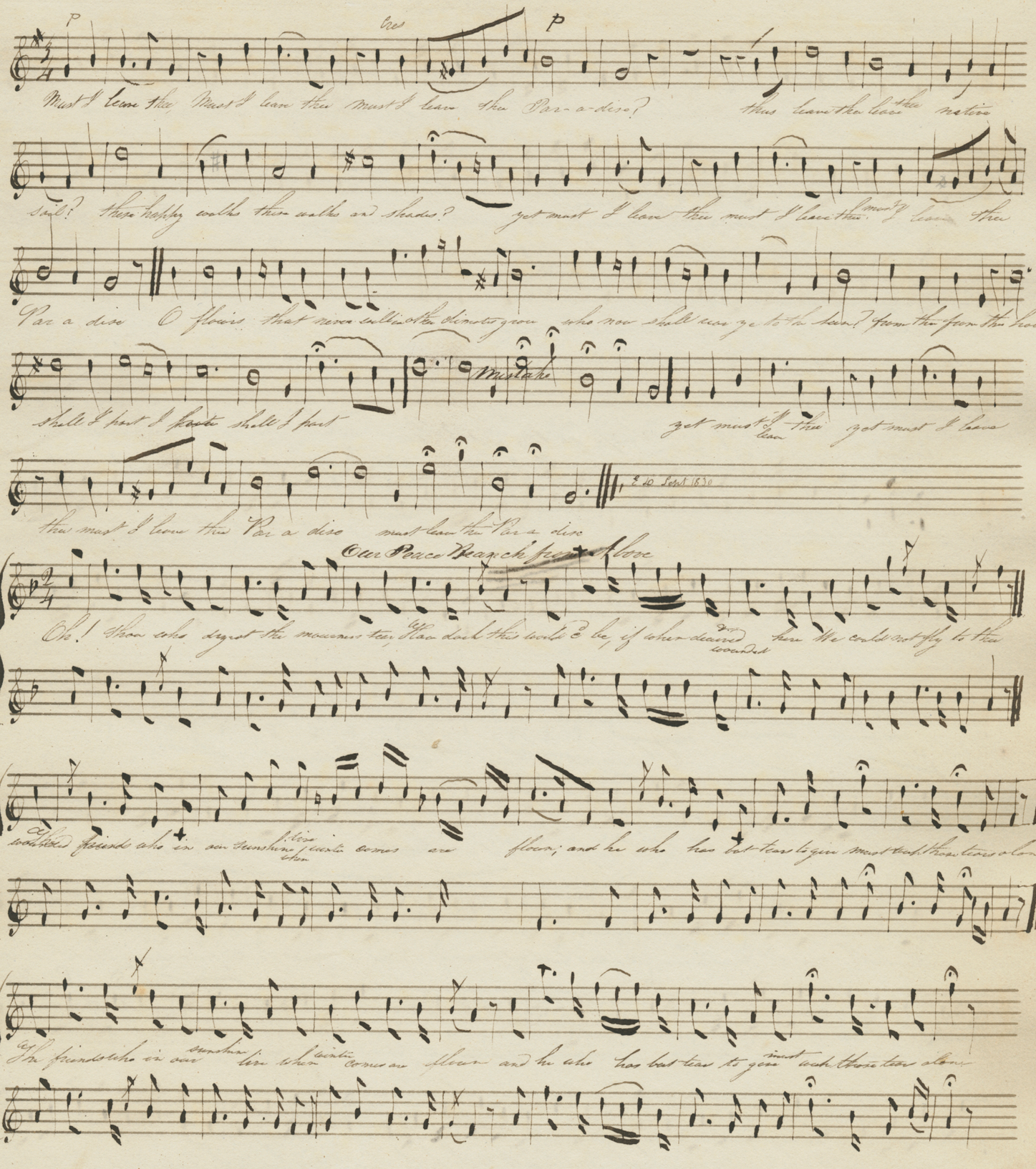
1 From many an ancient river, — From many a peaky hill, — They call us to deliver — Their land from error's chain

2 In vain with lavish kindness — The gifts of God are strewn, — The heathen in his blindness — Bows down to wood and stone

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted — By wisdom from on high, — Shall we to men benighted, — The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation! — The joyful sound proclaim — Till earth's remotest nation — Has learnt Messiah's name.

Eve's Lamentation



Farewell to my Harp

Allegretto

Farewell to my harp for its numbers are o'er, Well a day! Well a day! Well a day! Its chords shall resound to my fingers no more, Its hush'd is the song that my soul lov'd to pour, The song that my soul lov'd to pour, Farewell to my harp for its numbers are o'er, Well a day! Well a day! Well a day!

Sleep on My Pillow

Andante

Sleep on thy pillow, Happy and light, As the moon on a billow, Reposes at night, Soft be the slumber, That cradle thy heart As the holiest number, That love can impart Sleep on thy pillow, Happy and light, As the moon on a billow, Reposes at night

O! give me back my Heart Steed

P Moderato Con Anima

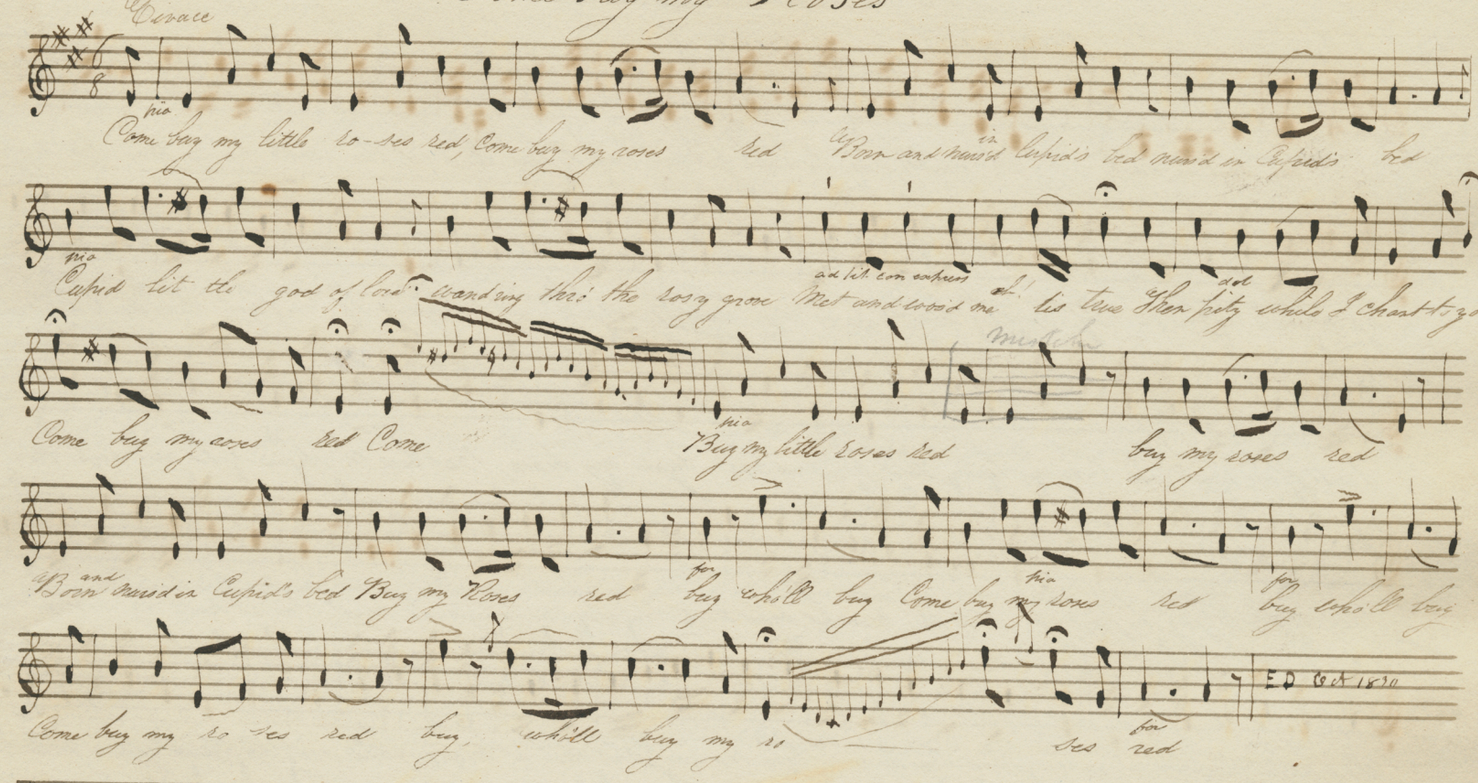
O give me but my Heart Steed A shield and falchion bright and I will to the Battle speed To save him in the fight His noble heart fill proudly veer, And gaze his scarf around, But I must to the fields repair, But I must to the fields repair, For hark the trumpet sound! hark! hark! hark the trumpet sound

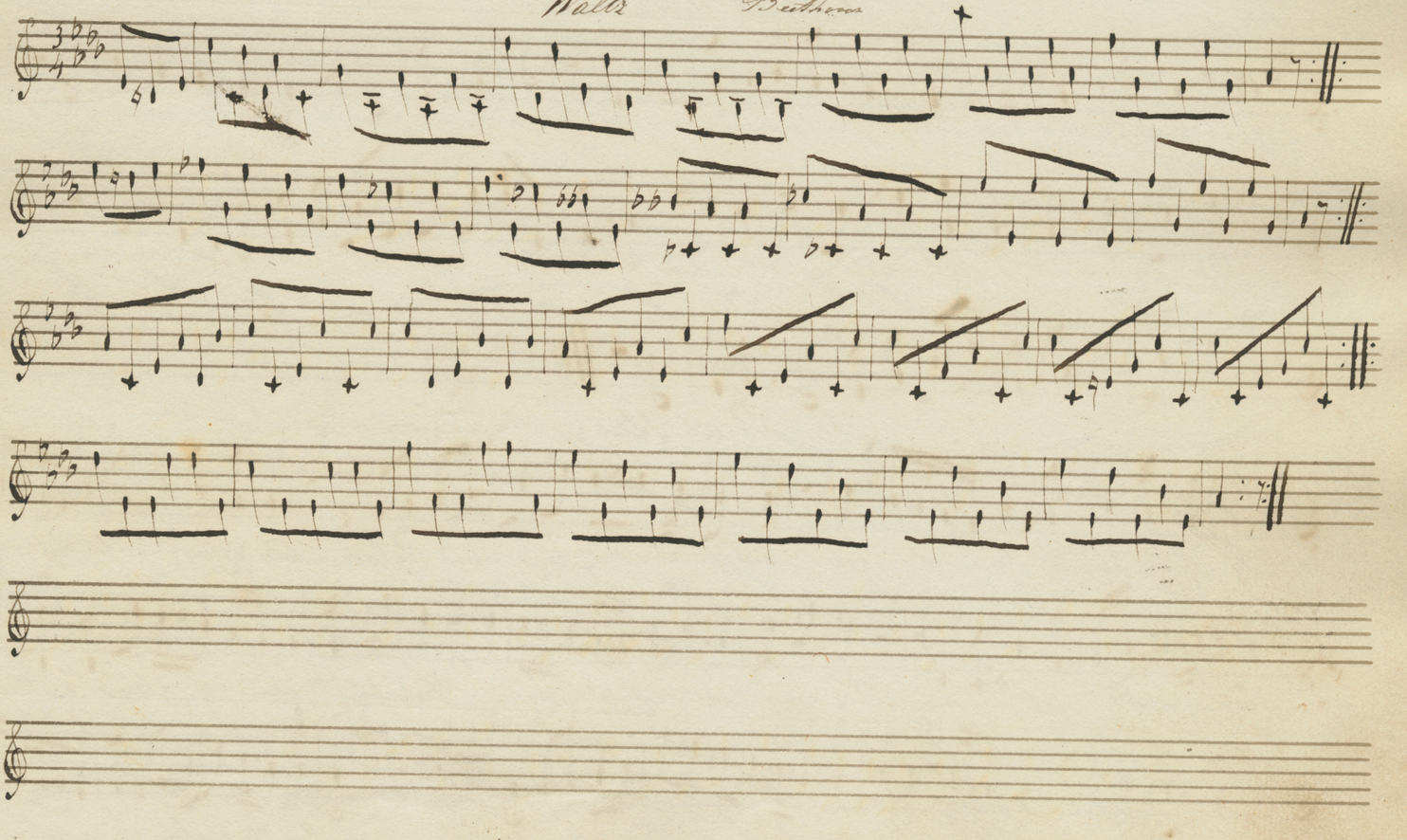
P Tempo

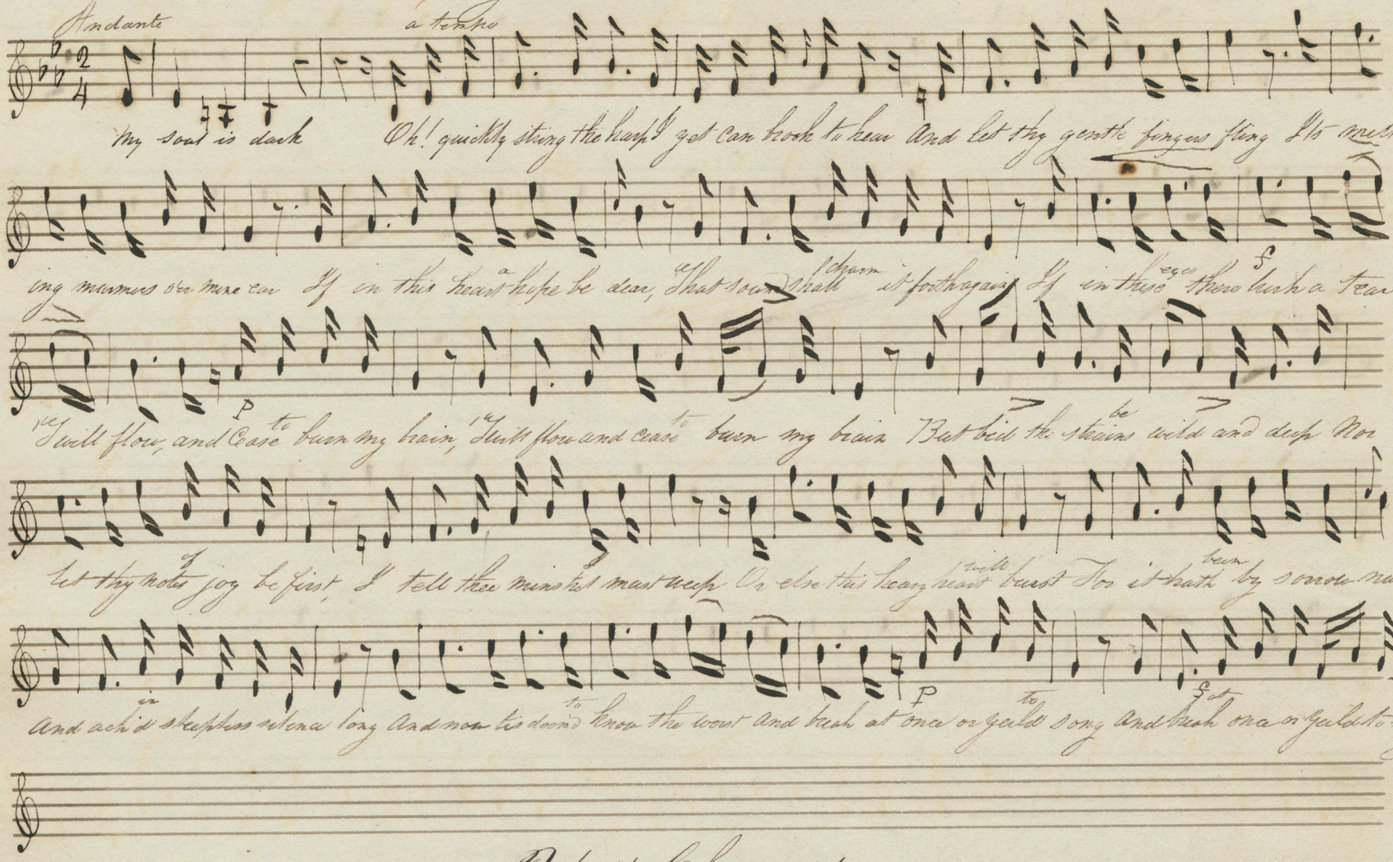
O give me but my Heart Steed A shield and falchion bright And I will to the battle speed to save him in the fight And I will to the battle speed To save him in the fight

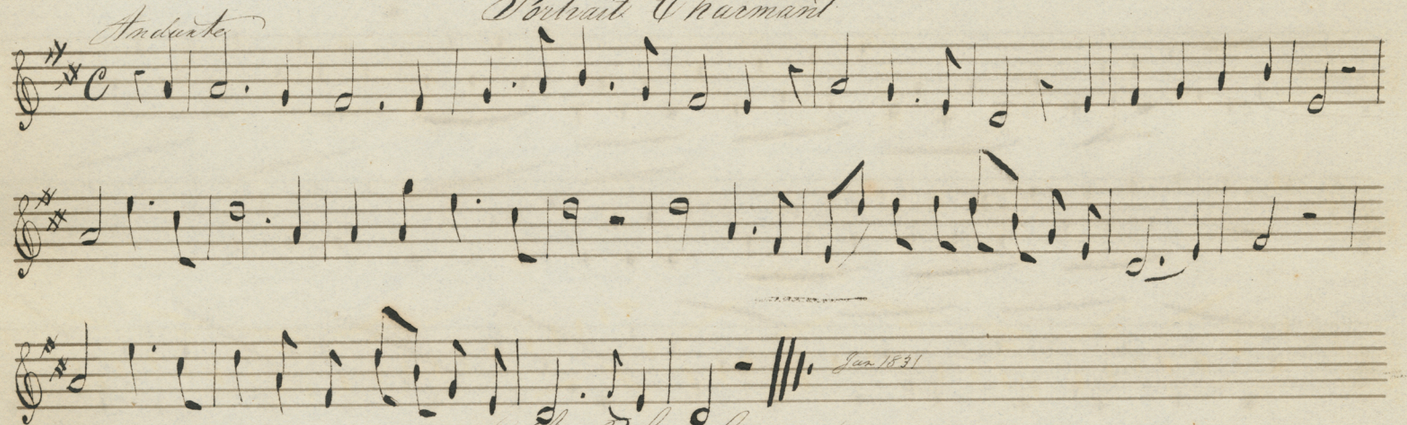
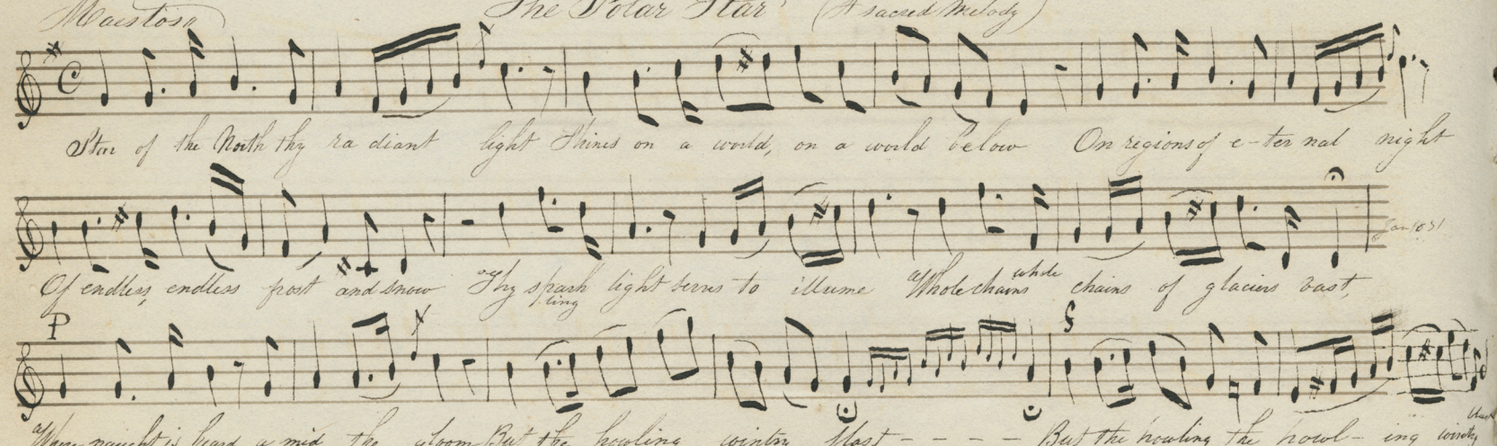
cres cres

O! with my Heart Steed I go to hope the combattles plain, Shall guide me where his falchion waves Shall guide &c
Where warriors bare their breasts to wear, When each noble heart, But hark the trumpets sound! Hark! hark! hark the trumpets sound
His brow that oft the battle braves, with fadeless Laurels crown'd O give me but my Heart Steed
A shield & falchion bright &c

Come buy my Roses

Waltz

Beethoven

My Soul is Dark



Portrait Charmant

The Polar Star (A sacred Melody)

Sigh not for Summer Flowers

Moderato Con Espress

Sigh not for summer flowers, What though the dark sky lowers Welcome ye wintry hours Our sunshine is within

Tho' to the west retreating Day light so soon is fleeting Largo Tempo Rosy happy friends meeting And now their sports be-gin

Tempo Largo Tempo

Sigh not for summer flowers What tho' the dark sky lowers Welcome ye wintry hours Our sunshine is within

Bowers that our path once shaded Now lie around us fa-ded Flowers, when we serenaded Our dess- Cats and still

Nature awhile reposes, Art his gay realm encloses Beauty displays her ro-ses, And we are happy still!

Sigh not for summer flowers, What tho' the dark sky lowers, Welcome ye wintry flowers! Our sunshine is within

Feb 1831

Round us the deathly snowing Hark! the loud tempest blowing! See! the dark torrent flowing! How wild the skies appear!

But e'en the tempest round us But 'neath this roof above us, Warm to the friends that love us, We still have sunshine here.

Sigh not for summer flowers What though the dark sky lowers, Welcome ye wintry hours, Our sunshine is within.

Otis's Quick Step

Allegretto

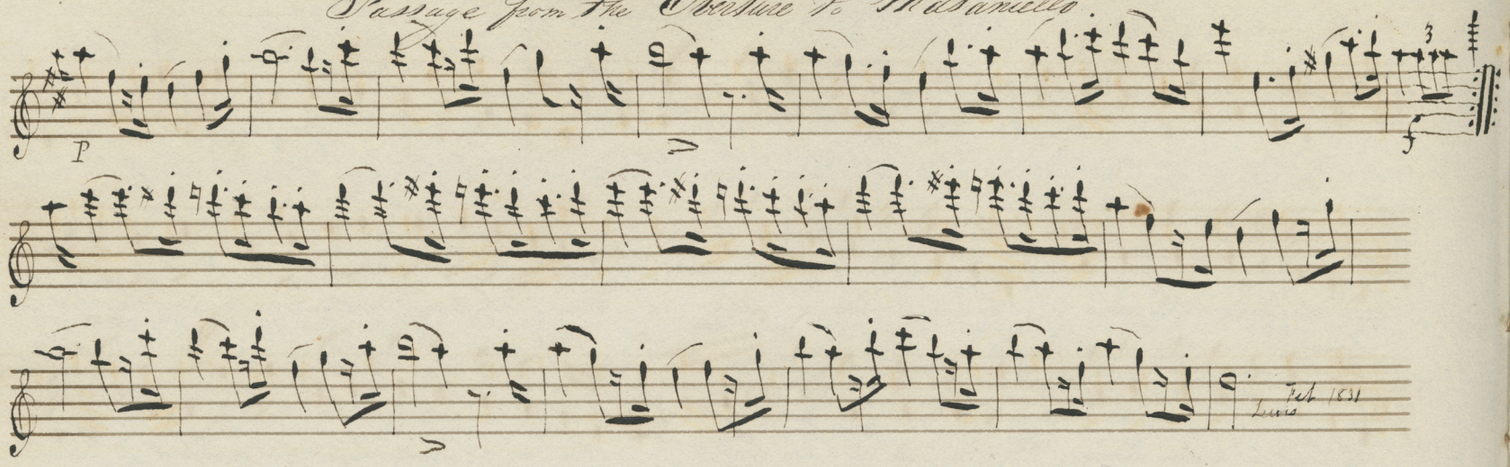
mf P f Fine

Trio

mf mf

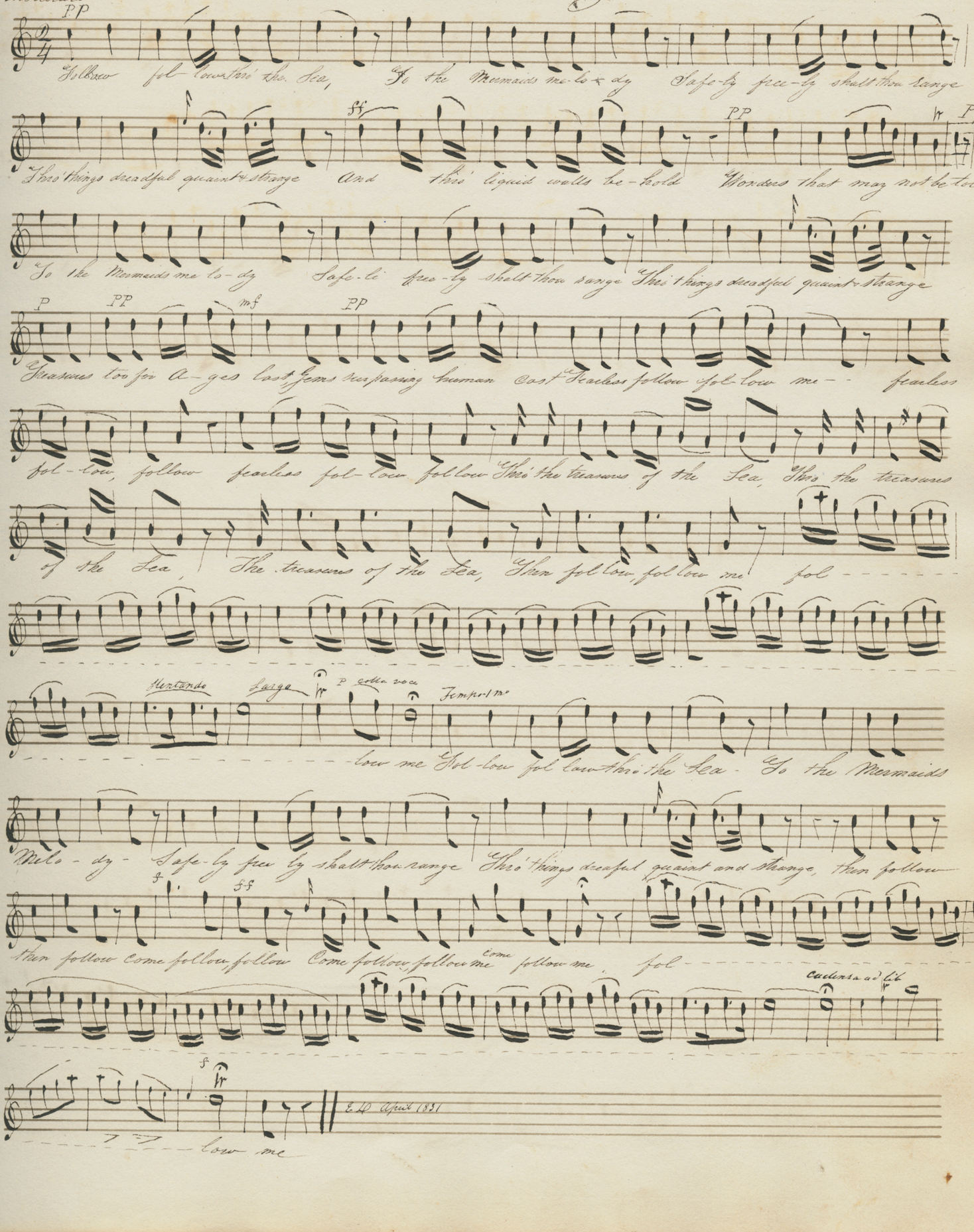
Otis 1831

No. 6

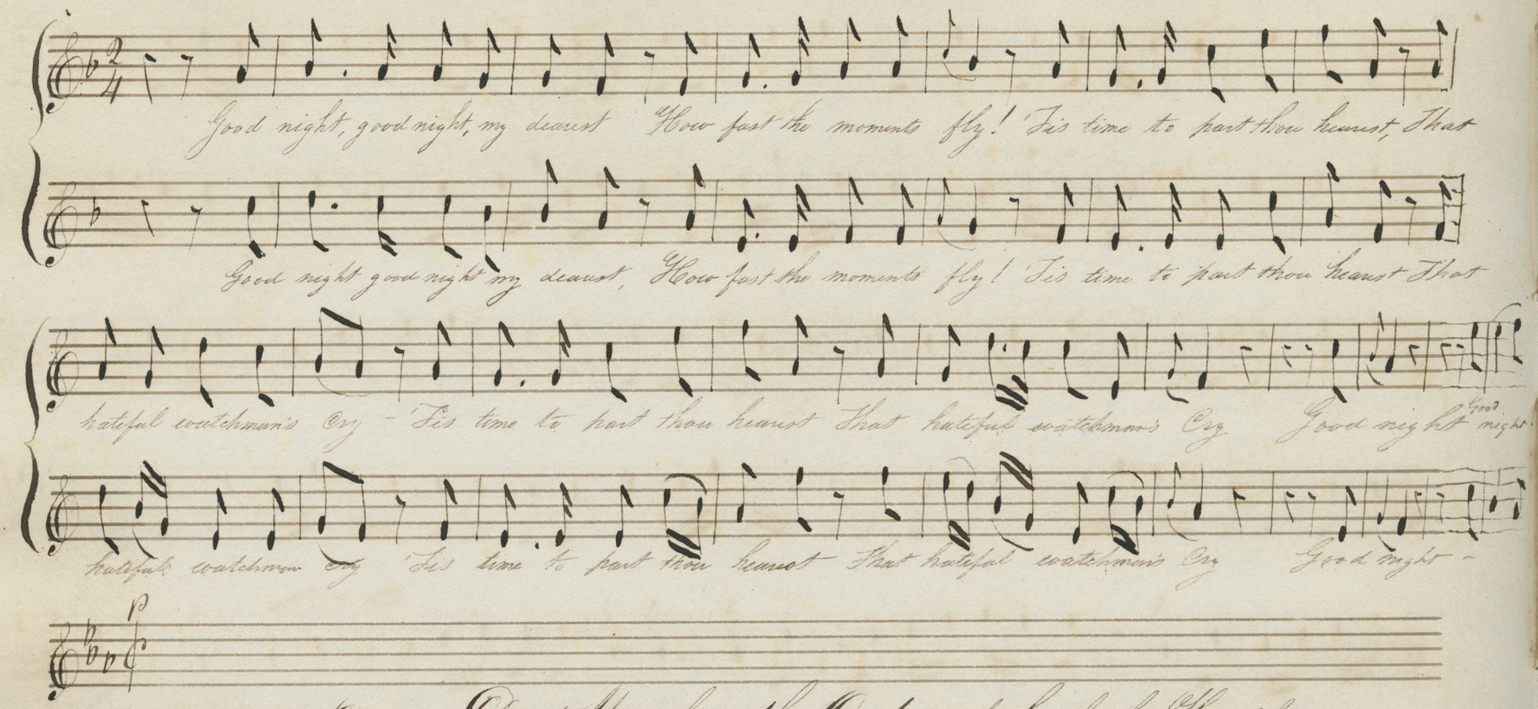
Passage from the Overture to Masaniello.

Allegretto Moderato

The Celebrated Mermaid Song

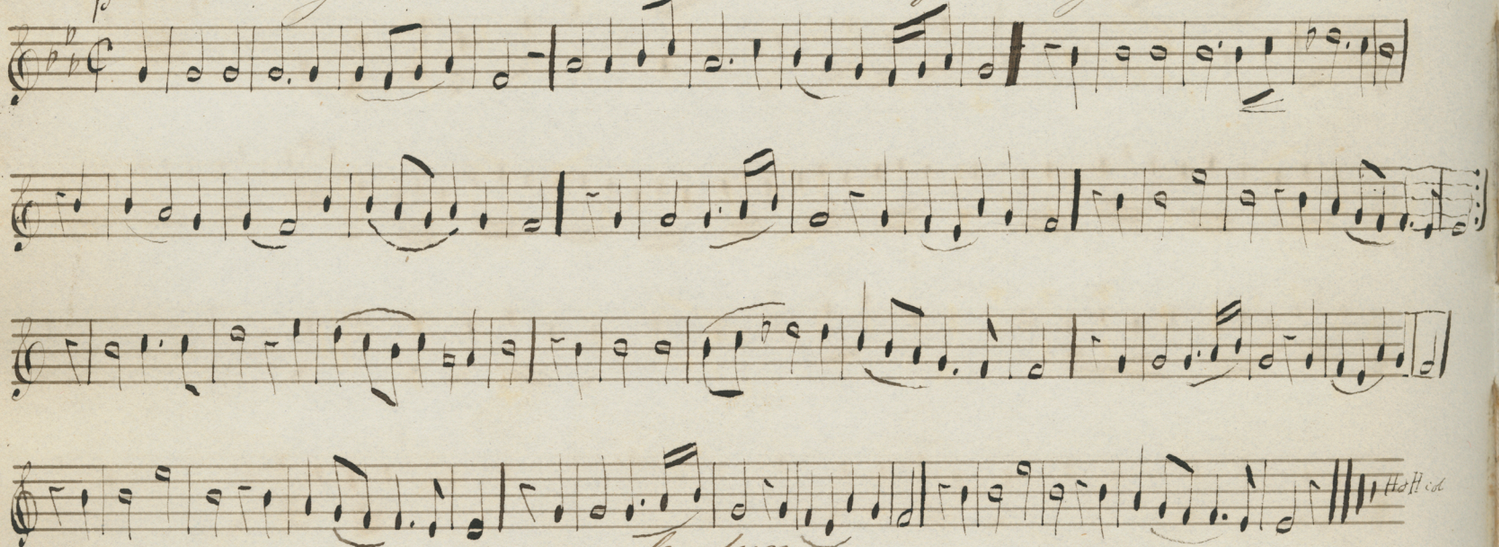
Follow follow thro' the Sea

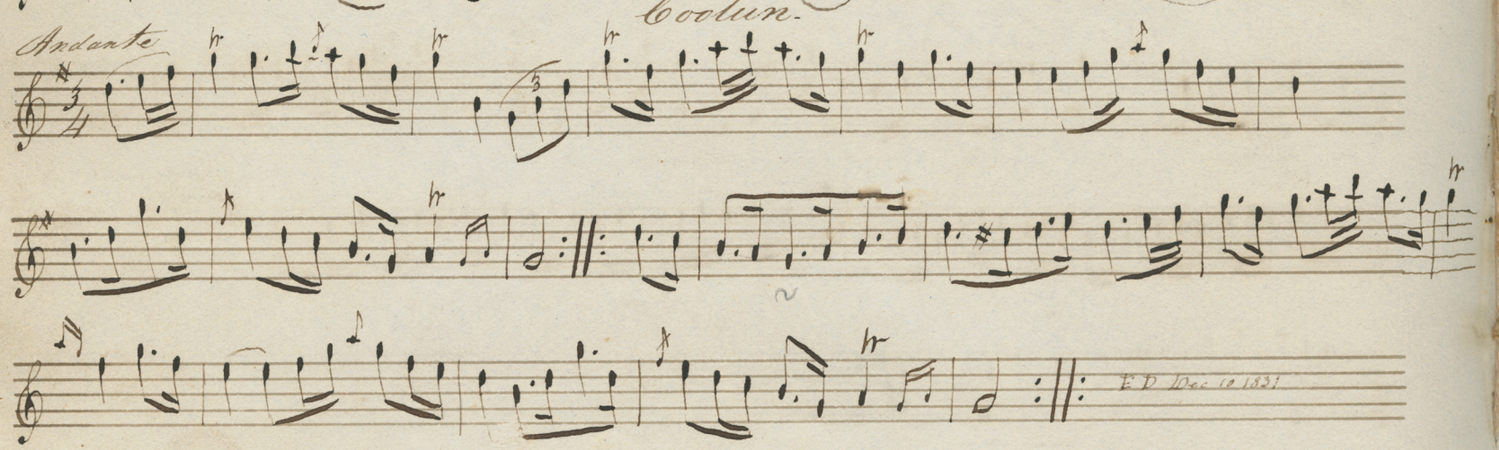


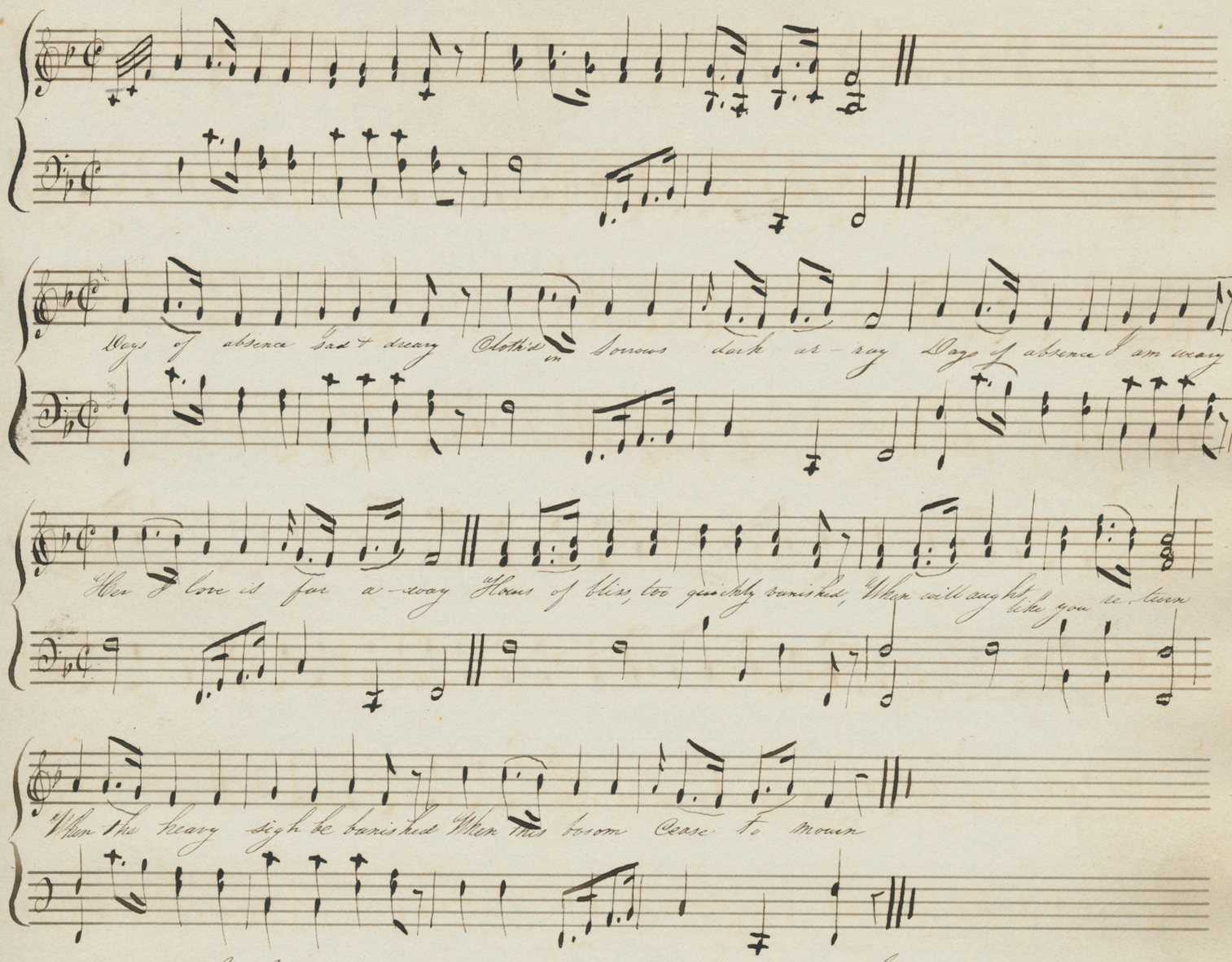
Watchman



Dirge – Dead March in the Oratorio of Saul, by Handel



Coolun.

Absence



Not till that loved voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charmed mine ear;
Not 'till those sweet eyes can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear.
Days of absence then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay;
Soon my bosoms Idol banish
Sleech, but felt when she's away

All my love is turned to sadness,
Absence pays the tender vow,
Hopes that fitted the heart with gladness
Memory turns to anguish now
Love may yet return to greet me,
Hope may take the place of pain,
Antonette with kisses meet me
Whisking love & peace again.

"Watchman! tell us of the Night" (Lowell Mason)

Andante

1st Voice

"Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's height See that glory beaming Star!

2d Voice

1st Voice

Watchman tells us Cautious say Aught of hope or joy foretel? Trav'ller yes: it brings the day Promis'd day of Is ra-el

2d voice

Chorus

1st Voice

"Watchman! yes it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is-ra-el

chorus to 3 verse

"Watchman! tell us the time of night Trav'ller Lo! the Son of God is come, Lo! the Son of God is Com

2d voice

Trav'ller yes it brings the day, Promised day of Isra-el

Allegretto Moderato E Schmezo

In Happier Hours

In happier hours my pleasure all day; Was to rove with the thoughtless or dance with the gay

Through life as I sported no clouds e'er I see; And the hearts that were gayest were dearest to me; But now in

affliction how chang'd is the view; Tho' gay hearts are many Sincere ones are few

2

Though some came around us to laugh & to jest;
In Sickness or sorrow, they shrink from the test;
Their love and their friendship endure for a while
When Fortune is smiling, they also can smile.
Like blossoms that wither when day light is gone
and lose all their sweetness when out of the Sun.

3

But thou in my sorrow still faithfully Came
And though I am altered thy kind for the same:
Whene'er you come near me no pleasure you find;
But always leave sometimes the pleasure behind
Like the night blooming Cereus, which shews its beauty
and spreads its blossoms 'midst darkness & gloom.

Oh! say not you regret – (J Comer)

Largo ballo Expressivo

Oh say not you regret The few brief moments o'er When by blessed chance we met As we may meet no more

For their memory has been sweet And is dearly cherished yet And all in vain I school my heart, to teach it

to for get, To teach it to forget

E.H. Jan 1851

The Evening Gun — (words by T. Moore)

Andantino

Remember'st thou that setting sun, The last I saw with thee, When loud we heard the evening gun,

Peal'd o'er the twilight-sea, The sound — — oft-hear'd to sweep for'n the hope of day Till

in to realms beyond the deep, They seem'd to die a-way, die a-way die — — — — — a-way

Oft when the toils of day are o'er, In pensive dreams of thee - I list to hear that evening gun,

peal o'er the stormy sea; And while — — o'er bil-lows cull'd distant sounds de-cay - I weep,

and wish from this rough world, Like them to die a-way die a-way die — — — — — a-way

'Tis the last Rose of Summer.

Tenderly

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming a-lone, all her love-ly com-panions

are fa-ded and gone. No flow'r of her kin-dred no rosebud is nigh, — To re-

fleet back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.

The Year that's awa'

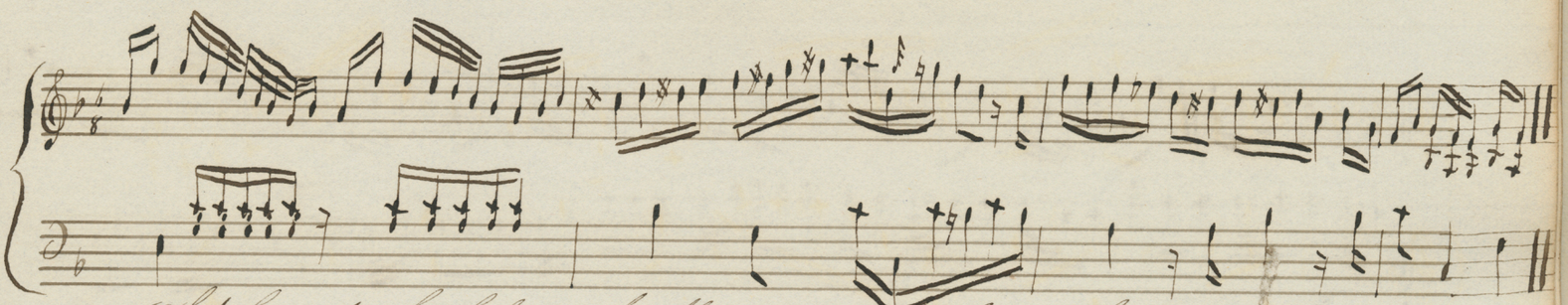
Oh! here's to the year that's awa'. We'll drink it in strong and in mild

and here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed while swift flew the year that's awa

and here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed, while swift flew the year that's awa'

ad lib

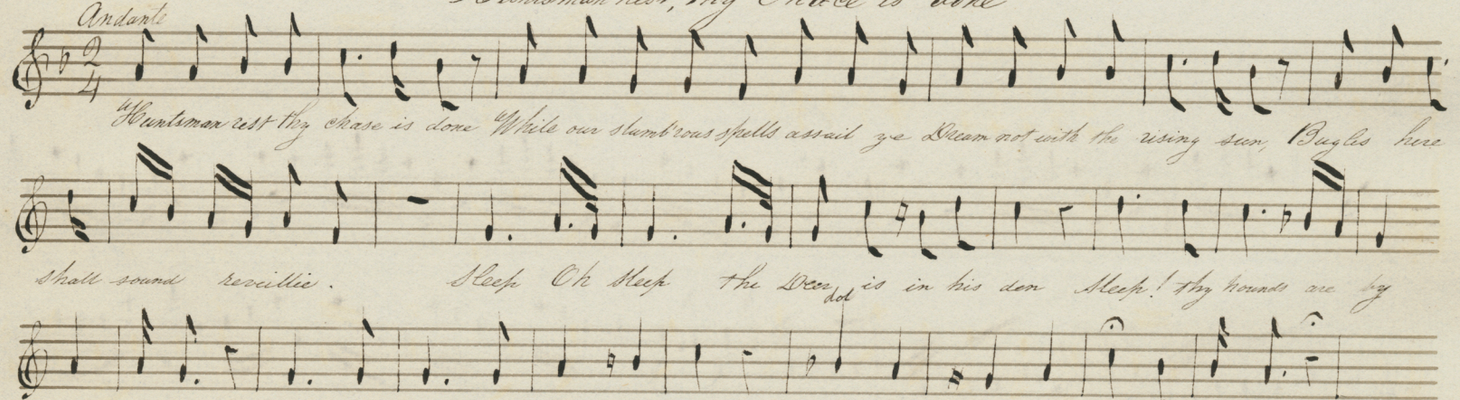
ad lib

James May 1851

Oh! here's to the Soldier who's fled
To the Sailor who's bravely did fa'
Their fame is alive tho' their spirits have fled
On the wings of the gean that's awa.

Oh! here's to the friend we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow,
May he join in our song & lay reason to rest,
Nor depart like the gean that's awa!

Huntsman rest, thy Chace is done

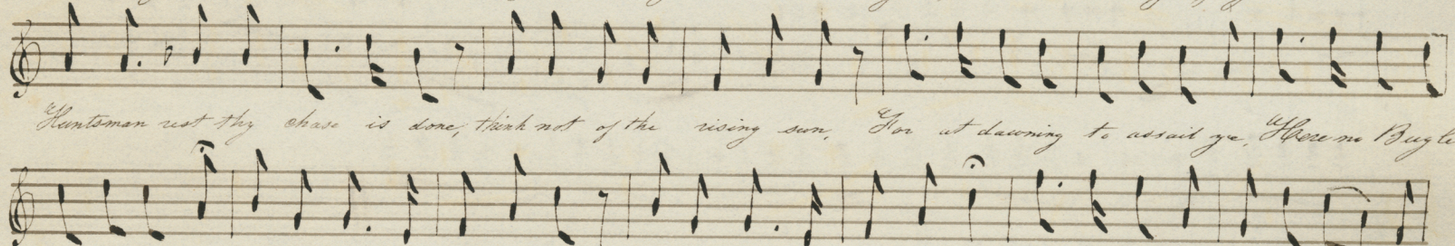
Andante



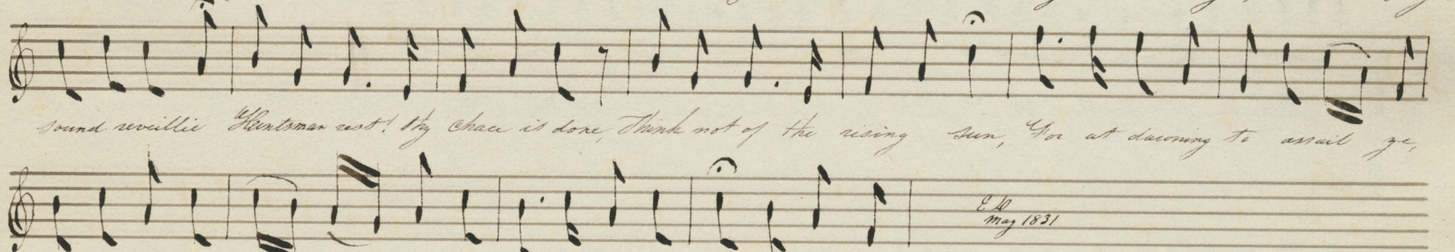
Huntsman rest thy chase is done While our slumbrous spells assail ye Dream not with the rising sun, Bugles here

shall sound reveillie. Sleep Oh Sleep the Deer is in his den Sleep! thy hounds are lyg

thee lying, Sleep! nor dream in yon- der glen, How thy gal-lant Steed lay dying



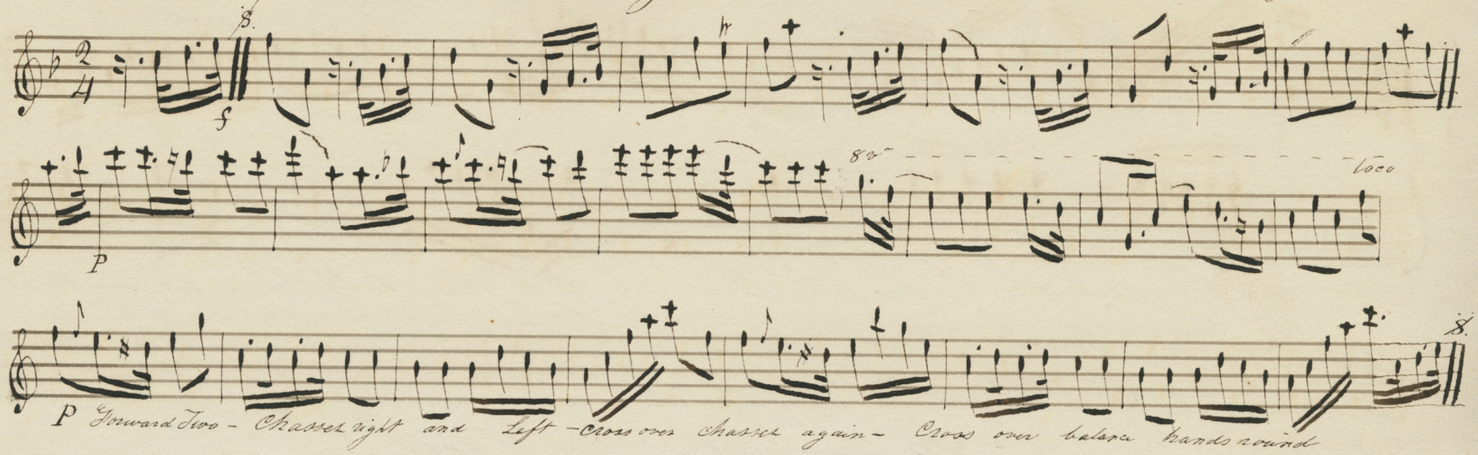
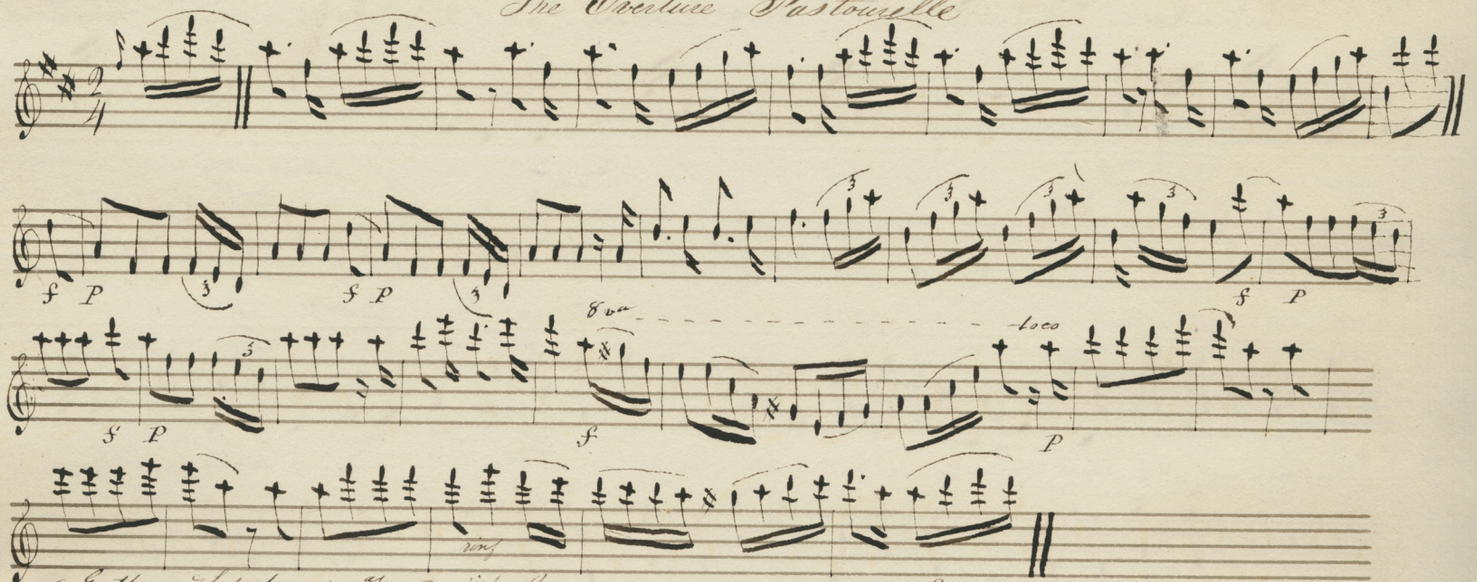
Huntsman rest thy chase is done, think not of the rising sun, For at dawning to assail ye, Here no Bugles



sound reveillie Huntsman rest! thy Chace is done, Think not of the rising sun, For at dawning to assail ye,

Here no Bugles sound reveillie Here no Bugles sound reveillie.

E.L.
May 1831

The Georges. Eté — a cotillion for the "White Lady"

The Overture Pastourelle

Oh go not to the Field of war (cobb)

Allegretto Con Affetuoso

Oh! go not to the field of war, Or let me share its toil with thee And tell me not the land is fair
And holds no bowrs of minstrelsy Oh go not to the field of war, Or let me share its toil with thee
And tell me not the land is fair And holds no bow'r for minstrelsy There is no bow'r of song for me
No land below'd but where thou art tho' earths dearest wild it be There Would Bloom as Eden to my heart Would Bloom as Eden to my heart Would
Bloom as Eden to my heart

ad lib

Oh, I would watch thy tent by night,
And guard thy bosom with the day;
Thy child be in the bowr of light,
Thy mirth when hours past away
Oh, who could hear the so sweet a lay,
Or tell thy glorious deeds so well?
For love would give each song its sway
And all its notes of triumph swell?

E.D. May 1837

The Mellow Horn

Moderato

J. Jones

At dawn Aurora gaily looks in all her broad attire, Majestic o'er the glassy lakes reflecting liquid fire,
All nature smiles to usher in the blushing queen of morn, And hunts men with the day begin, to wind the mellow
Horn. The mel-low horn. the mellow mellow horn, the mel-low horn. the mellow mellow horn
And hunts men with the day begin to wind the mellow horn. And hunts men with the day begin to wind the mellow horn And hunts
men with the day begin to wind the mellow horn. The mellow, mellow horn, the mellow mellow horn

E.D. June 1837

pia

for

Auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie

Andantino

P 8va f fz P

loco

ff

F.D. July 1831

fz

The Daisy is fair, The lily has fame, The lass o' the rose as sweet as they may, But there nere was a flower, in garden or

bower, There nere was a flower, in garden or bower, Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie, Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

P fz P Silent P fz

Oh! my Nannie my dear little Nannie my sweet little riddle de

nod-dle-de Nannie, There nere was a flower

mf

in garden or bower, There nere was a flower in garden or bower, Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie, Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie

Her looks so gaudo leaming fair,
Her bonnie Sc. Lou blue and Cannie;
There's nothing so sweet in nature's face,
As auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

O my Nannie &c

The Celebrated Tyrolean Waltz composed by Rossini

allegretto moderato

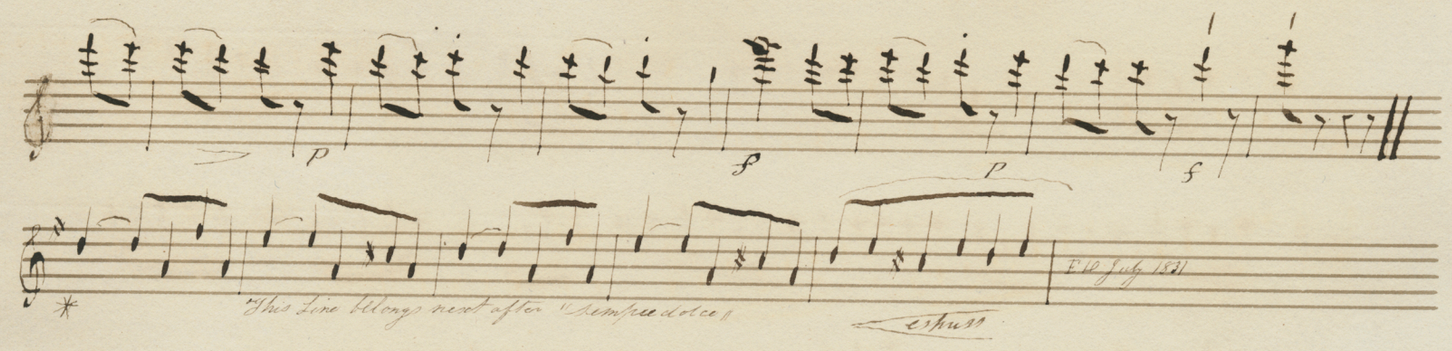
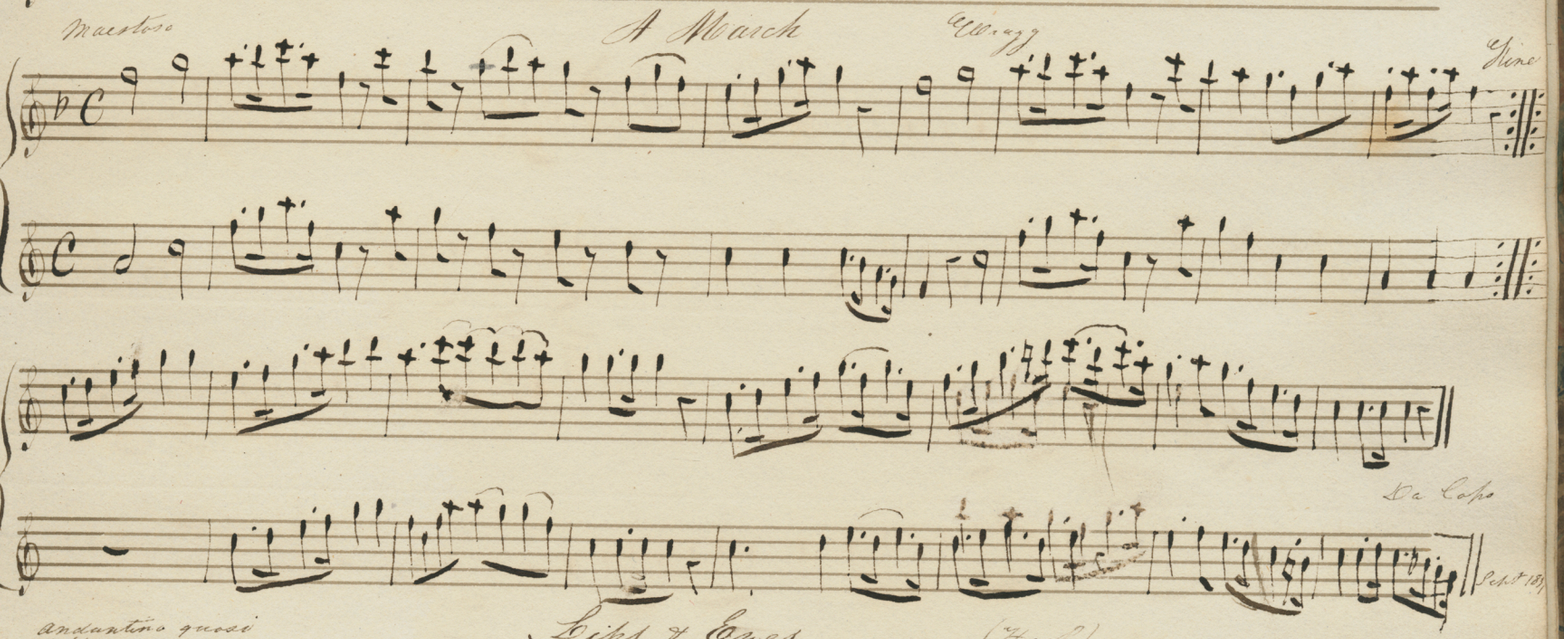
P dolce

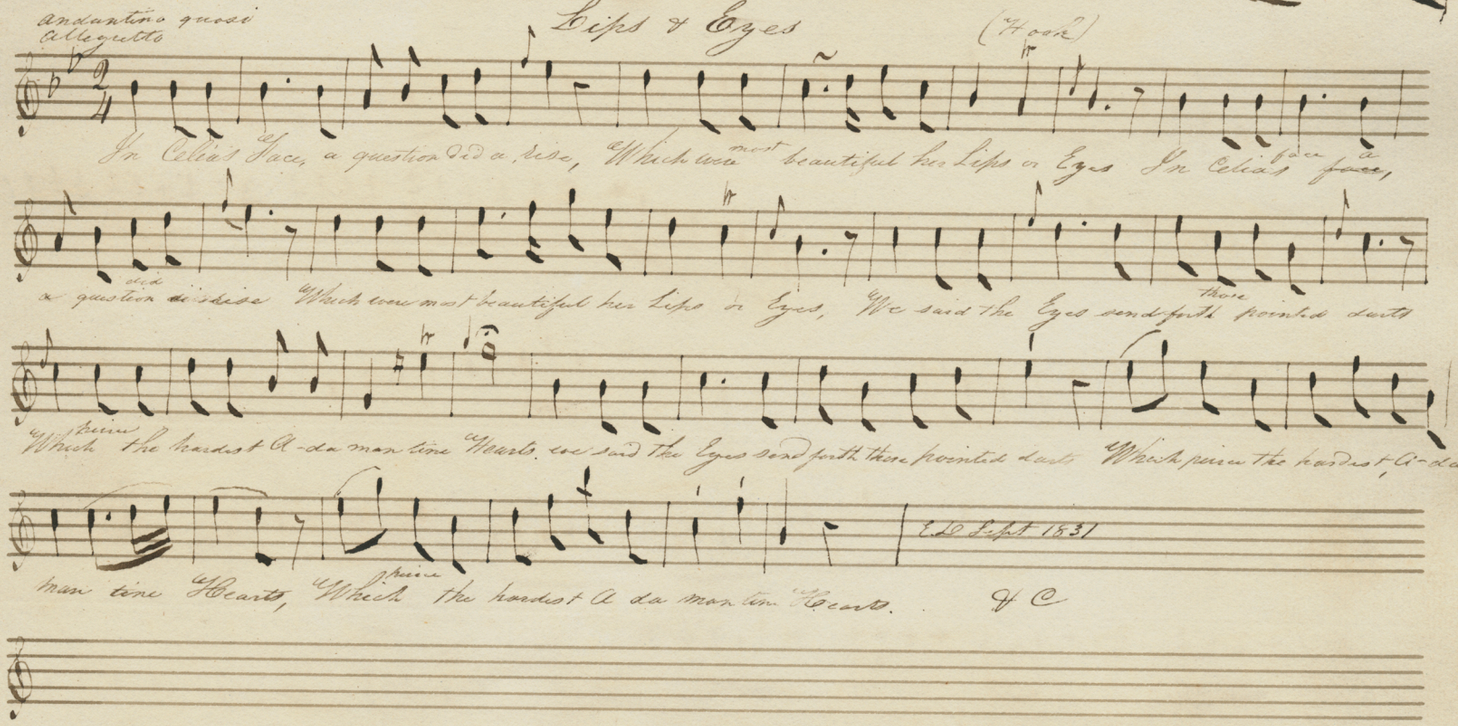
Ped Ped

sempre dolce

f P f Ped P cresc. Colando P

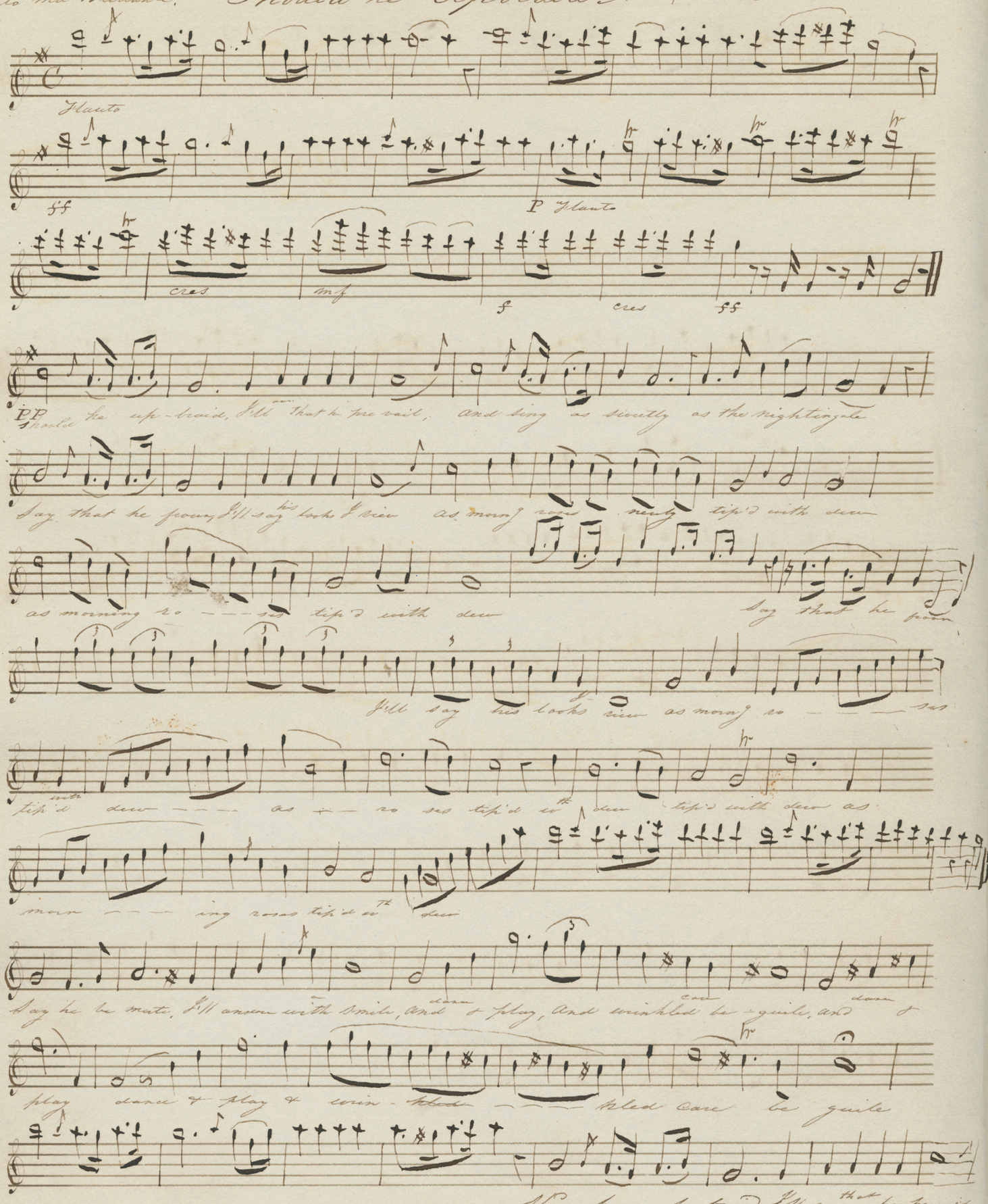
lunga ando

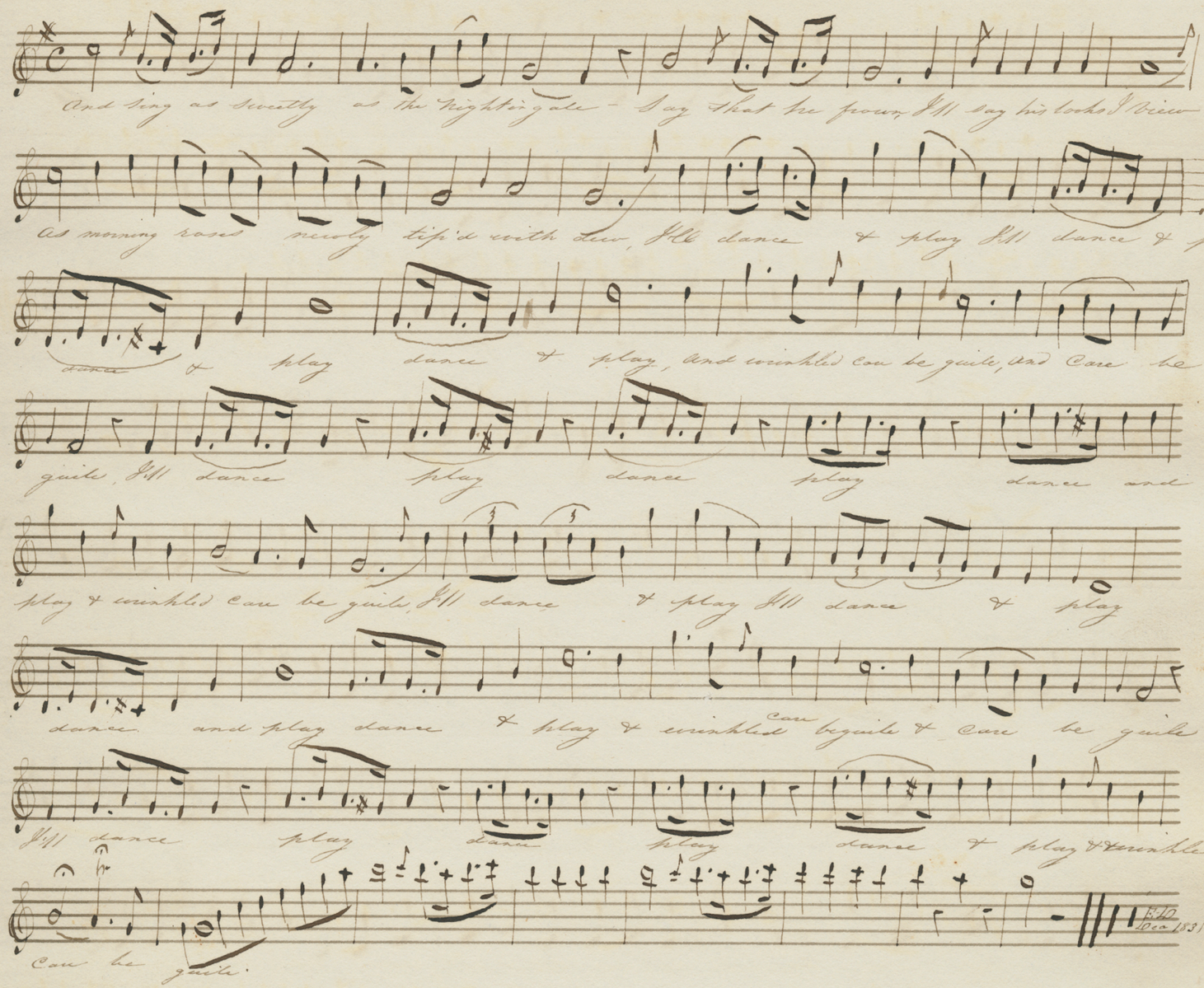
Ped f P f Ped P f Ped

p
f
p
f
This Line belongs next after "Sempre dolce"
E.D. July 1831

Maestoso
A March
Vivace
Fine
Da Capo
E.D. Sept 1831


andantino quasi allegretto
Lips & Eyes
(Hook)
In Celias face, a question did arise, Which was most beautiful her Lips or Eyes In Celias face,
a question did arise Which was most beautiful her Lips or Eyes, We said the Eyes send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest A-da mantine Hearts. we said the Eyes send forth those pointed darts Which pierce the hardest A-da
E.D. Sept 1831
mantine Hearts, Which pierce the hardest A da mantine Hearts. D.C.

50

Moderato ma Brillante. **Should he Upbraid** (Bishop)

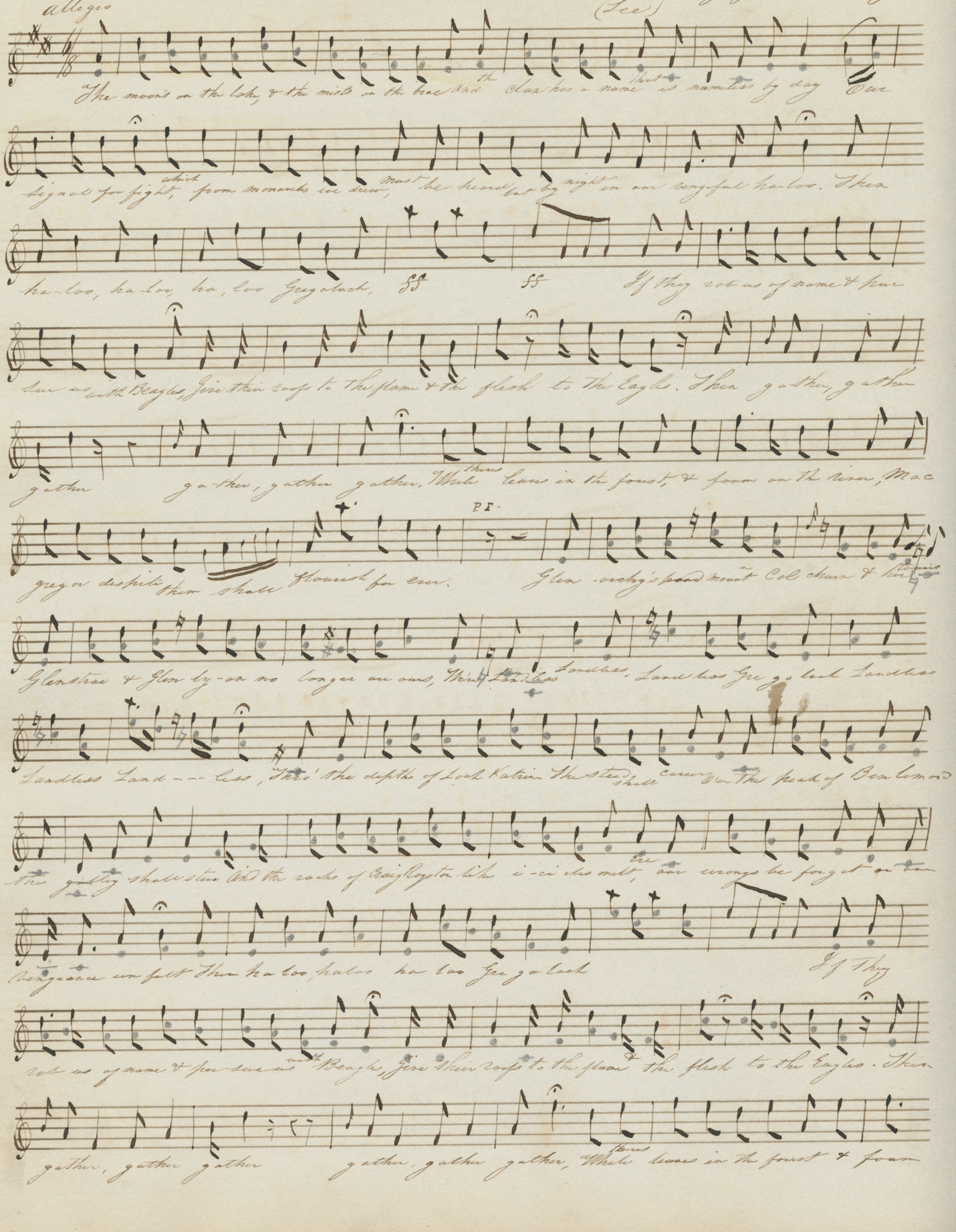

Flauto
ff
P Flauto
cres
mf
f
cres
ff
pp
Should he up-braid, I'll say that he mis-vail, and sing as sweetly as the nightingale
I say that he prove, I'll say his looks I view as morning roses newly tip'd with dew
as morning ro - - - ses tip'd with dew
I say that he prove
I'll say his looks I view as morning ro - - - ses
tip'd with dew - - - as ro - - ses tip'd with dew tip'd with dew as
morn - - - ing roses tip'd with dew
I say he be mute, I'll answer with smile, and dance, I play, And wrinkled Care be-guile, and dance
play dance & play & swim - - -

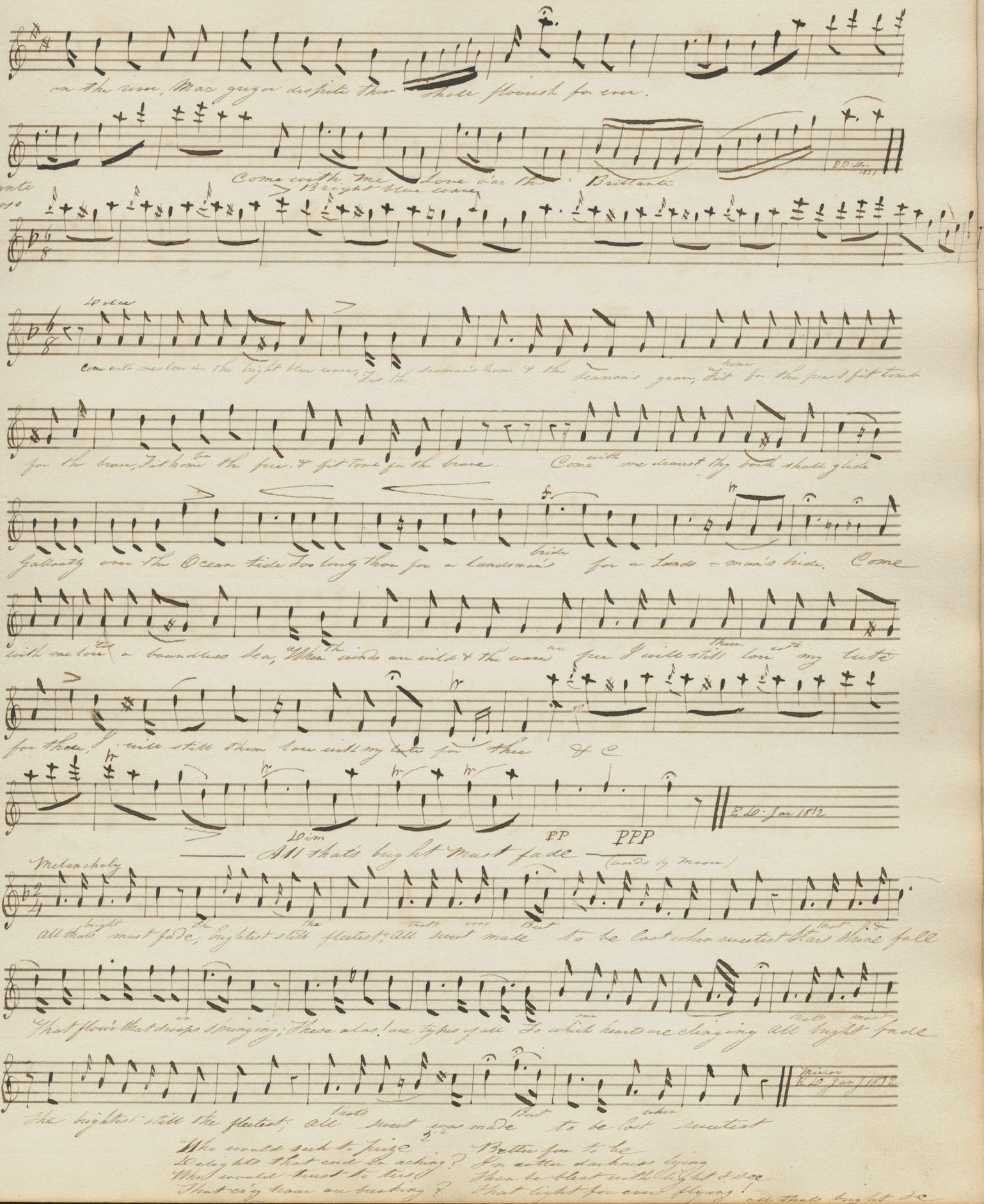

And sing as sweetly as the Nightingale – Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
As morning rose newly tip'd with dew, I'll dance & play I'll dance & play
dance & play dance & play, And wrinkled Care be
guile, I'll dance play dance play dance and
play & wrinkled Care be guile, I'll dance & play I'll dance & play
dance and play dance & play & wrinkled Care beguile & Care be guile
I'll dance play dance play dance & play & wrinkled
Care be guile.
Feb 10th 1831

The Moon's on the lake, or the Macgregors Gathering

(See)

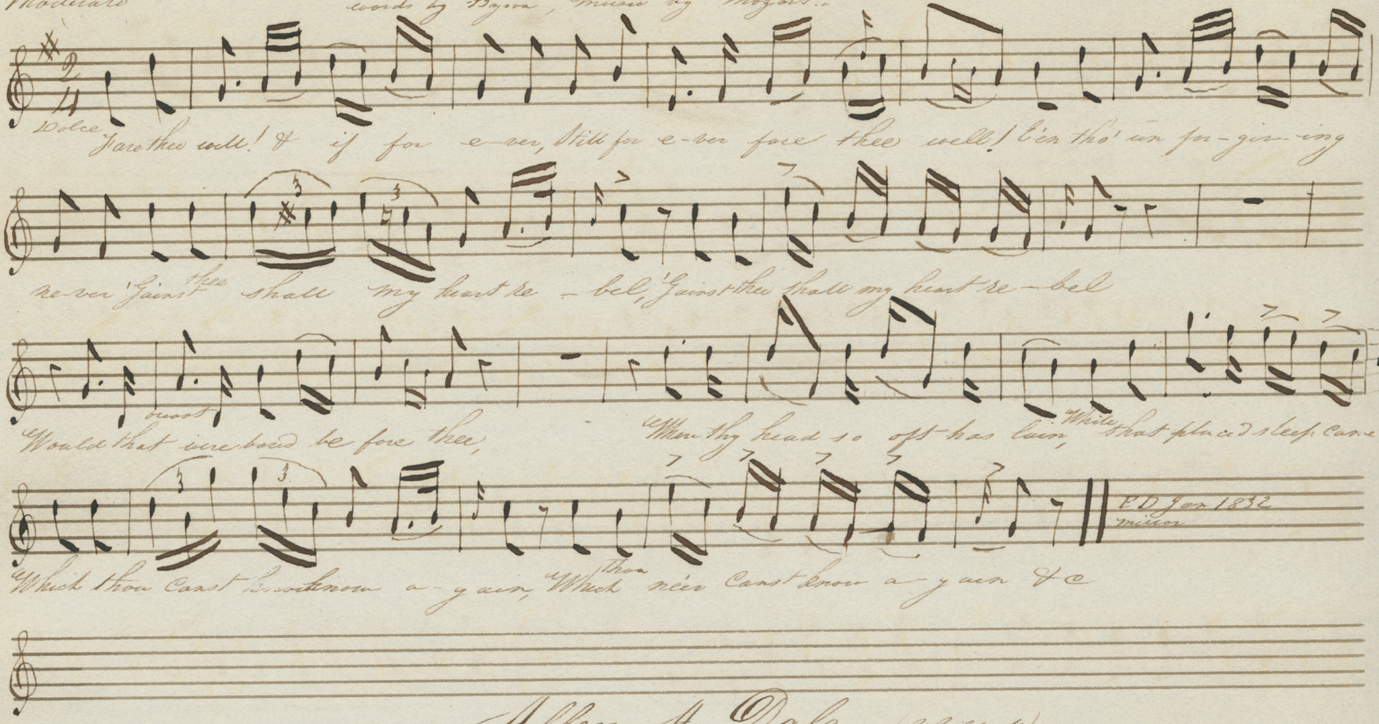
allegro

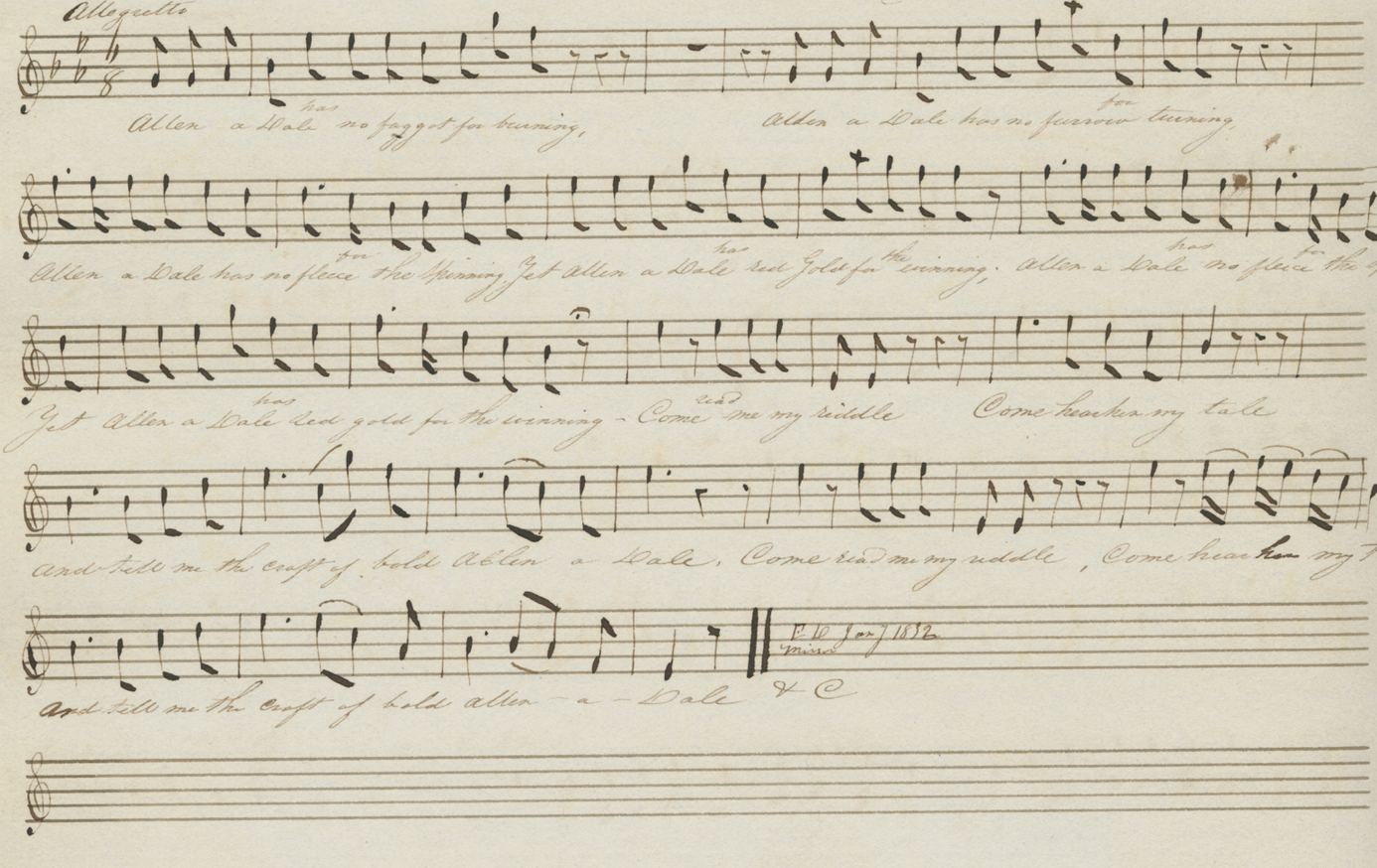



on the rose, Mac gregor despite thee shall flourish for ever.
Come with me Love o'er the Brilliante
P.D. Jan 1831
andante amoroso
Come with me love on the bright blue wave; 'Tis the seaman's home & the seaman's grave, But for the free & fit tomb
for the brave, Yet home the free, & fit tomb for the brave. Come with me dearest thy bark shall glide
Gallantly over the Ocean tide Too lonely thou for a landsman's bride for a lands-man's bride. Come
with me love a boundless sea, Where winds are wild & the waves are free I will still love with my lute
for thee, I will still thro love with my life for thee
P.D. Jan 1832
All that's bright must fade
Melancholy
all that's bright must fade; brightest still fleetest; All must made But to be last when sweetest Stars have fall
That flow'r that droops in spring; These alas! are types of all To which hearts are clinging All that's bright must fade
The brightest still the fleetest; all must was made But to be last sweetest
Who would such a prize Better for to be
Delight that ends so aching? For better darkness lying
Who would trust to ties Than be blest with light & dee
That ev'ry hour are breaking? That light for ever flying!
all that's bright &c

Farewell!

words by Byron, music by Mozart

Moderato

Allen-A Dale (Egyptian)



The Vesper Bell (J. A. Wade)

Andantino

The ves-per bell now sweet ly rings The ves-per bird now sweet ly sings It is the ap point ed hour to rove; Come! Come dear est Come to her you love. I hear the flowers upbraiding The sunlight early fading; And now I re mem-ber, I chi ded thee When here more we past ed, When I was fro. her hearted, Wouldst thou for that love, Stay thus from me? No, no, no, no, no No, no no, no

When I left thy Shores O Naxos.

Andante

words by Byron

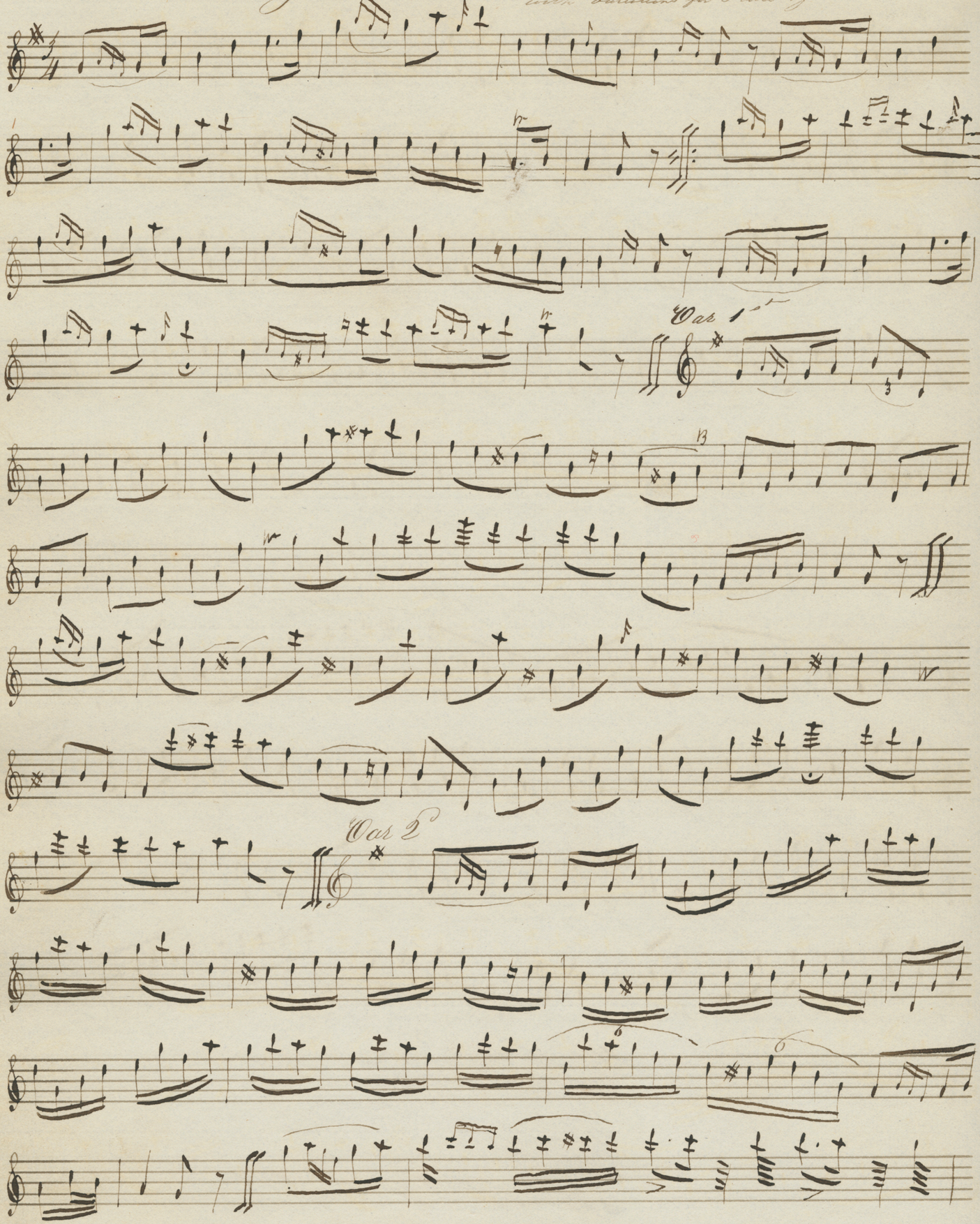
When I left thy Shores O Naxos, Not a tear in sorrow fell, Not a sigh or faltering ac-cent Spoke my bo-som's struggling swell. Yet my heart sunk chill within me, And I was'd as cold When I shot thy Shores Naxos, I sh^d never more behold.

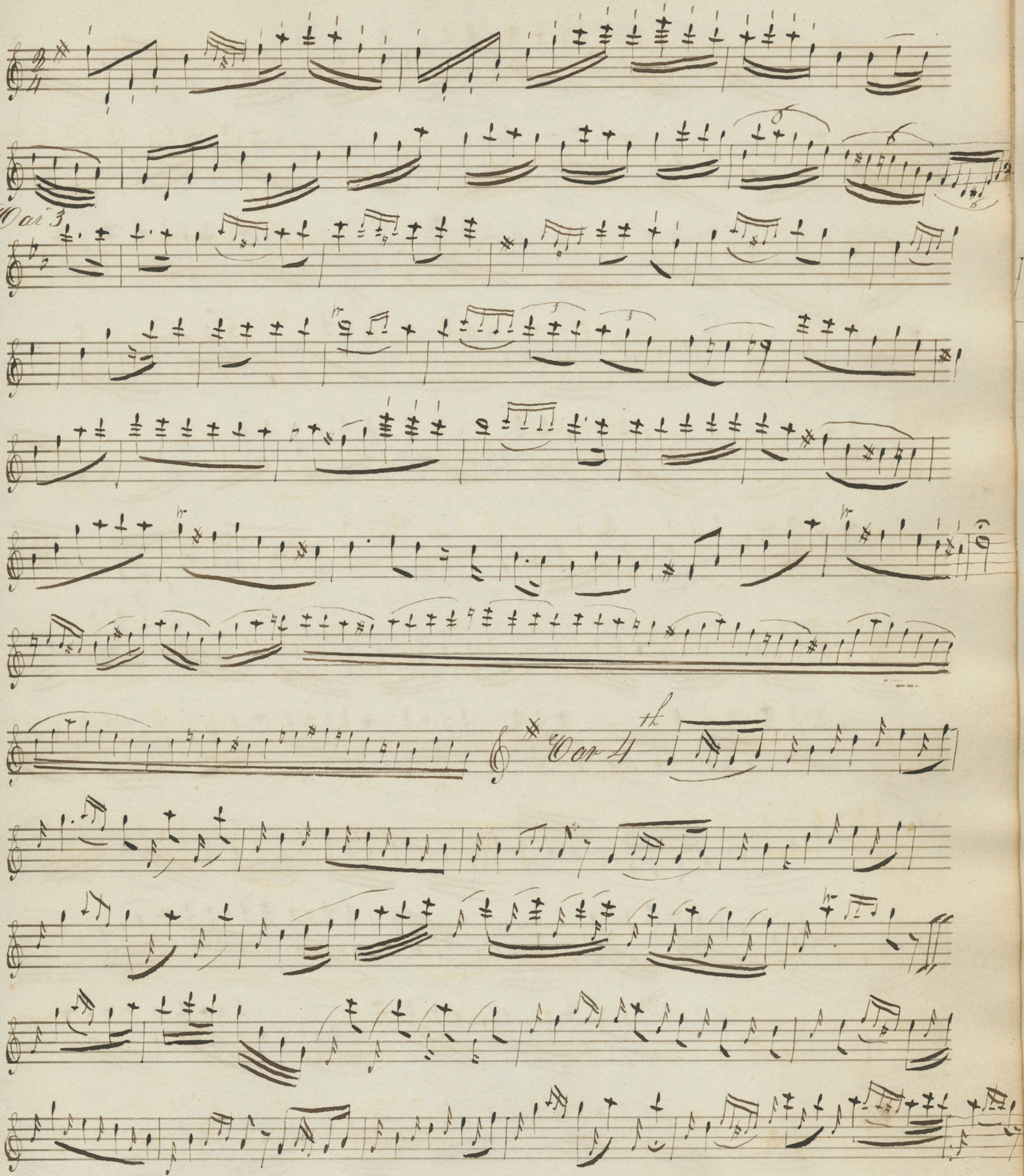
2

Still the blue wave danced around us,
And the sunbeams joyous smile;
Still the air breathing balmy summer,
Wafted from that holy Isle,
When I sometimes the Alien awaking
Of my home & native Shore.
When twas first taught, O Naxos,
That I ne'er sh^d see the more.

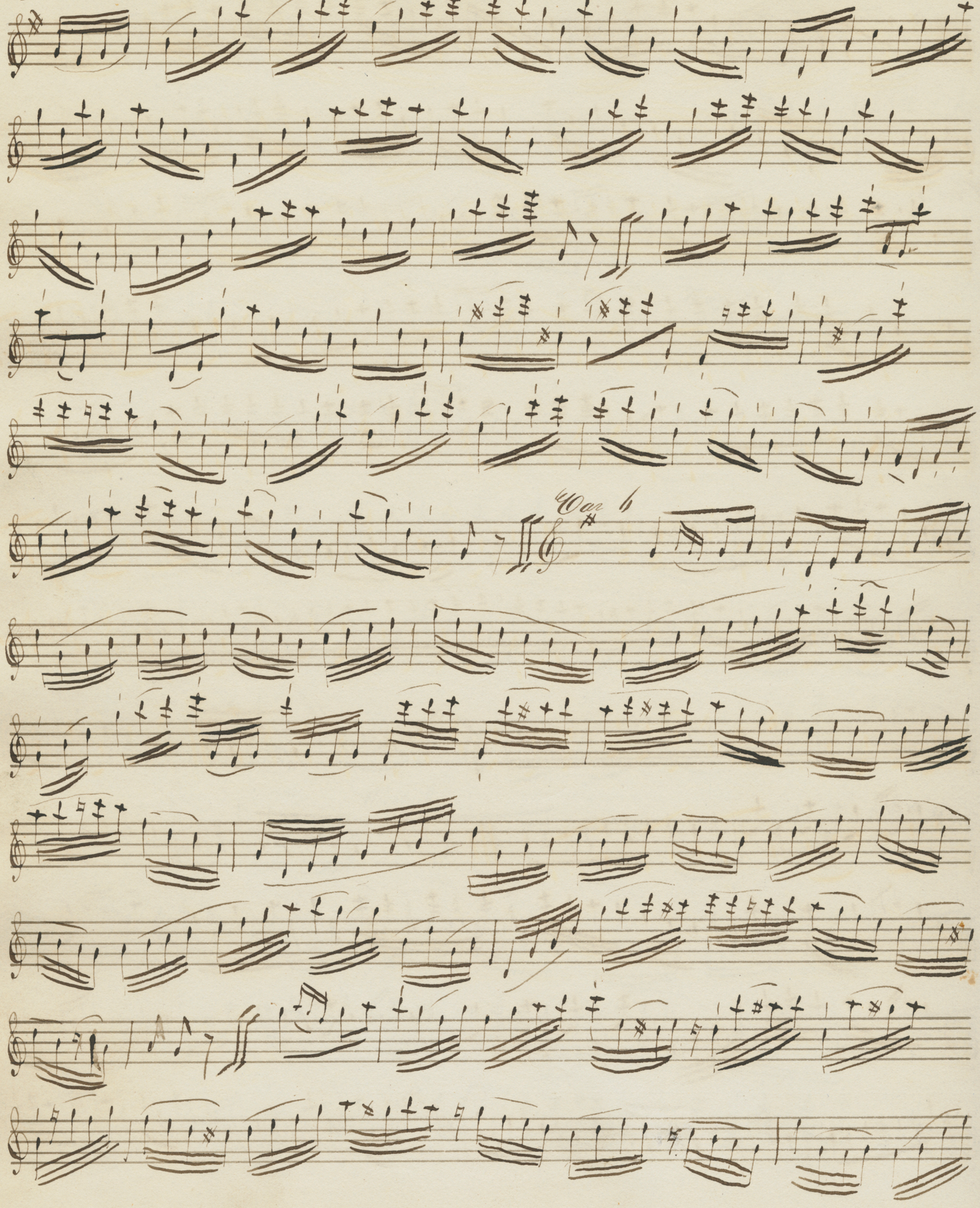
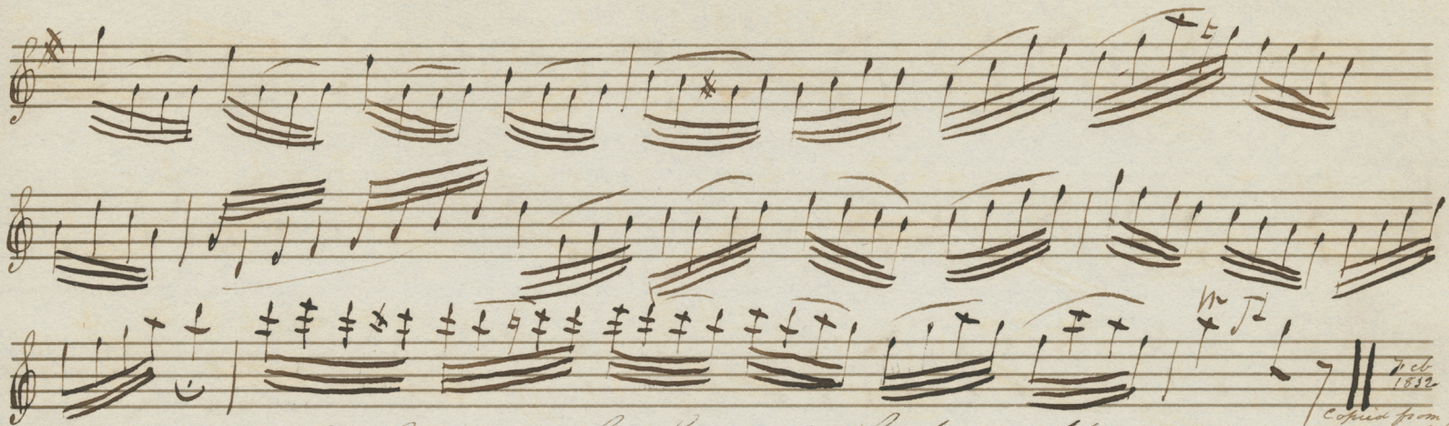
The Yellow Haired Laddie

with variations for Flute by Hanna.




Var 3
Var 4

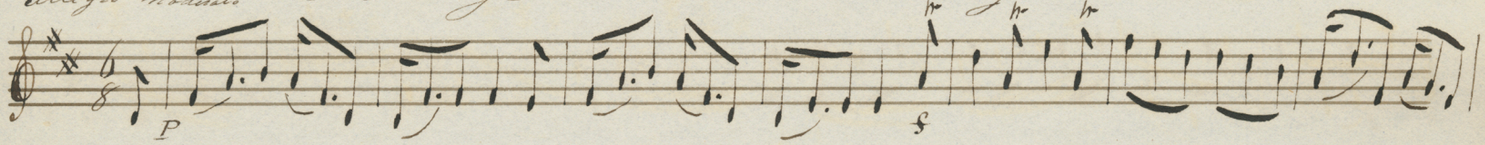
Var 5th



Allegro Moderato

O Saw ye the Lass wi' the bonny blue een

Copied from Mss of Hanna's



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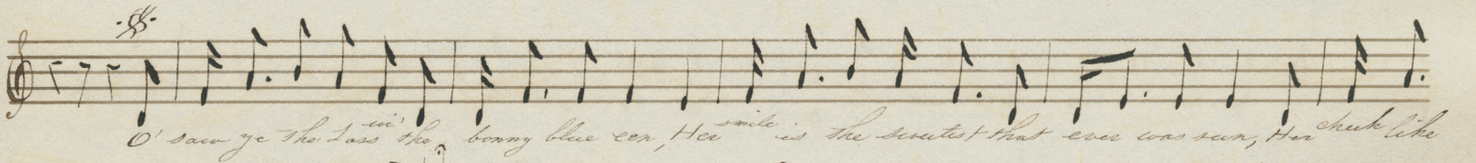
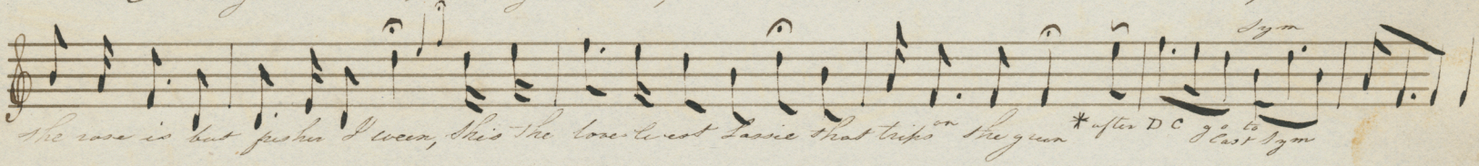
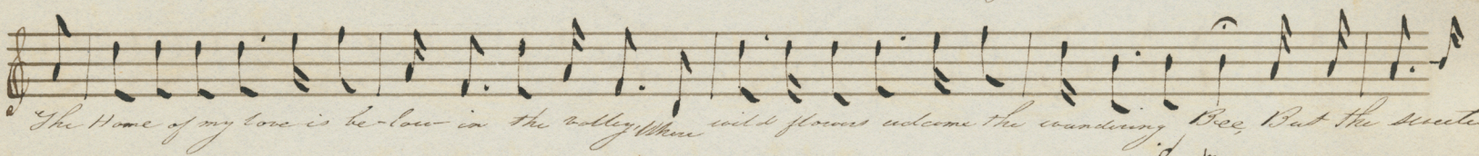


O' saw ye the Lass wi' the bonny blue een, Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen, Her cheek like

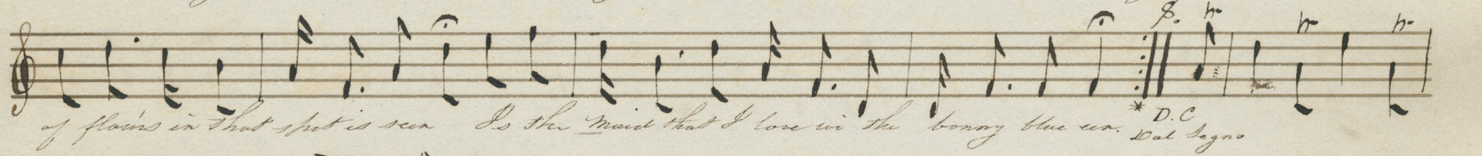


the rose is but fresh I ween, But she bonniest Lassie that trips on the green

* after D C go to 2d Sgn

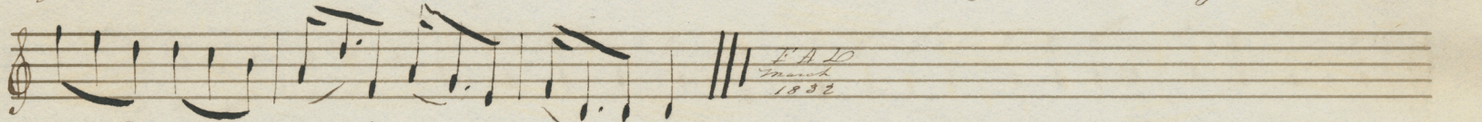


The Home of my love is be-low in the valley Where wild flowers welcome the wandering Bee, But the sweetest



of flowrs in that spot is seen Is the Maid that I love in the bonny blue een

* D.C Dal Sgno



E A D March 1832

2

When right on our Shadows her Cot in the glen,

She'll steal out to meet her Lov'd Donalda gain,

And when the moon shines on the valley so green,

I'll welcome the Lass wi the bonny blue een.

3

As the Dove that has wander'd away from his nest,

Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,

I'll fly from the world's falses & banishing scene

To my dear one, the Lass wi the bonny blue een

O' saw ye the Lass &c

The last link is broken (Clifton)

Affettuoso

1st verse

The last link is broken, that bound me to thee, And the words thou hast spoken, have render'd me free

2d.

The heart thou hast broken, once doted on thee, And the words I have spoken proves sorrow to me

That bright glance misleading, on others may shine; Those eyes smiled unheeding, when tears last from mine.

Oh! hadst thou then treasured my thoughts spoken free; Thou couldst not have measured more coldly to me.

Symj

If my love was dumb boldness, that ere-now is o'er, Use witness thy coldness & prize thee no more

But Oh! thou hast sorrow'd the heart that was thine I'll return to thee borrow'd the one of the mine

I have not lov'd lightly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee nightly, till life's sun has set

I have not lov'd lightly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee nightly till life's sun has set

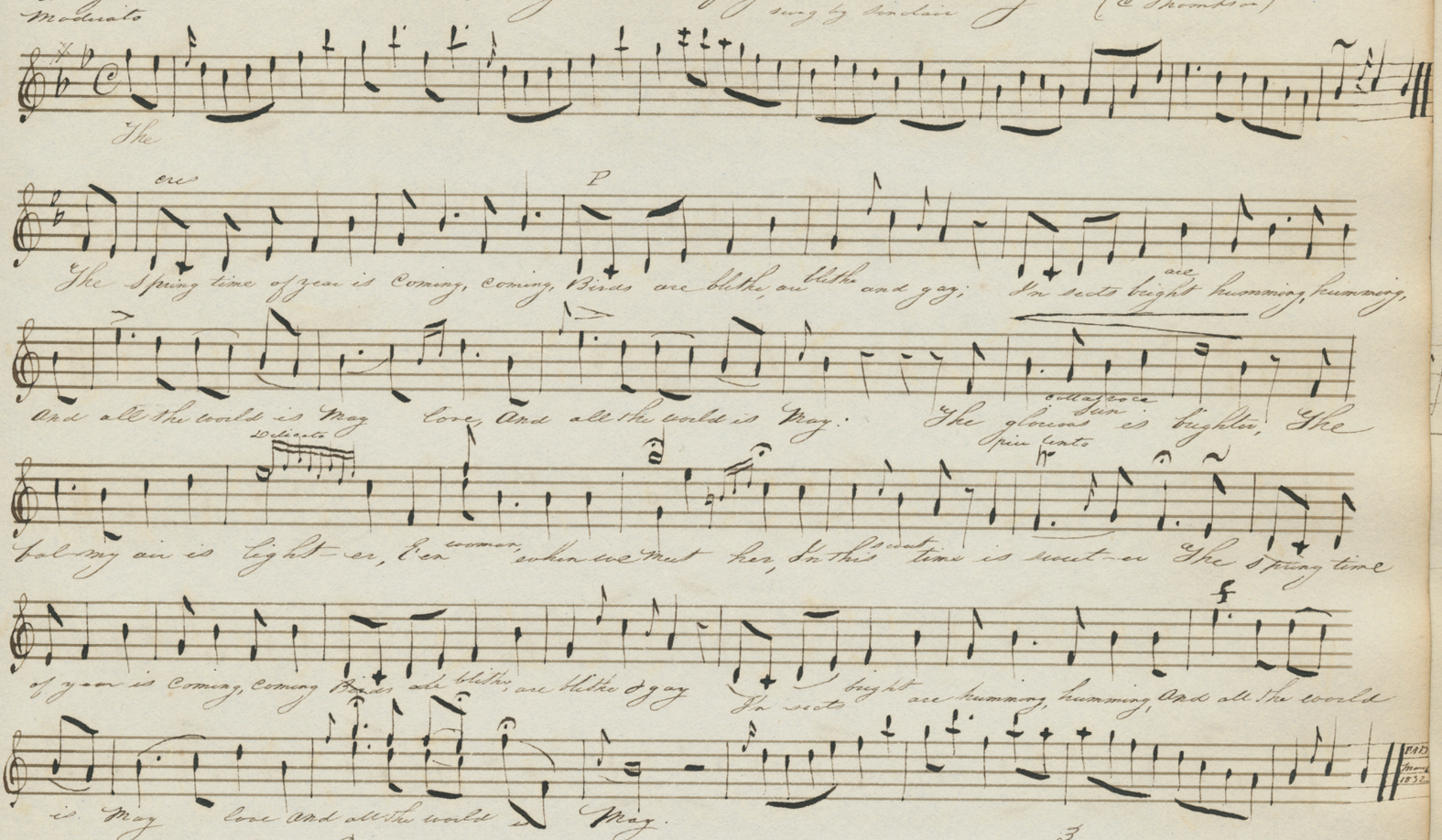
I have not lov'd lightly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee nightly till life's sun has set

I have not lov'd lightly, I'll think on thee yet, I'll pray for thee nightly till life's sun has set.

July 1832

The Spring Time of Year is Coming.

sung by Sinclair (C. Thompson)

allegro Moderato

2

The gale is gently swelling, swelling,
With fragrance from the balmy grove;
And youthful swains are telling, telling,
Their happy tale of love
Their happy tales of love

3

Spring makes the pulse with pleasure beat
Spring makes the heart with rapture thrill
Each maiden hastes her love to meet,
With hope & joy the heart to fill.
The &c

Hark the Goddess Diana.

Moderato

Secundo

Hark the goddess Di - an - a calls out for the chase,

calls out for the chase, Bright Phoebus awak-ens the Morn;

cres

calls out for the chase Bright Phoebus a - wak-ens the Morn

f

f2 f2 f2

Rouse, rouse from yr Slumbers, to hunting give place, The huntsman is winding, is winding his horn

p

p cres

The huntsman is winding is wind[illegible] his horn The huntsman The huntsman The

f p

huntsman is winding is wind[illegible] his horn The hunts is winding is wind[illegible] his horn The hunts is

E D Fromet 1832

Cres f

winding is wind[illegible] his horn

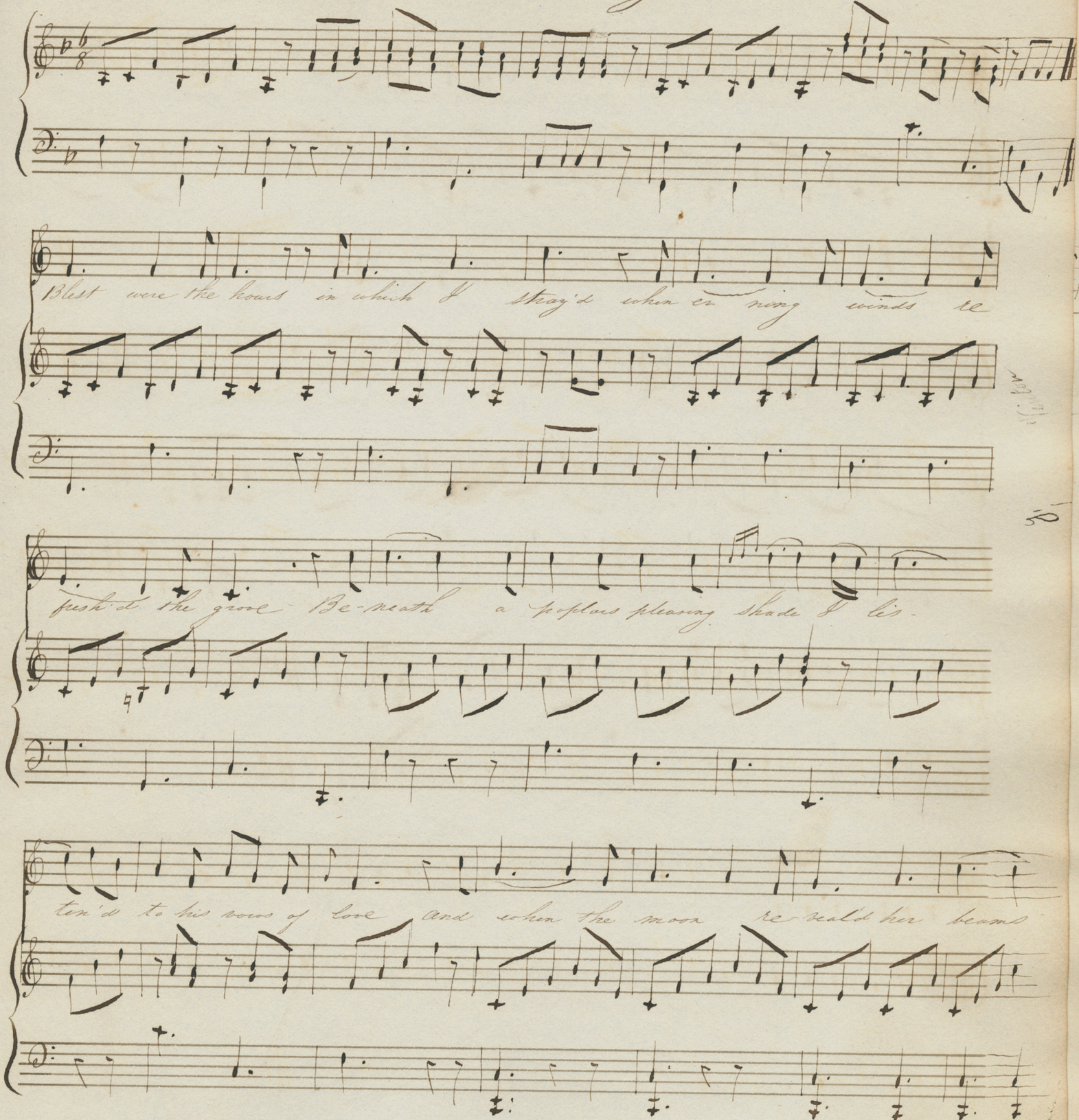
2

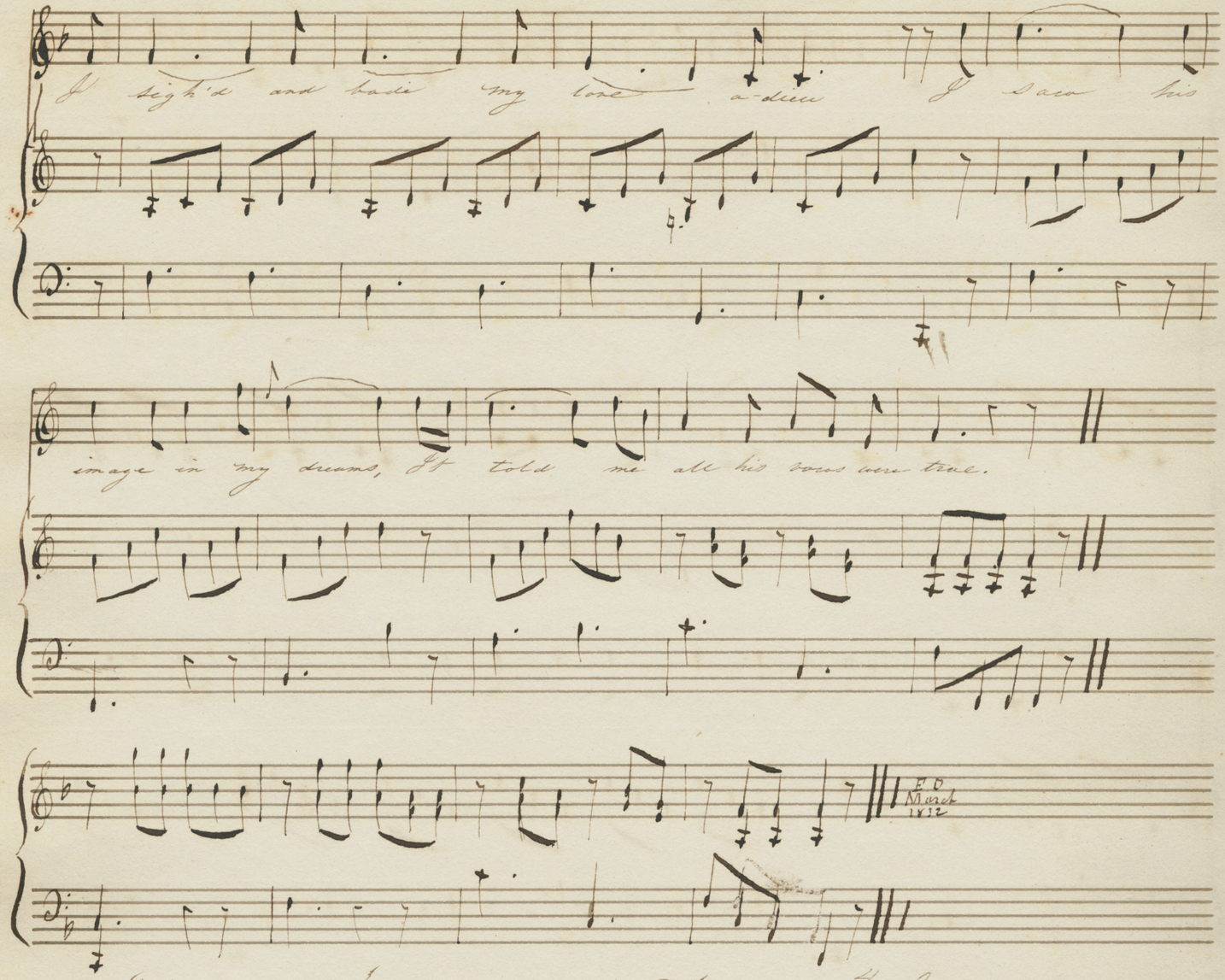
Hark! the goddess Diana calls out for the chase
Bright Phoebus awakens the Morn:
Rouse, rouse from your slumbers, to hunting give place,
The huntsman is winding his horn

3

The hounds are unkennell'd & skip for the game
We start to overtake the sweet hare;
All danger we scorn, for pleasure our aim
To the fields then away let us repair

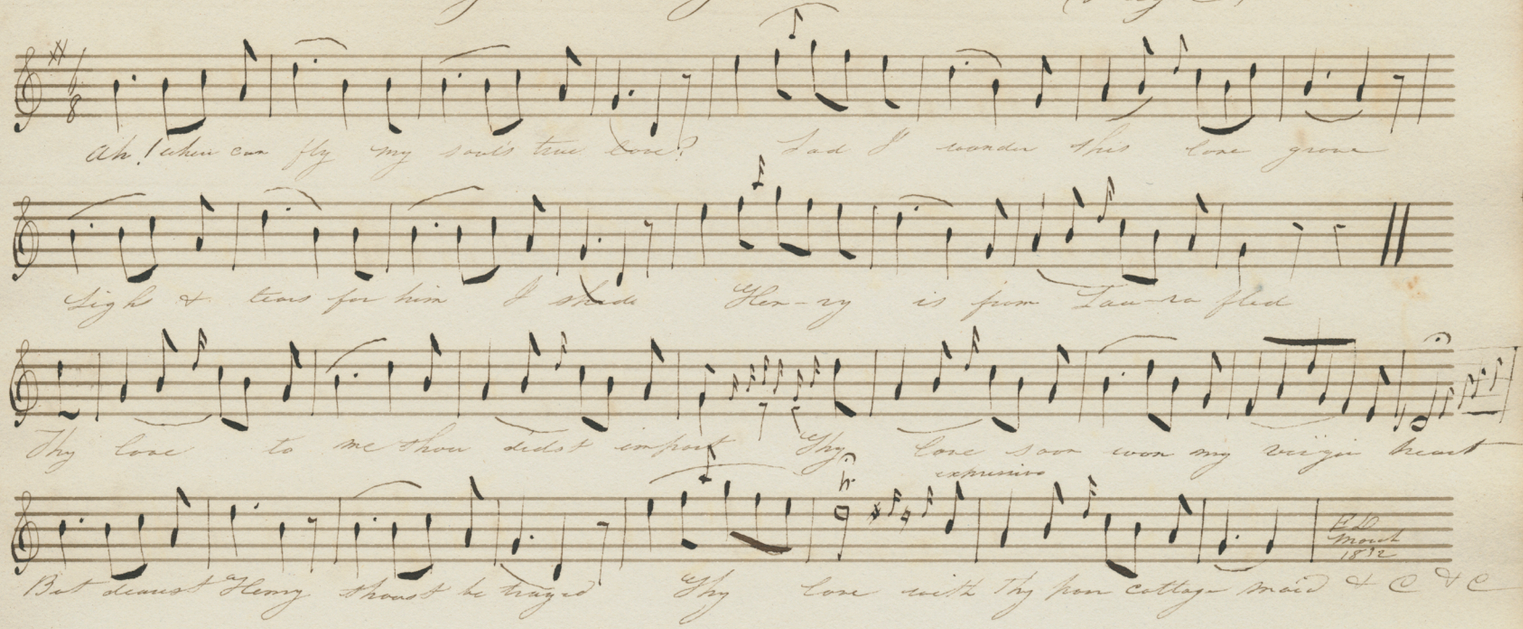
The Favorite Mad Song, in Blest are the hours





3
Thou pleasing image sweet & fair,
Ah happy dream where art thou now
All broken dissolved in air
Just like a faithless lovers vow.

4
The rosy morn, the evening pale
I find not now, those hours are past
And the once pleasing summers gale
Is cheerless as the Icicles blast.

Henry's Cottage Maid — (Flyel)

All's Well.

Braham

Adagio

pp

2 Voice

1 Voice

We — ver-ted by the wa-ning moon Where Skies proclaim night's chear-less noon on Tower

Post or tented ground the Sentry walks his lonely round the Sen-try walks his lone-ly round

Allegro

the Sen try walks his lone-ly round and if a footstep haply stray when caution marks the guarded

way caution marks the guarded way the guarded way who goes there Stranger quickly tell a friend

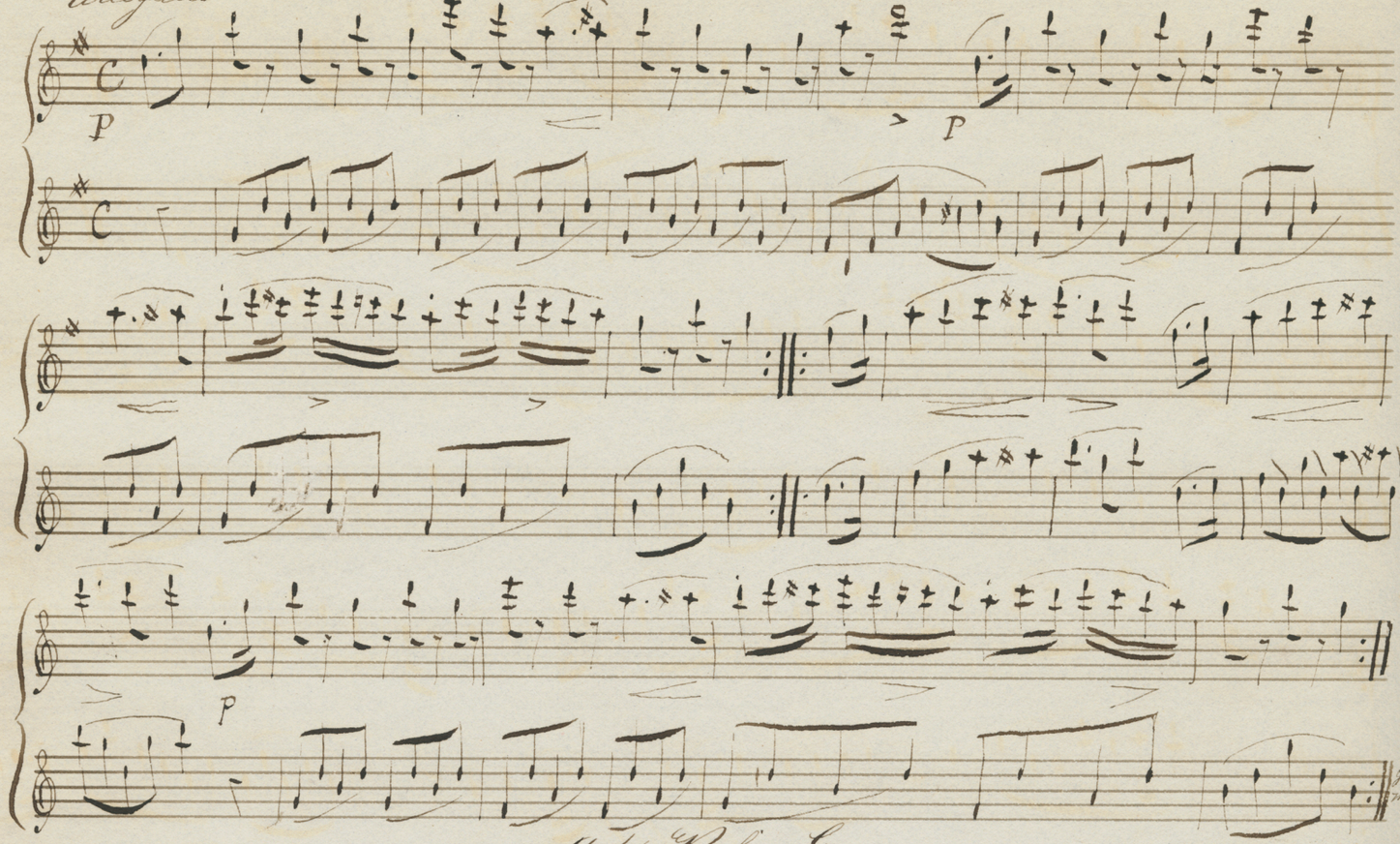
F D Mark, 32

adagio

the word goodnight alls well alls well the word goodnight all alls well (Sign, shall be long notes)

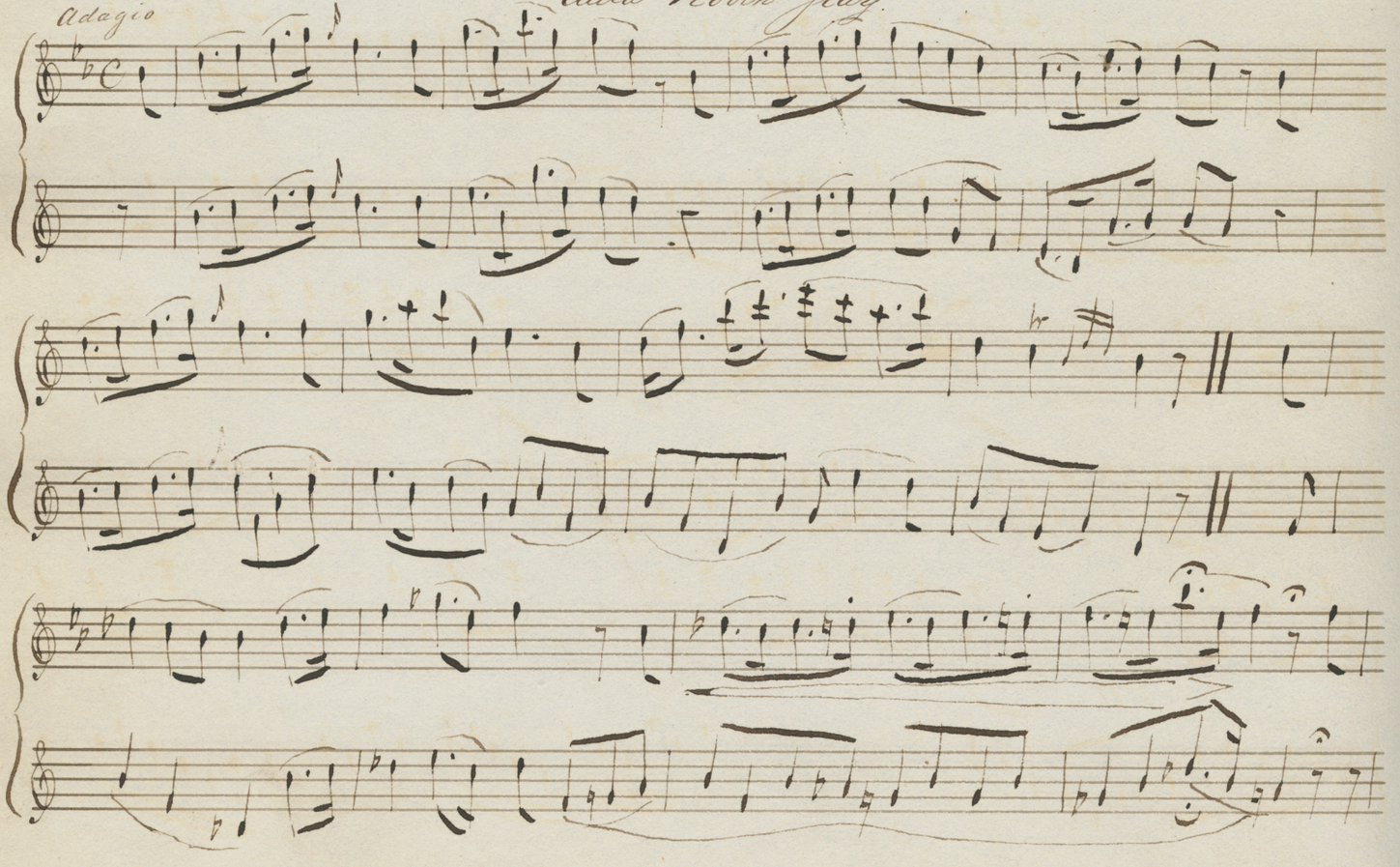
Non piu Mesta

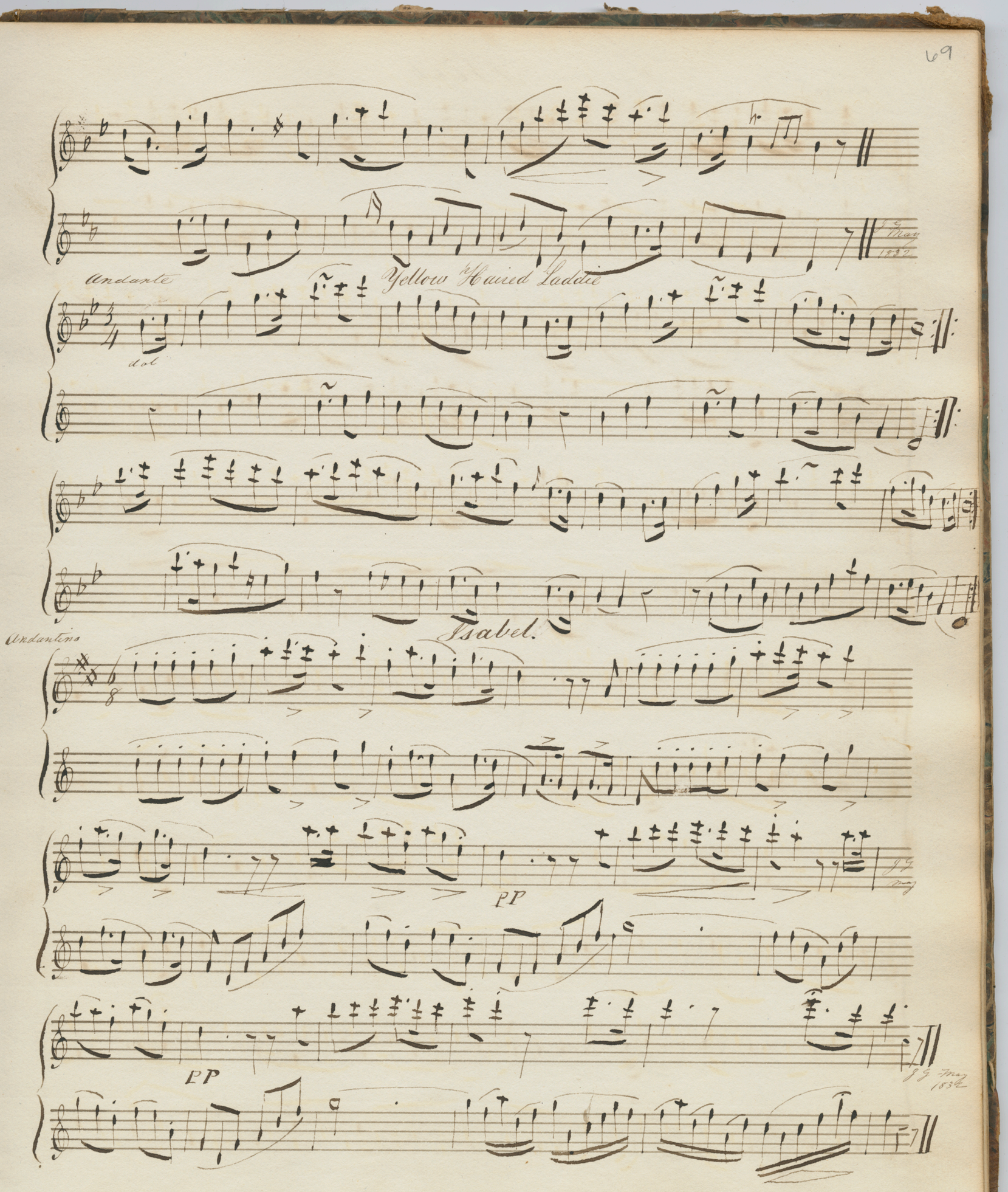
Allegretto



Auld Robin Gray

Adagio



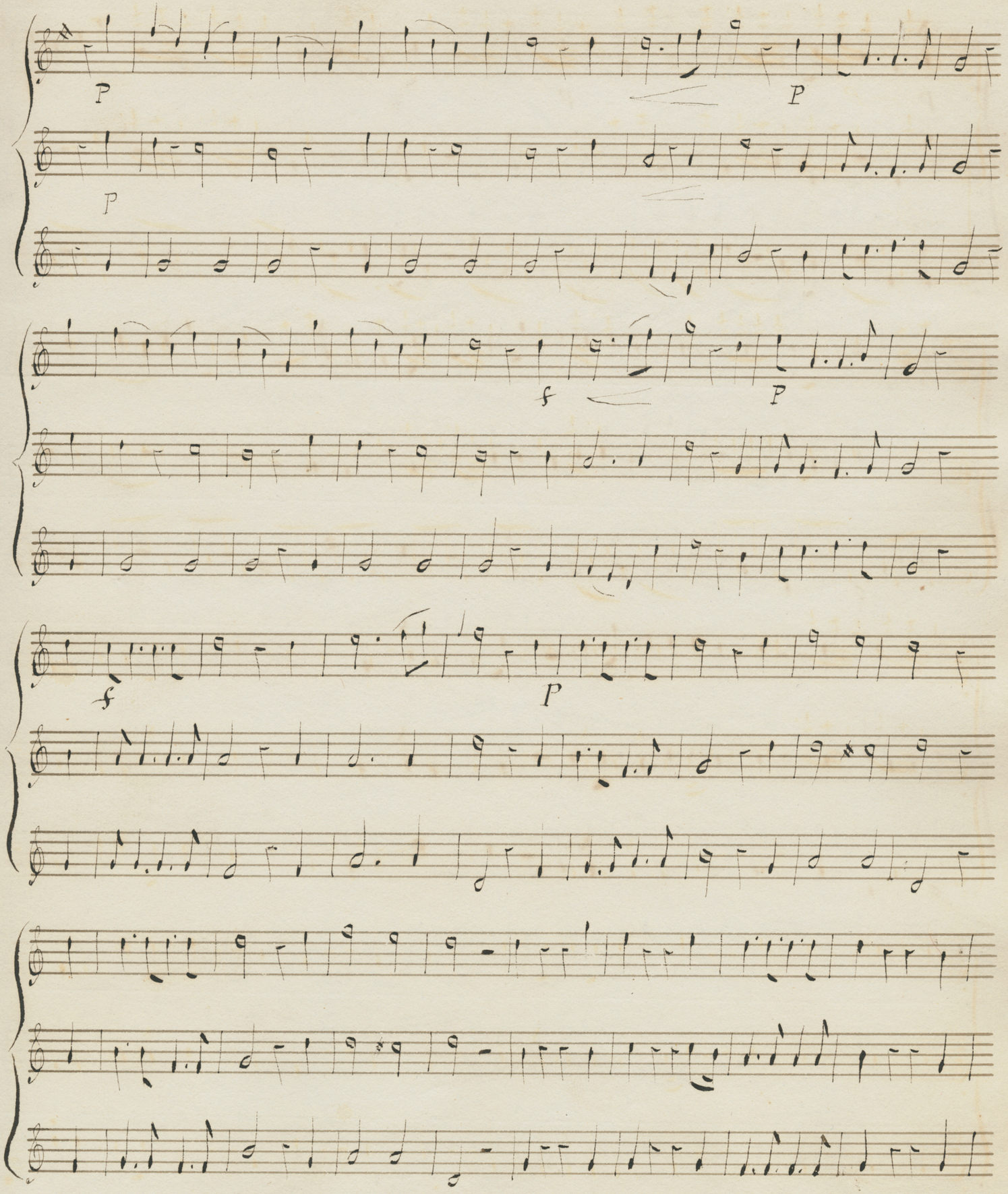

Andante
Yellow Haired Laddie
dol
Isabel.
Andantino
PP
PP

See our Bark

Larg. Andante

Sym P

Sym

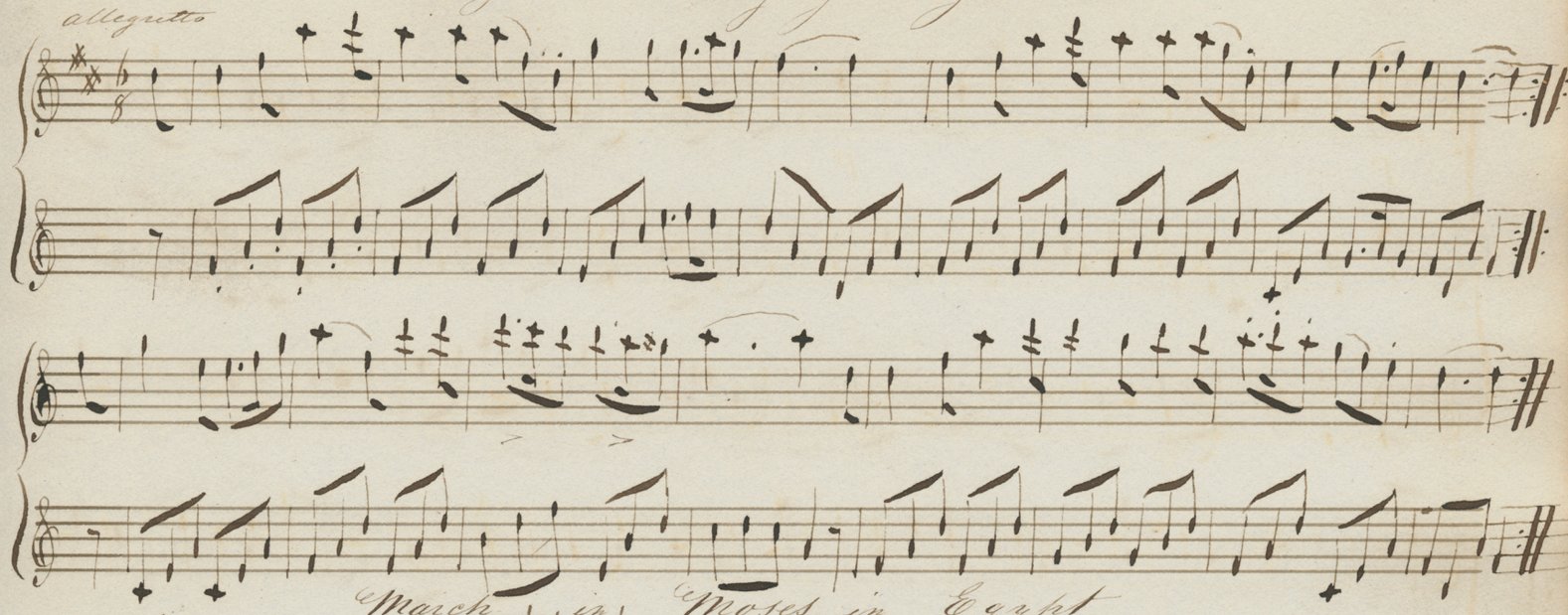

P
P
P
f
P
f
P

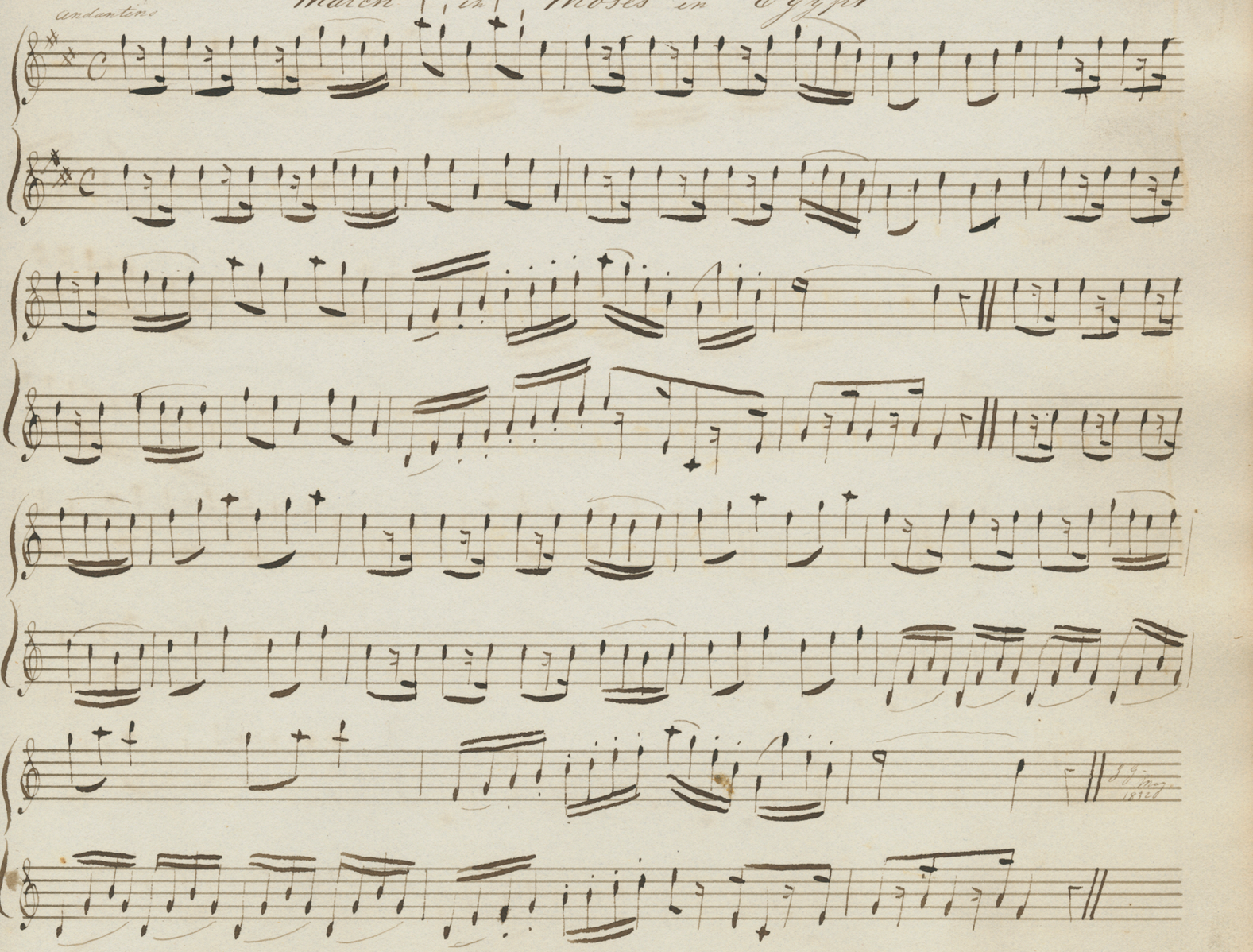
P

P

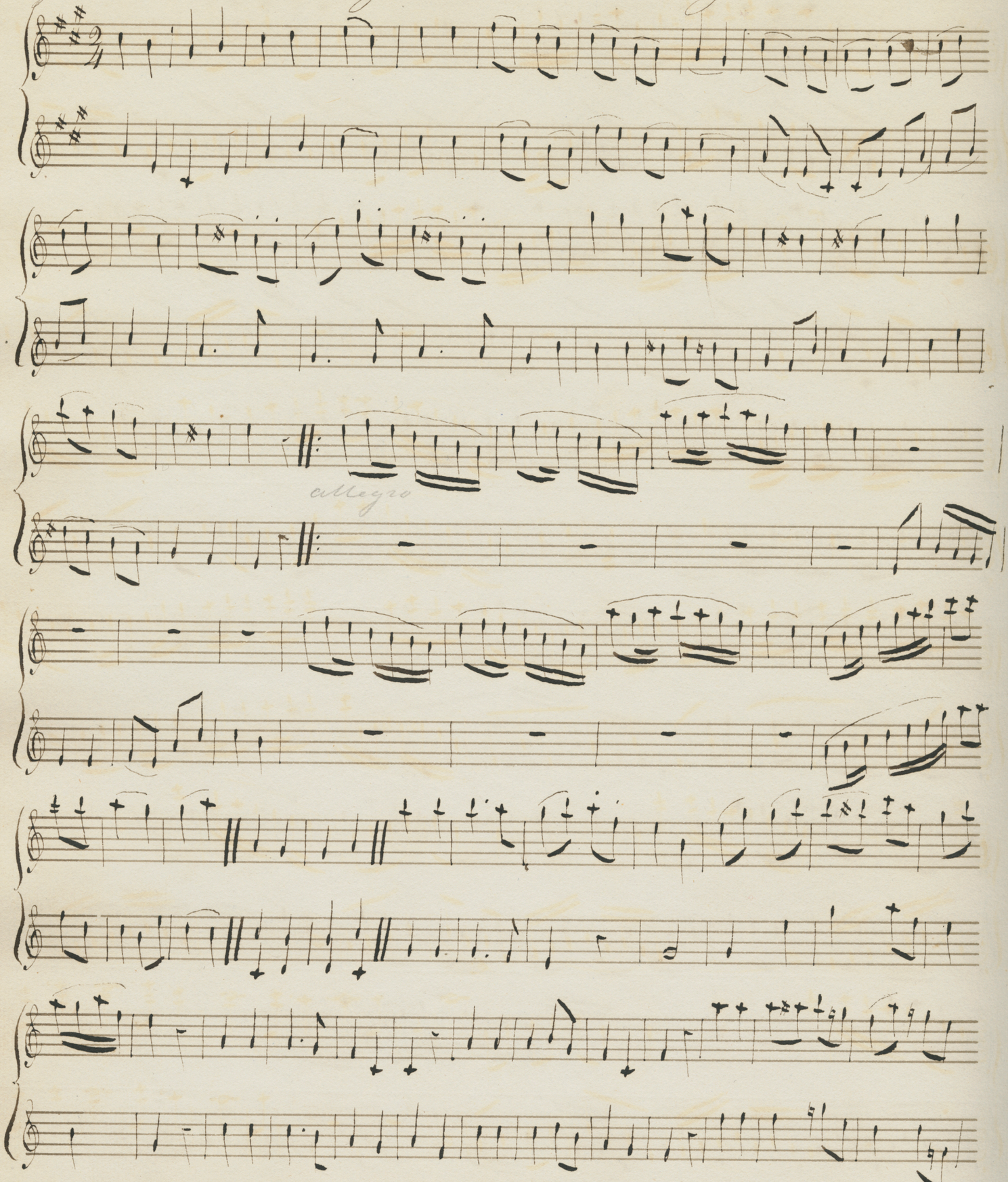
Carlsbad
May
1852

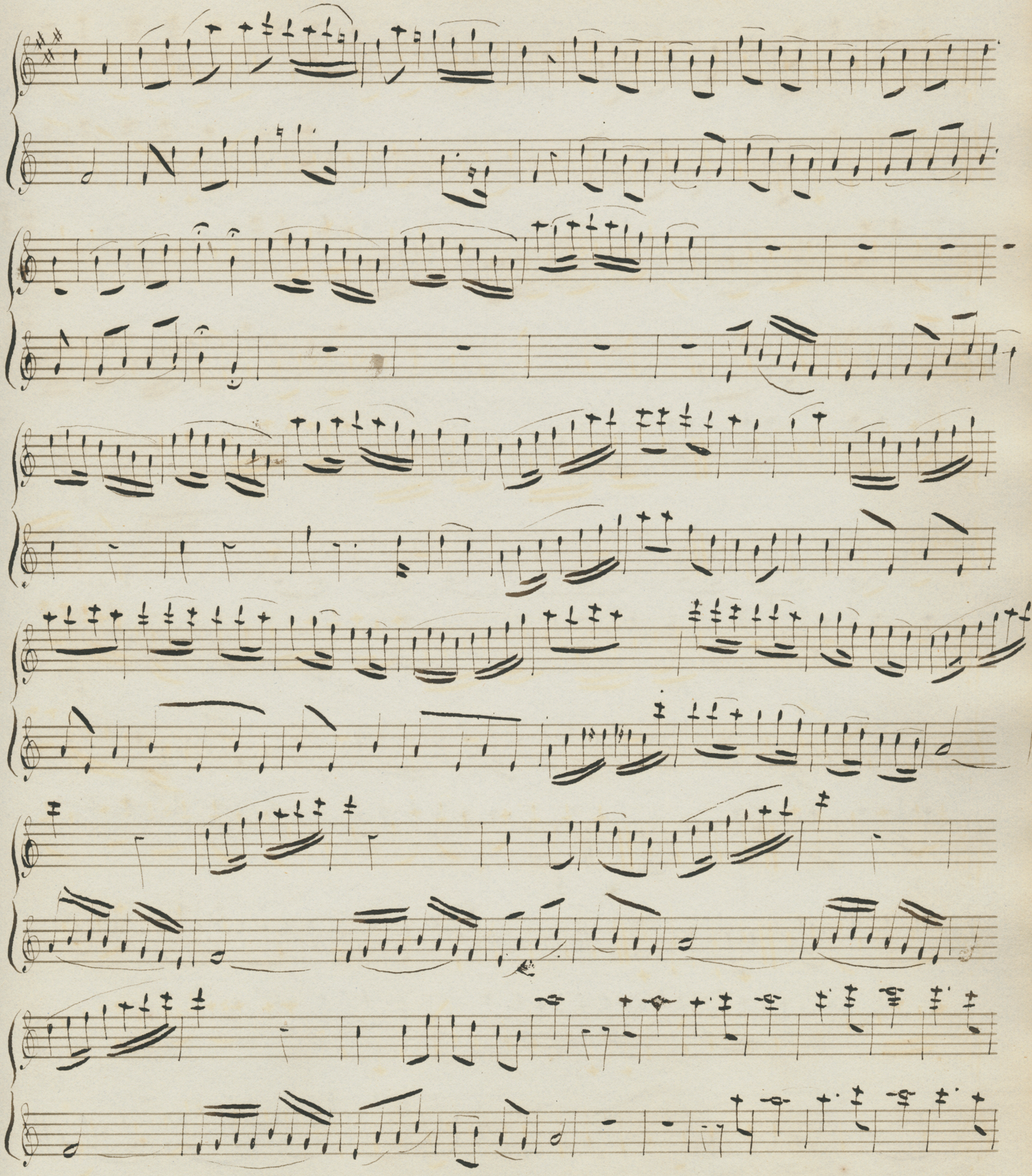
A German Song by Mozart

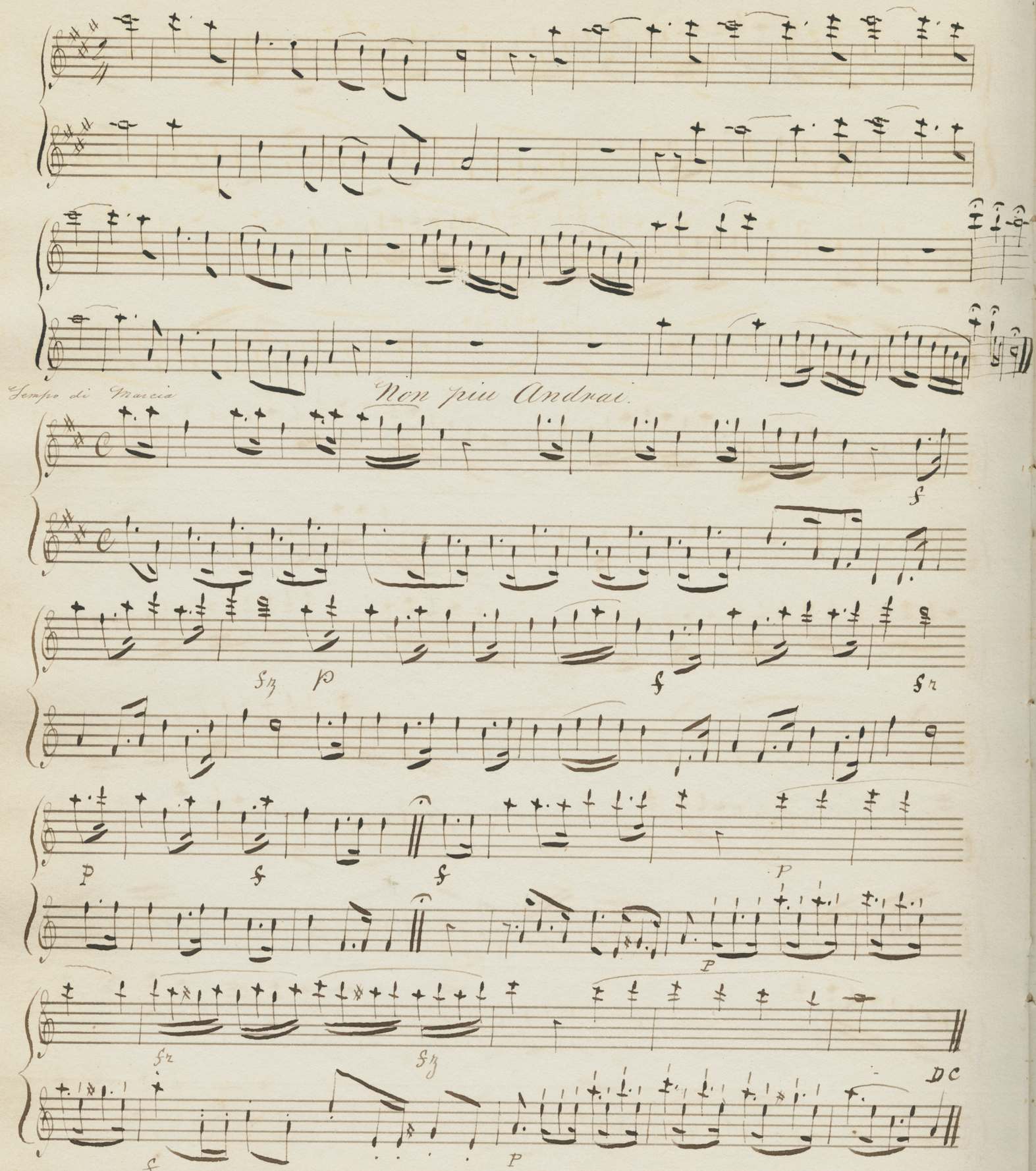
allegretto

March in Moses in Egypt

andantino

Larghetto

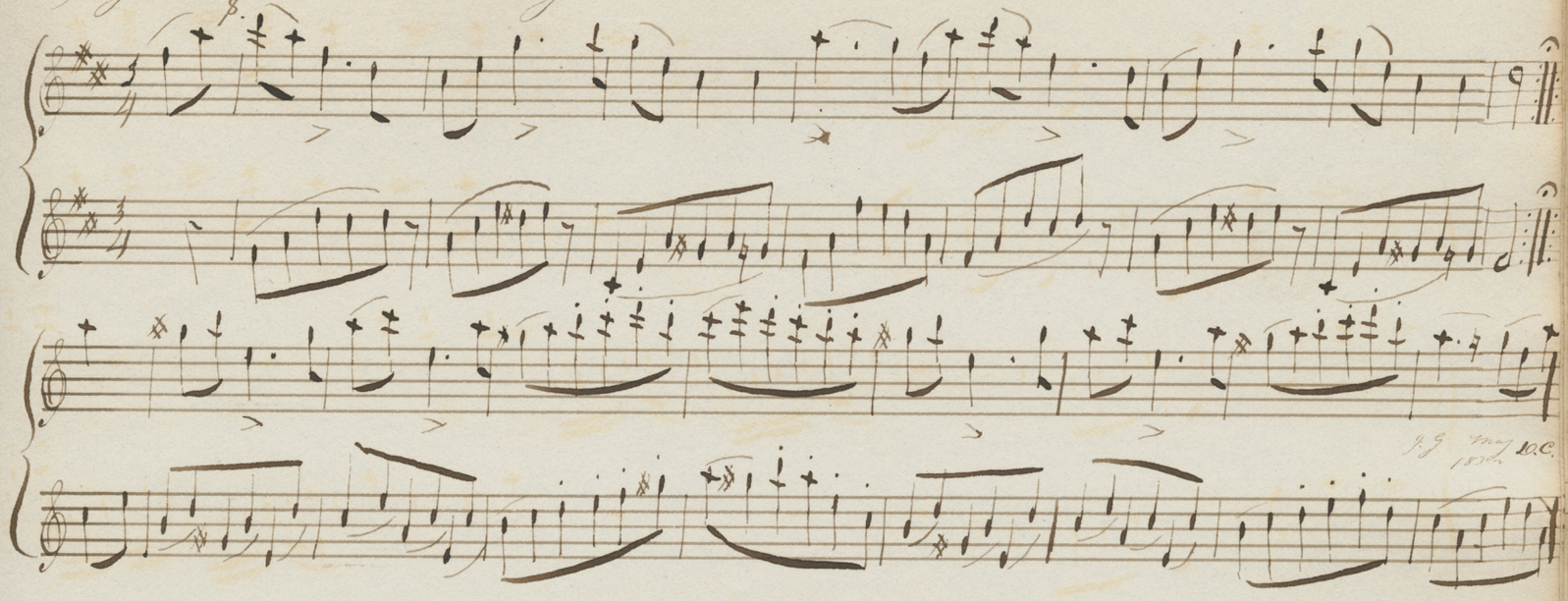
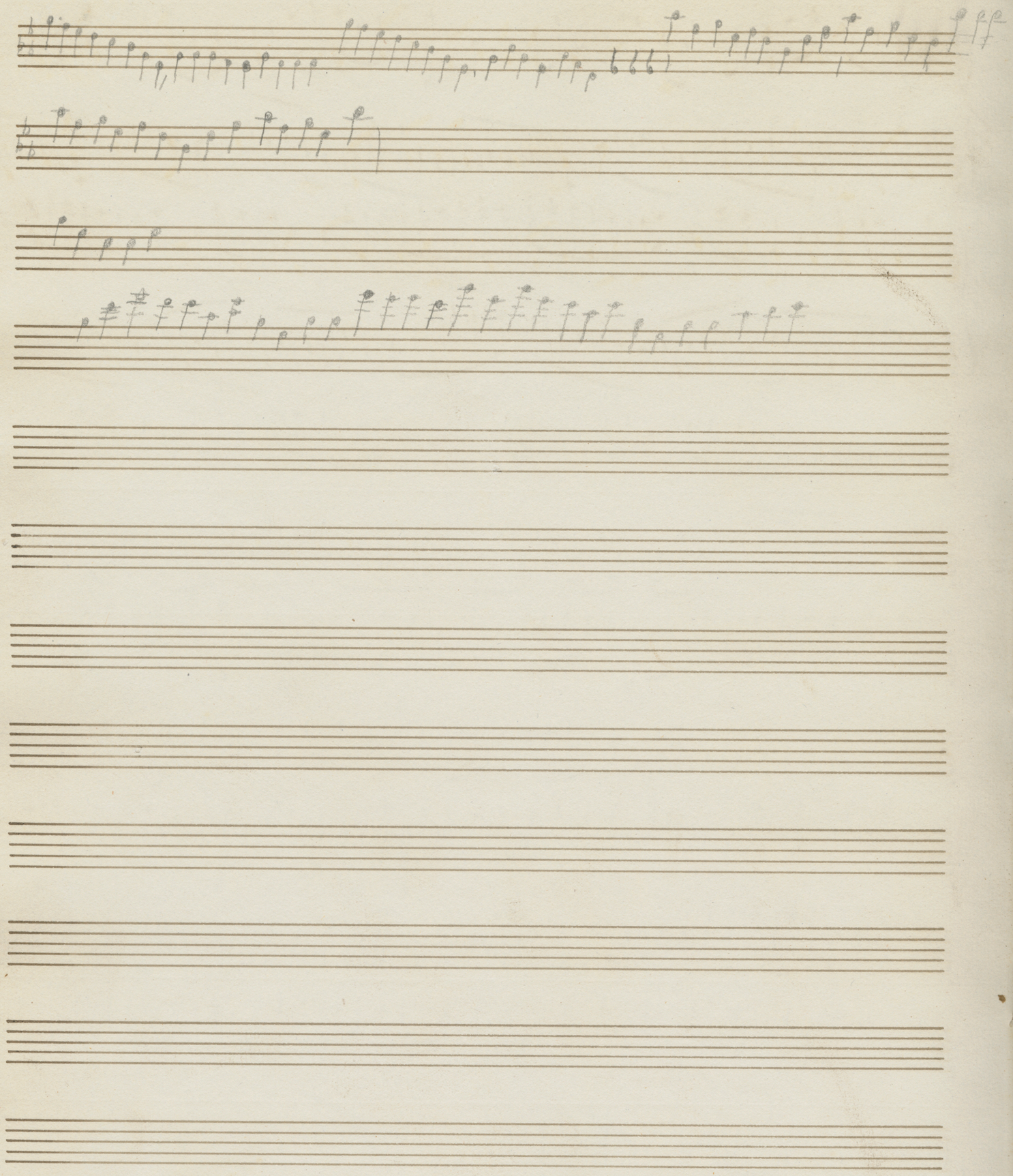
When thy bosom heaves the Sigh (Bishop)





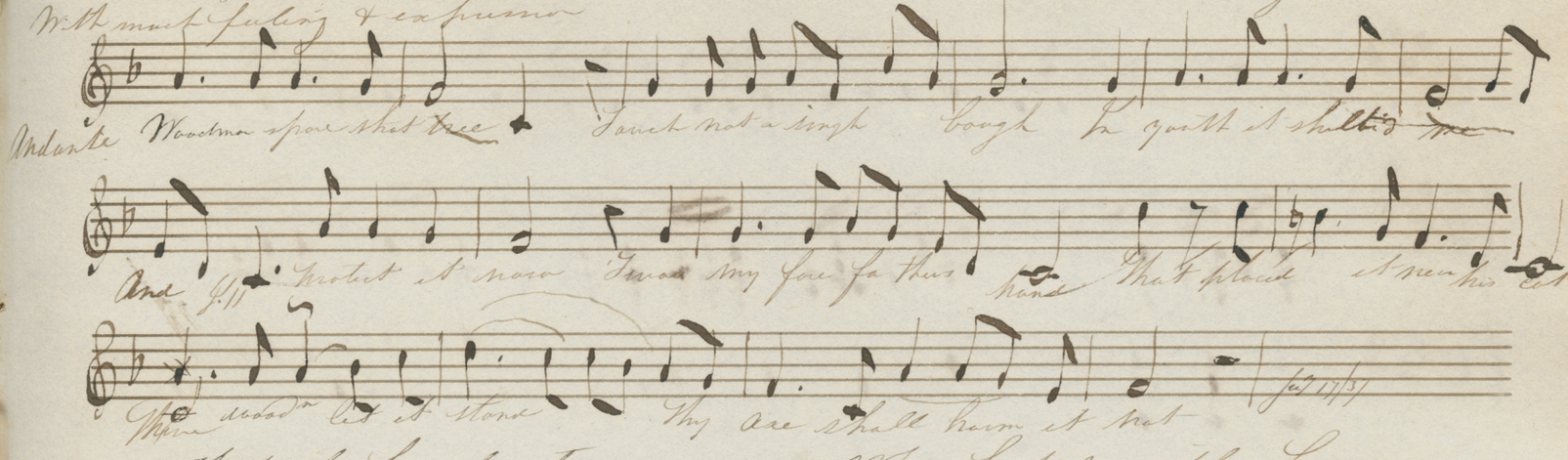

Tempo di Marcia
Non più Andrai.
DC

Grazioso

Tyrolian Air.



Woodman spare that tree

words by Geo P Morris.

Henry Russell

The Hermitage

Adagio

© L. Drobisch

Wail a lode of sound grief Deep en lo sonds in the glen,

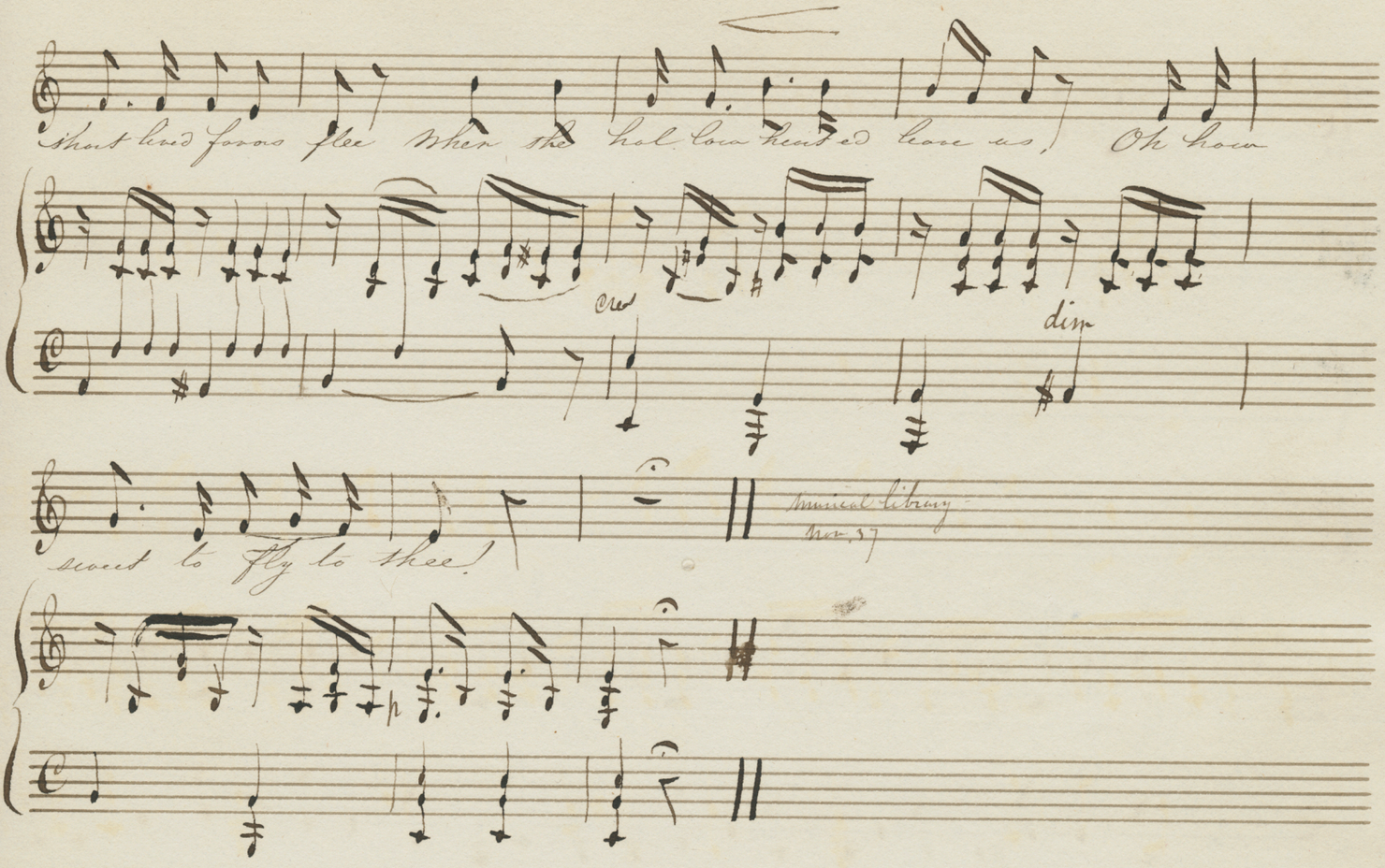
Far strong from madd'ning riot, And the busy hum of men.

quasi recit

There who was Wisdom met her Musing there in scenes among; Here her gifts appear sweeter

tempo I

Than when thronged victrix throng When the ills of fortune grieve us, When her



Musical Library
Nov. 37

Awake, My trembling Lyre

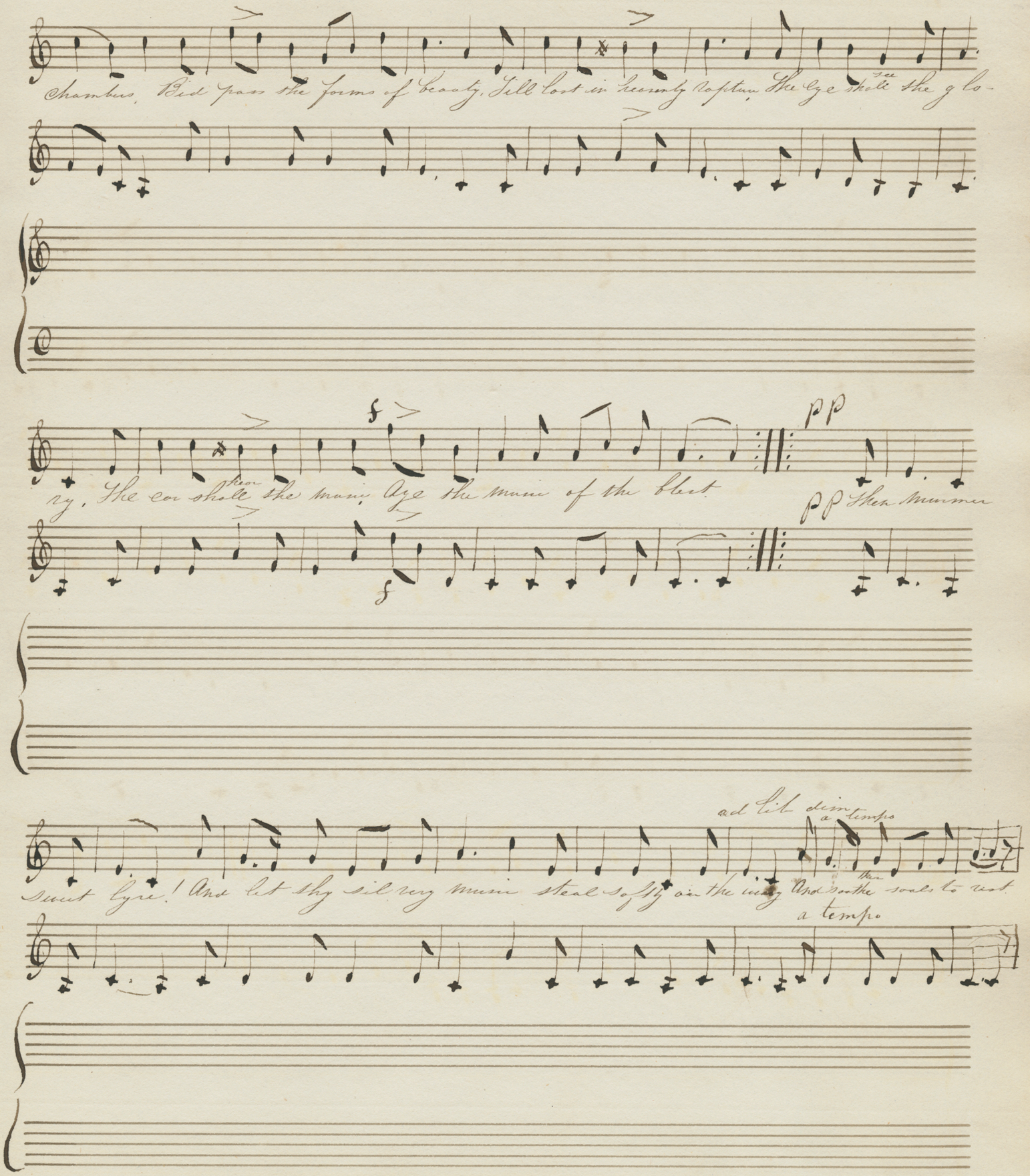
Allegretto

© Kalla

Con espress

Awake, my trembly lyre! On evening's quiv'ring breezes And let thy silvery music steal

softly o'er the waving And soothe souls to rest Thro memory golden

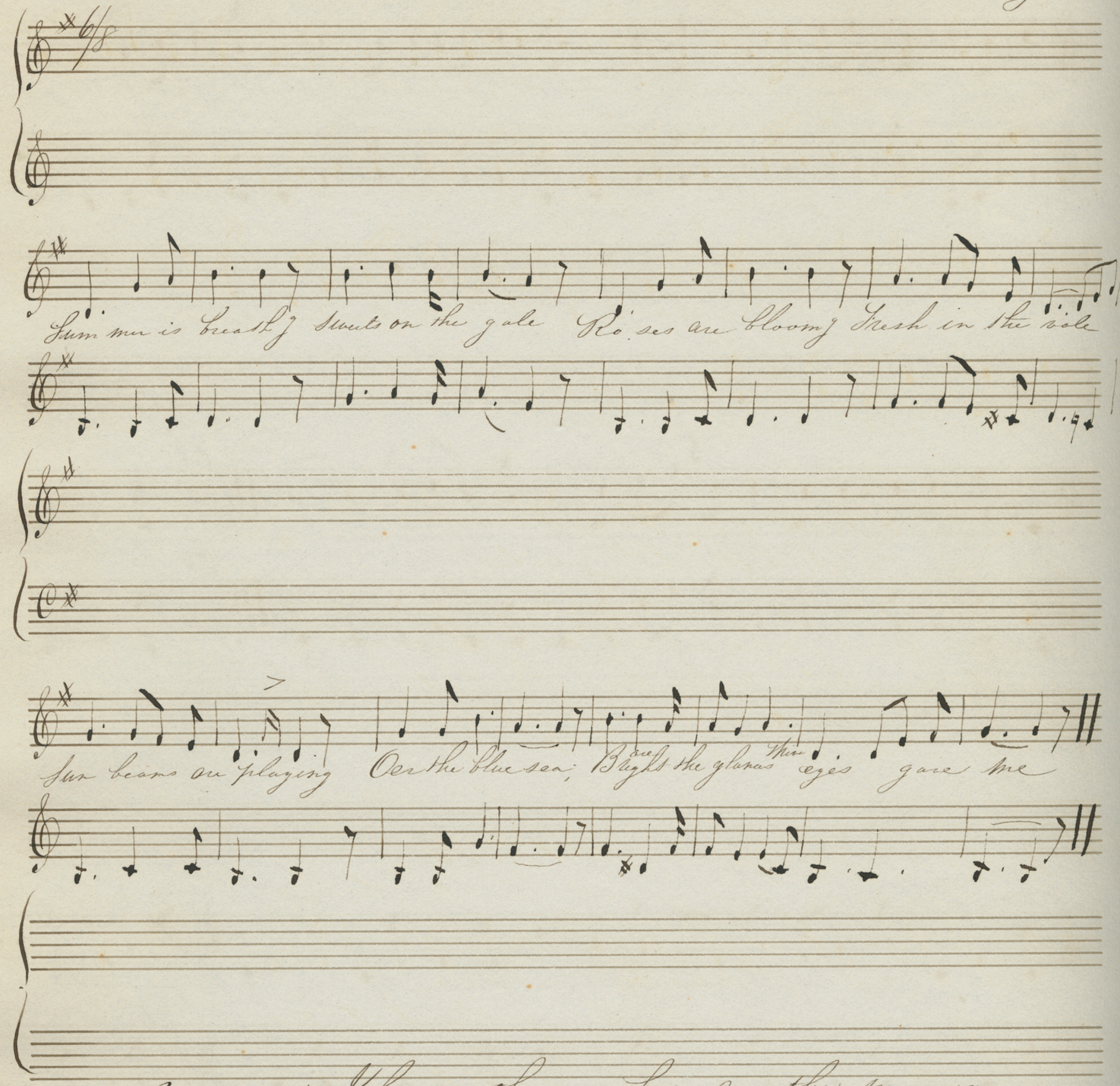


Nov 8-37- Musical Library
Bo C. f. Keller.

Summer is breathing

Andantino

Sweet melody



Yet must I leave thee
Weeping alone,
Oh shall protect thee,
When I am gone;

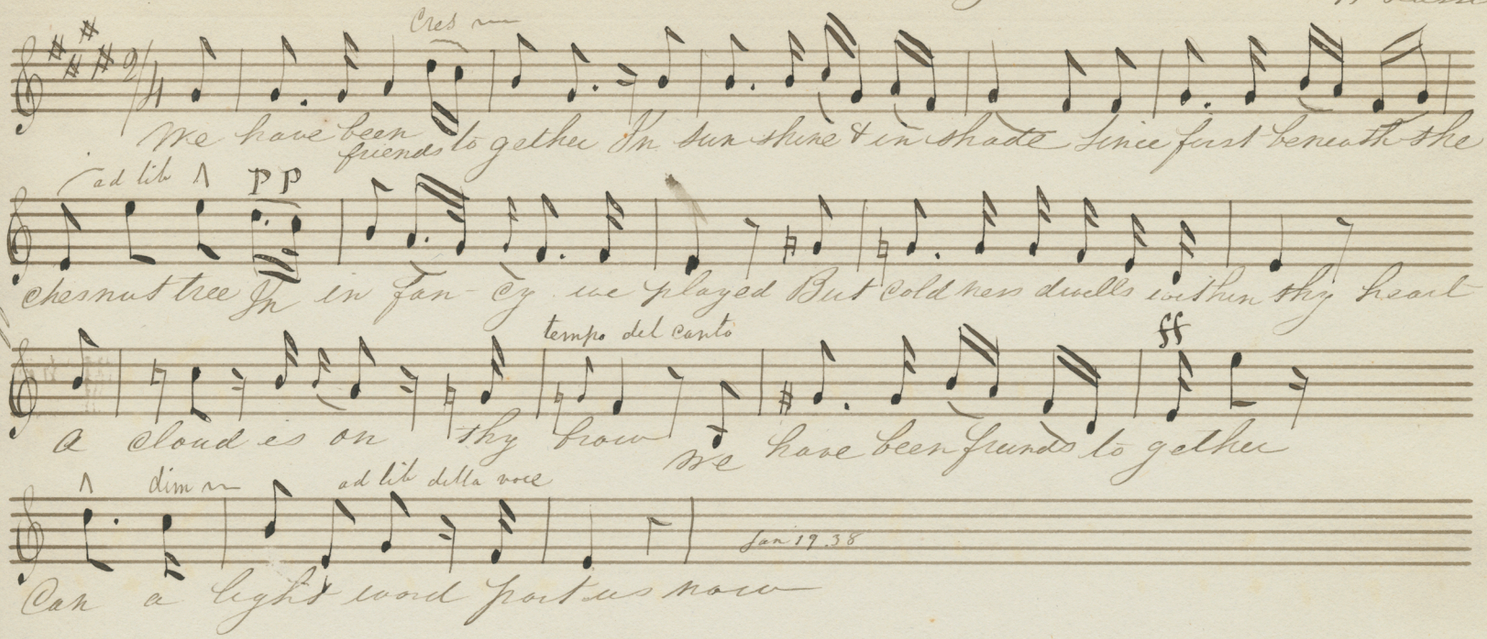
Long ere the morrow
Far shall I be
Friendless forsaken
Far, love, from thee

Music Library
Geo P. Keller
Nov 27

Words by Mrs Norton

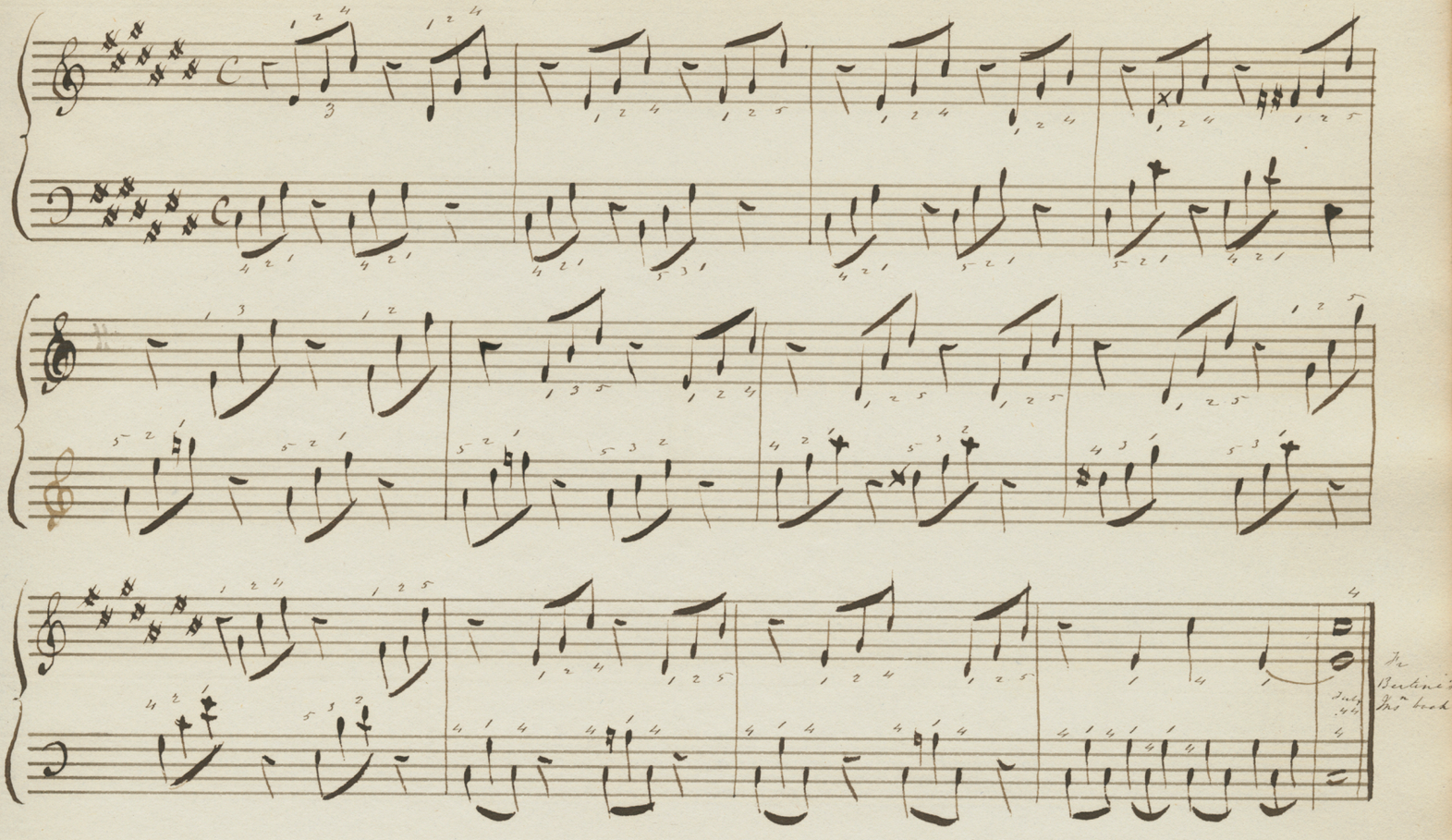
We have been friends together

H Russell

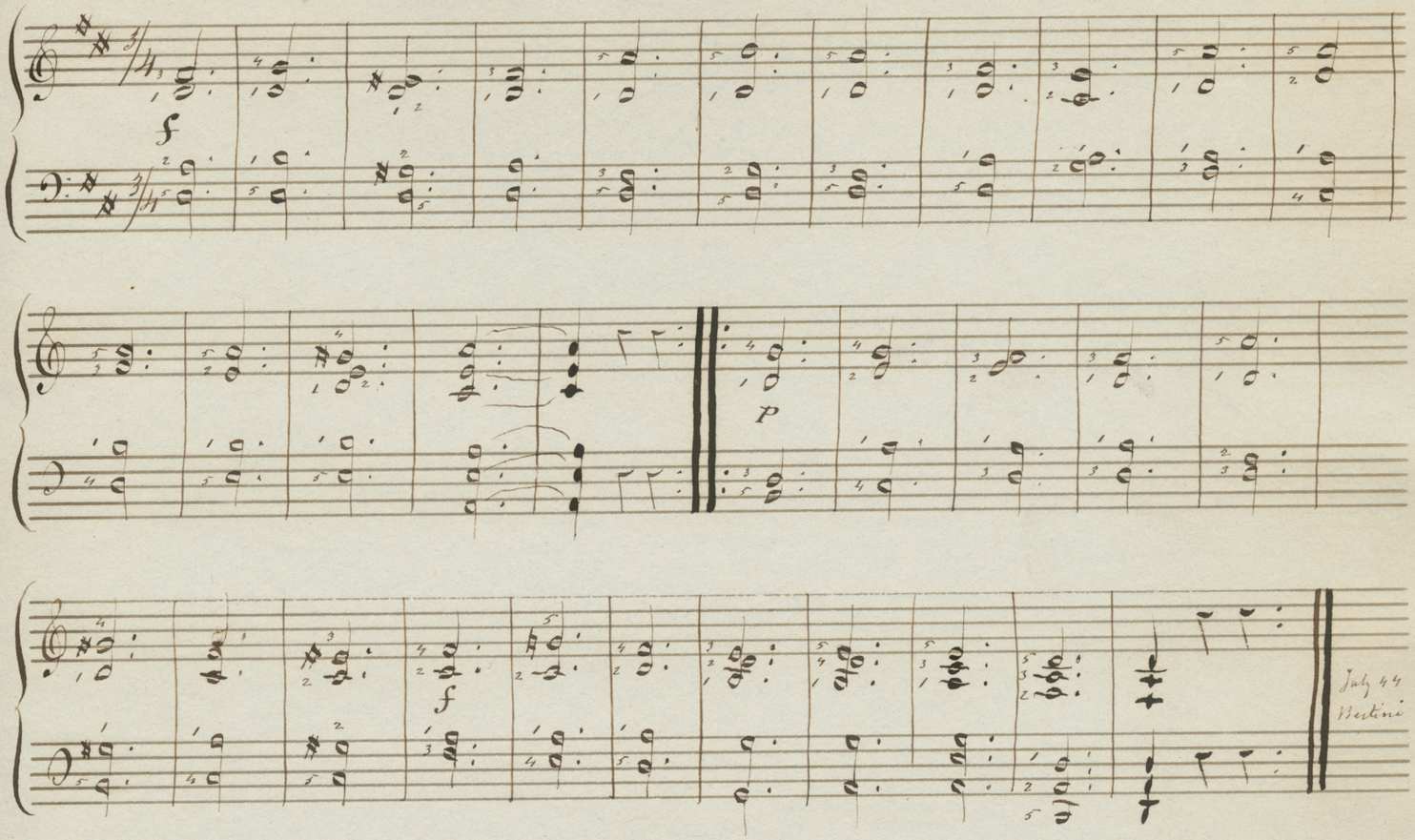


We have been gay together
We laughed at little jests
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts
But laughter now has fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow
We have been gay together
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass grown graves where slumbered
The hopes of early years
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow
We have been sad together
Oh what shall part us now?

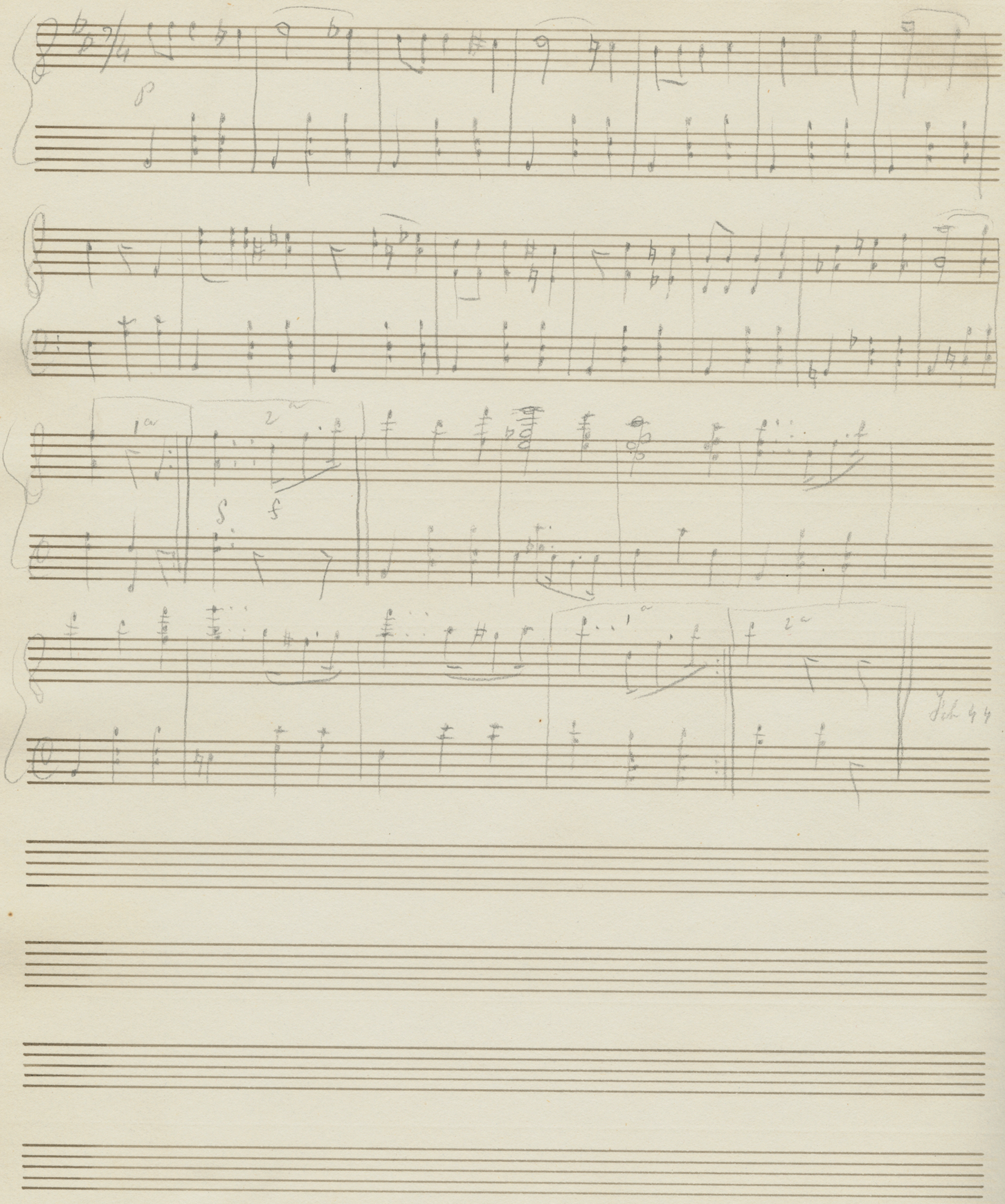

For Bertini's Mss book

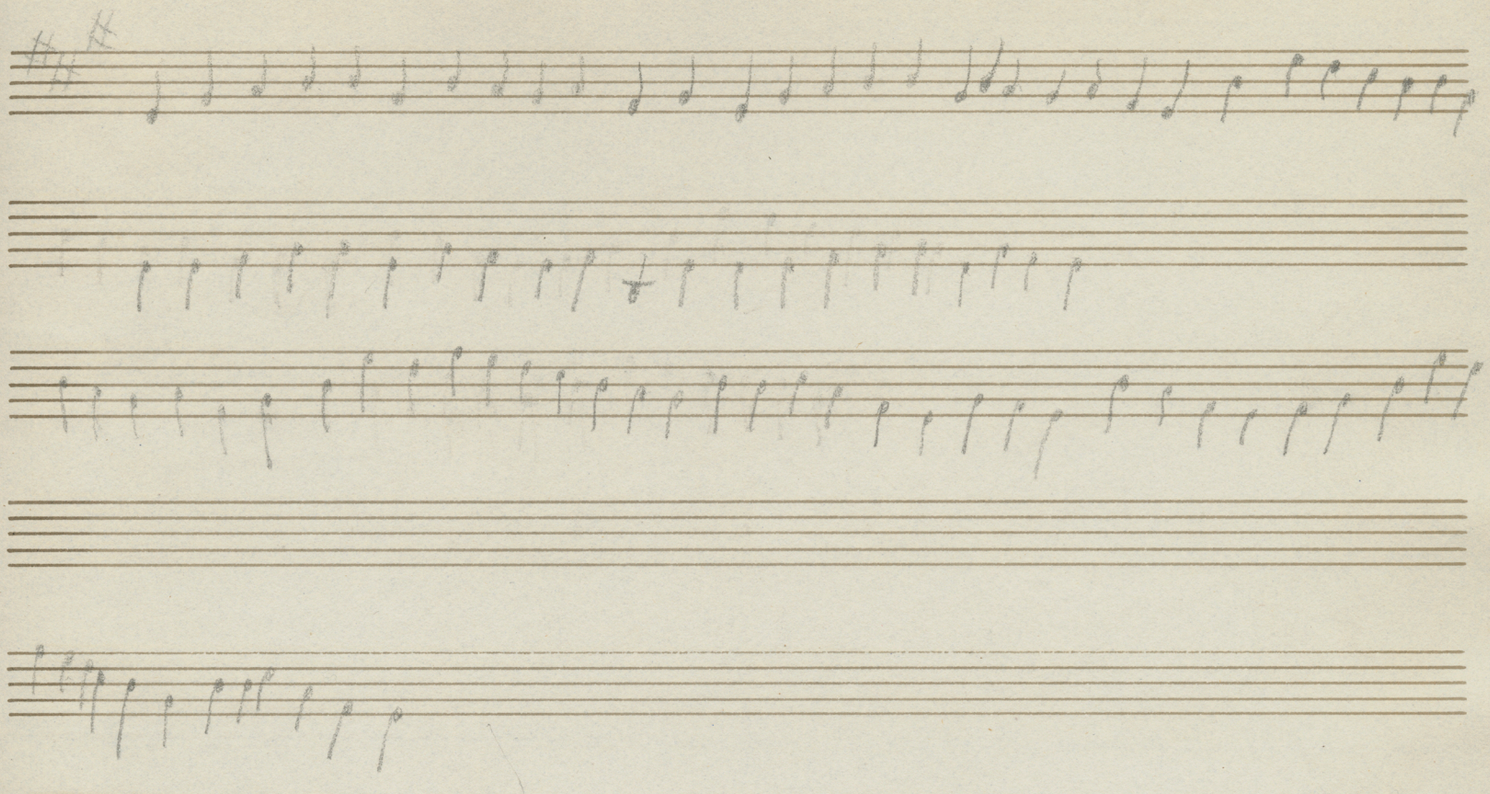
Andante



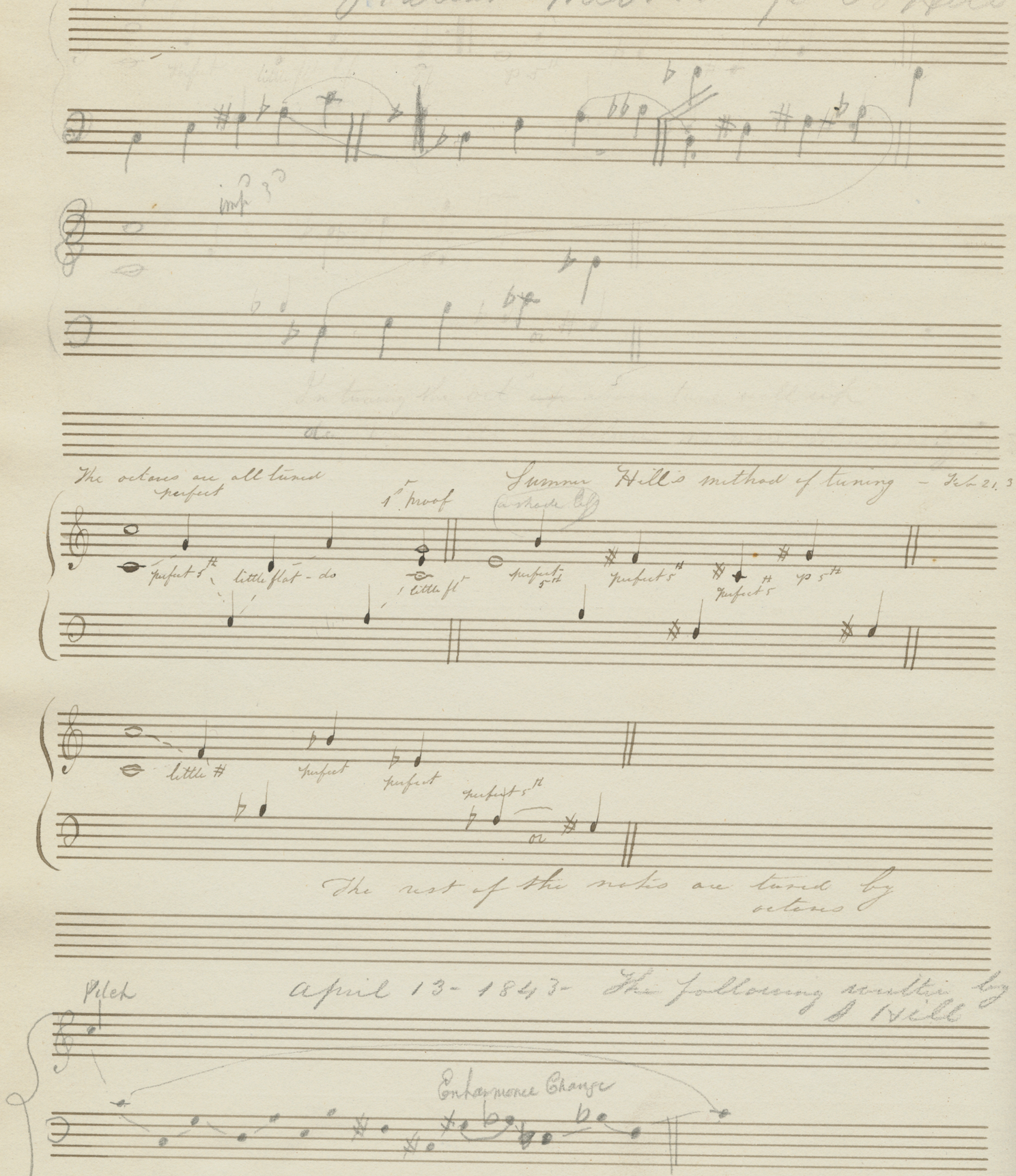
July 44
Bertini

No 2 Suite de Lasnoman Waltzes





Italian Method for Hills



19

My Soul is Dark

Andante

a tempo

My soul is dark Oh! quickly string the harp I yet can bear to hear And let thy gentle fingers fling, Its melt-

ing murmurs o'er mine ear; If in this heart a hope be dear, That sound shall charm it forth again; If on these eyes there e'er a tear

P

Will flow & cease to burn my brain, Will flow & cease to burn my brain: But hid the stars be veil'd and dark No

Sym

thy notes of joy be first I tell thee minstrel I must weep, Or else this heavy heart will burst, For it hath been by sorrow nearly

And ach'd in sleepless silence long, And now 'tis doomed to know the worst, And break at once or yield to song, And break at once or yield to song

Ufford 13.43 - Mr Hill says that he prefers laying the bearings :- as he has less motion then on the treading stage & on only one octave - it saves time & the octave is less liable to get out of tune than the octave above during the tuning of the rest of the notes - It is best to go over the instrument first - with out loose pantaloon (as it were with a few blows) & then afterwards with more care, whereas if each note is nicely tuned at first it is likely to get out a little in the tuning of the other & thereby time is lost & the piano is not so well toned as by the other method - The 5th - but better be tuned perfect & the flat a little - The bass notes - are generally sharp compared with the upper notes - in the spring & the reverse as to tuning - Bass wires - come out in the fall